

It had been a week since the figure huddled in the corner of the tiny room had been brought in. It had also been that long since he had anything to eat or drink. The figure occasionally drank from a muddy, stank water puddle on the floor of the room; the ceiling had a leak. The figure was none other than a boy. Maybe six years old and rather small for his age. His usually bright emerald green eyes were now a dull and lifeless. A pair of broken, oval shaped, glasses sat perched on his nose.

He didn't understand what was going on. One minute he was sitting in the kitchen with his Aunt, Uncle and cousin. Then the next he was waking up inside the cold, dark room. He had cried the first few days but stopped when his throat began to show signs of rawness. He then gave up. No one was coming anyways. So why bother?

The boy looked around the dark, cold room and shivered. He was wearing a pair of grey sweat pants, a black tee-shirt and a pair of ragged tennis shoes. All of the clothing was too big for him since they were hand me downs from Dudley who out grew clothes at an astounding rate. The pants had a large hole in the leg and the shirt was ripped at the collar. The shoes were holey.

His black hair was matted to his head from a mixture of blood and dirt. He had a gash on the side of his head about the size of a silver dollar; it had bled freely for quiet sometime. He couldn't remember how he got it.

He had made several, failed, attempts to stand until finally he managed to get to his feet on his finally attempt. But he was swaying dangerously. A yelp of pain escaped from his cracked lips as he stepped down on his right foot; clearly it was either broken or severely sprained. He had to lean against the wall for support so he didn't fall.

The cell was completely pitch black except for several streams of light that filtered through boarded up windows during the day.

He managed to makes his way over to what appeared to be the outline of a door. "H...Hello" He stammers out, throat raw and parched. Maybe someone would hear him this time. He licks his

badly cracked lips. He felt so weak. The lack of food and proper water was starting to effect him. And the gash was swollen which would suggest that he had at least a mild concussion.

He slowly made his way through the small beams of light. He held his hand up and let the light shine on it. It was filthy and he imagined that his other hand, no his whole body, looked like it. He slowly set himself down and pulled the leg of his pants up. He carefully slipped his shoe off his right foot. A hiss, of pain, escaped through clenched teeth as he began to survey the damage. His foot was dark purple and horribly swollen. He gave a little whimper before he slipped his other shoe off. Then he just sat there for a while, staring off into the darkness.

He wasn't a stupid boy. He knew that his family didn't care for him. They were always saying how he was strange and abnormal. His Uncle even told him once that his parents were bums. He didn't know what that meant but it sounded bad. It didn't take a rocket scientist to know that he was an unwanted addition to the Dursley family. They practically told him that everyday. But he never talked back. He never once tried to get them to accept him. He just did what he was told; which was everything. He cooked his Aunt, Uncle and whale of a cousin breakfast, lunch and dinner every day, this had gone on since he tall enough to reach the stove. He mowed the lawn on the days that the weatherman told everyone to stay inside. His bed was the cupboard under the stairs, which used to be an old supply cupboard until he arrived. So you see, he knew for as long as he could remember, that he was unwanted.

He was five when he asked the dreaded question. The one that got him a months worth of punishment. It had happened one night at dinner, which consisted of a salad. It just slipped out. "What happened to my parents?" His Uncle had turned an ugly shade of purple before hauling the boy away from the dinner table and throwing him in to the cupboard and slamming the door. His Uncle only stayed long enough to push the small vent open and hiss "Your parents were killed in a car accident. That's why we got stuck with you, boy." The vent was snapped shut and he didn't see the light of day for weeks, only allowed out, at night, to use the loo. They had

occasionally slid in a glass of water and a piece of stale bread. So after the month was over, he never mentioned his parents again.

He let out a small sigh and curled up on his side with his back to the door. Even though it had only been a week, it felt longer to the small child. He slowly let his eyes close, never hearing the door being pulled open or seeing the people, wearing black cloaks and white masks, that began to filter in. He didn't even notice when one of the men, with blonde hair and steel grey eyes, had picked him up. He was too tired to even care. All he wanted to do was sleep. And that is exactly what he did.

The raven haired boy slowly cracked his eyes open and looked around. The first thing he noticed was that he was laying on a soft bed instead of the cold, hard floor. He reached a hand up to his head but encountered a bandage that was wrapped the entire way around his head. He slowly sat up. He was in a rather large room that was decorated in green and silver and he was no exception

He was no longer wearing his hand me down clothes. The clothes he had on now actually fit him. He was now dressed in the same colors as the room. His top was made out of silver silk and his pants were made out of the same material but instead of being silver they were green.

He slowly slid out of bed. His feet touch the ground and instead of him feeling cold, bare, floor, he felt plush carpet. Green carpet to be exact. He blinked and pulled the leg of his pajama bottoms up to look at his injured foot. It was bandaged much like his head and, after experimenting with standing, found to no longer hurt.

He blinked, confused. One moment he was in a cold, dark, room thinking about his pathetic life and the next he was waking up in a warm, inviting room. He didn't even remember how he got there. He sat back down on the bed and swung his legs back up. He preceded to pull the overly stuffed silver and green comforter up to his neck. He snuggled into it and lets sleep over take him once again. He doesn't wake for several hours and then that was only because got the feeling someone was staring at him.

He let out a groan and opened his eyes slowly. He blinked away the sleep and stared at the blonde haired man that was sitting on the edge of his bed, watching him. He blinked again when the man hands him his glasses.

"I've been sent to find out your name, little one." The man asked calmly, his voice soothing.

The boy slowly sat up once again. "I...If I tell you m...my name, will you tell me where I a...am and who you a...are?" He nervously stutters out, almost in a whisper.

The man chuckled, good heartily and nods. "Of course. You are not a prisoner here, child. You may ask any question that you wish."

The boy nodded. "Ok." He says shyly. He bit his bottom lip before taking a deep breath and letting it out. "E...Everyone calls me boy, sir. But my name is H...Harry. Harry Potter." His voice was hoarse from not using it much over the past week.

The man's eyes widened just a bit before returning to their original state. "Since you answered my question I shall answer yours. I'm Lucius Malfoy and you are in my home."

Harry looked at the man. "How did I g...get here, sir? The last thing I remember is l...laying on that horrible room f...floor." The words fall out of his mouth, quickly.

The man now identified as Lucius Malfoy held up his hand. "Slow down. I brought you here. We didn't expect to find anyone in that old building. But we were ordered to check it out. My..." He searched for the right words to explain the man that he called master. "Someone told us that we would find something of importance inside. And we found you instead."

"Impo...what? There was no one there but me. I'm a freak and a nobody. Or that's what my Auntie and Unca says." Harry says in a whisper, messing up some of the words like any normal five year old would do.

"A nobody? Your far from being a nobody, Harry. Don't you wonder where your parents learned it all?" Lucius asks in a cold, unbelieving tone.

"I didn't know my parents, sir. They were killed in a car accident when I was a baby. I've lived with my Auntie and Unca ever since." He says with a shrug. "I don't e...even know their n...names." His nervousness was beginning to fade.

Lucius's mouth hung open in surprise. "You don't even know who your parents were? Filthy muggles. " His voice was still cold but now it held disbelief and underlying anger.

Harry blinked. "What's a muggle? The last time I asked about my p...parents I was punished for a month. That's how I learned how they died."

"I think you need to rest, Harry. I have someone who wants to speak with you soon. And you'll need your strength. He will be able to answer your questions more in depth." Lucius slid off the bed, gracefully and stood. He brushed his all black robe off. "I'll wake you when he is ready to speak with you." He turned and strode out of the room to tell his master of this startling new information.

Harry watched the man leave. Why was he wearing a dress? He shrugged and snuggled back into the comforter. He took Lucius's advice and slowly begins to drift back to sleep, ignoring the hunger pains that his stomach was sending him. Eating could wait for a few more hours. He needed to catch up on his sleep first.

By the time that Harry woke again it was dark outside. Or so he figured by looking at the closed, dark green, drapes. He sat up slowly and blinked. He wasn't alone in the room once again. A small blonde haired boy was sitting in a nearby chair, watching him with undisguised interest. "Um...Hello." Harry says in a whisper after getting over the startlement.

The pale blonde smiled at Harry. "Hello, Father mentioned that we had a guest. I'm not supposed to be here." He said with a smirk.

Harry can't help but chuckle. He was feeling better, a lot better. "Father? Do you mean Lucius Malfoy? He was in here earlier."

The other boy nodded and slid out of the chair. He holds out his hand to Harry. "Draco. Draco Malfoy."

Harry took the hand cautiously and shook it. "Harry. Harry P...Potter." He says shyly while letting go.

Draco blinked a moment and tilted his head to the side, sizing up the black haired boy. "How old are you?"

Harry blinked at the question. He began to count on his fingers. He had learned on accident that his birthday was July 31st. "What month is it?"

Draco sat back down. "June, why do you ask?" The black haired boy was weird but Draco was happy to have someone around his age in the house. It was usually just him and his mother and father.

"That means I've been gone for only a week." He shook his head and began to count again. "I'll be seven next month" He says proudly.

Draco grins. "I've been seven for a whole week now. So that means that I'm older than you!" He puffed his little chest out, proudly.

Harry eyed the pale boy. "You don't look seven." He replied, grumpily. He didn't like being little.

Draco continued to grin. "Well, so what? You don't look like you're six."

Harry smiled and stuck his tongue out. "I've never met anyone my age before. Well, my cousin Dudley but some people mistake him for a small whale so he doesn't count!"

Draco chuckled. "A small whale? Remind me not to ask." He said with a smile on his face.

The boys talked for several hours before they were interrupted by a clearing of a throat. Both looked towards the doorway to find a very amused Lucius standing there, watching them. "I see that you've met my son. He has no regard for the rules." He eyed the smaller blonde with a grin. "Off with you, Draco. Your mother is looking for you. It's bath time."

Draco stood with a defeated sigh. "Ok, father." He looked back at Harry and smiled. "Hopefully I'll see you later." He ran out of the room in search of his mother.

Lucius chuckled. "It's time for you to dress, little one." He walked over to the large wardrobe cupboard, which sat against the furthest wall, and pulled it open. He pulled out a pair of black trousers and a black jumper. He took the clothes over to Harry and laid it on the bed. He then removed a small cloak from the cupboard and laid it on the bed also. "I will leave you to dress." He exited the room, pulling the door shut behind him.

Harry stood, testing his ankle again. It was still a little sore but it useable. He pulled the pajama top off and pulled the black jumper on over his head. It was soft and warm. He then slipped out of his pajama bottoms and slid into the black trousers. Everything seemed to fit him perfectly. He eyed the cloak on the bed. He had no idea what to do with it so he left it lay. He then sat quietly, waiting for Lucius to return.

Lucius entered a few moments later to see the boy almost fully dressed with the exception of the cloak. He walked over and knelt down. He then took the cloak and threw it over Harry's shoulders and latched it in the front with a small snake pendant. "There you go." His voice is soft yet silky at the same time. He stood and held his hand out to the small boy. "Shall we go?"

Harry nodded and jumped to his feet. He took the offered hand, hesitantly. "Ok, Lets go." He said in a chipper voice. He was curious about who he was meeting. And why. "Sir, will I get to see Draco again?" He asks in a small voice, afraid that he would be punished.

Lucius looked down at the boy. "Of course. If everything goes well you shall be staying here instead of with your muggle relatives." He headed out of the room with Harry in tow.

Harry offered a small smile. "Really, I'd get to stay here?" He looked around the lavishly decorated hallway. The house must be huge. "I really shouldn't bother you like this. I can go back home." He says in a quiet voice.

Lucius sighed. "I will hear of no such thing. You will be our guest and that's final." His voice left no room for argument. He stopped in front of a large wooden door and pulls it open. He led Harry inside. He walked over to the only occupant of the room and knelt. "I bring the boy, Master."

Harry blinked and looked at Lucius. He took a step back but couldn't go anywhere since the older man still had a hold of his hand. He stopped and watched the scene in front of him. He called the man Master. Who was the mysterious man in black?

The black clothed man looked down at the boy from his seat. "You have done well, Lucius. Now leave us." He waved his hand towards the door in dismissal. "Come here, boy." His eyes were slits of red.

Lucius nodded and let go of Harry's hand. He then stood. "Be a big boy, Harry." He whispered as he exited, pulling the door shut behind him.

Harry swallowed hard and took a step towards the other man. He was scared but refused to show it even though his body was betraying him. He was shaking. "Y...yes, sir?"

The man reached up and pulled his hood down. His eyes were still glowing red but he looked a little less scary now. "Harry Potter. It has been a while since I've seen you. Where did that blundering fool have you hidden?"

Harry blinked. "I've lived with my Auntie, Unca and cousin ever since I can remember. At Number four, Privet Drive in Surrey." He was proud of himself for remembering all of that since he was only six. "Do I know you, sir?" He asked after a moment.

The man let out a harsh chuckle. "We've met before boy. I was there the day that you got that scar on your head." He pointed to it. "I knew your parents. Sadly that blundering fool Dumbledore got them killed. I can assure you that your parents didn't die in a muggle car accident. They were murdered." It wasn't a complete lie. If Dumbledore hadn't recruited the Potters for the light side they might still be alive today. "I wish to make you an offer."

Harry's mouth hung open. His parents weren't killed in a car accident? They were murdered by someone called Dumbledore? He can't help the tears that begin to form in his eyes but he wiped them away. "Sir?"

"Don't call me sir. You are not in my service...Yet. I wish to make you my heir. My son. I will teach you everything about magic until you're old enough to attend school. I will give you the attention that you hunger for and the answers that you seek. Will you accept Harry?"

Harry rubbed his eyes. "You want to be my daddy? You'd teach me magic? Is magic really real because my Auntie and Unca says that magic isn't real? What school would I go to?" His eyes got real big. "Then what do I call you?"

"You may call me father but only in private or around the Malfoy family. You are not to call me it around any of the others. When we are around other people you will address me as Lord or Sir. If you accept of course." The man said.

"Draco's daddy said that I will be staying here. So if you really want to be my da...father...ok." He says in a happy voice. He would finally have a father and never have to be around his Aunt and Uncle again.

Voldemort let a cruel smile slid onto his pale lips. "Then it's settled. You will stay with the Malfoy's from now on. They will be your legal guardians. The name Harry Potter is your past and the name Draven Alexander Riddle-Malfoy is your future. Go join your new family for supper then report here with young Malfoy afterwards. We have many things to discuss about your magical education."

Harry grinned and took off out the door. He ran until he bumped into something solid. He looked up into the face of Lucius. "I get to stay here!" He says happily.

Lucius smiled and picked the small boy. "What did my master have to say to you, young one?" He carried Harry into the dinning room and sat him on a chair beside Draco.

"He said that he's going to teach me magic and he wants to be my daddy but you will be...my legal garden. He even gave me a new name that sounds better than my old one. Plus he wants to see me and Draco after we eat." He eyed the small blonde beside him. "He wants to talk about our magic edcation." Harry said seriously, stumbling over a few of the larger words.

Lucius looked over to his wife who was chuckling softly. "You mean legal guardians and magical education. What is your new name that you think is better than Harry Potter?"

Harry grinned even bigger as he began to eat the food that magically appeared on the plate in front of him. "Draven Alexander Riddle-Malfoy!" He says with a touch of awe. "It's much better than Harry

Potter. And he told me that some person by the name of Dumbledoor killed my mummy and daddy. I don't like that person very much." He says with a hint of childish anger in his voice.

Lucius began to eat. "Dumbledore, Ha...Draven. Dumbledore killed your parents." He was silent for a moment as he chewed his food, lost in thought. "You will share a room with Draco. It's big enough for ten people to sleep in there. Plus we will have to see about getting you a hair cut and some new clothes. And I'll see about getting a potion to correct your eye-sight. A Malfoy can show no outward signs of weakness so the glass have to go."

Harry just sat there eating still in shock. He was getting a family. Maybe the week that he spent in that tiny room wasn't that bad after all. The grin stayed on his face and the meal is finished in silence. Each person thinking about the newest addition to their family.

The years flew by for the two boys. Every waking moment was spent training. Sometimes with Voldemort and other times with different death eaters that were found worthy of teaching the children. That was very small list. Both boys were taught manners and styles of hand to hand combat on top of all their regular magic lessons.

One day the boys got a treat. They were summoned into the dark lords chamber where they got to meet their new teacher. He was a professor at the school in which they would be attending once they turned eleven. He was the Potions Master and a very trusted servant of Voldemort.

Voldemort smiled as the boys entered his chamber and bowed. They were both nine years old and very skilled in basic magic. But he felt that they needed to be more prepared. "Severus, I would like you to meet young Draco, whom you already know, I'm sure." He gestured to the young blonde who was standing straight and proud. The boy made no reaction to hearing his name spoken by the dark lord. "And young Draven, my heir." He walked, more like glided, over and placed a, almost skeleton like, hand on Draven's shoulder which made the black haired youth straighten, copying Draco's stance. He was proud of the two and let it show through his actions.

Severus Snape nodded to Draco. He was the boys godfather so he knew him well. The other boy surprised him. He didn't know that Voldemort had an heir let alone one that was Draco's age. He had heard rumors of a boy living with the Malfoy's but he brushed them off as nonsense. But now he was tending to think that it was young Draven that had been living with the Malfoy's. He bowed to the small black haired boy. "It's a pleasure to meet my lords heir." His voice is deep and silky but not smooth like Lucius'.

Draven couldn't help but smile. He loved the power that he felt. Most of the death eaters were already loyal to him even though he was nothing but a mere child. He cleared his throat. "It is an honor to meet you. We have heard much about your skills with Potions. I'm sure you will teach us well." His voice was soft but not childish. It was clear that

the boy had already received lessons in speech and vocalization. A practice that wasn't uncommon amongst pureblood families.

Snape rose out of the bow and turned towards Voldemort. "I will teach them in the lab on the second floor. I'm sure Lucius hasn't touched anything since my last visit. Come. We shall get started right away." He was eager to see what his master's heir was capable of. He then would report it back to Dumbledore. Because Severus Snape was a spy for the light side. So all information was valuable.

Severus steered the two boys away from Voldemort, after being properly dismissed, and towards the stairs. He began up them knowing that they were following behind him. He stopped in front of a large door and muttered the unlocking spell. He then pushed it open. The room inside was covered in a thin layer of dust. He frowned and looked around. "Looks like we have a bit of cleaning to do" He said with sigh.

Draven looked around with disgust. He slid his finger across a nearby table and shuttered as he looks at the dust on it. He then rubbed his fingers together. "You want us to learn in a place this...filthy." He said in an arrogant yet horrified voice. He never saw a room so dirty in his whole entire life with the Malfoy's. Apparently the house elves were either instructed to avoid this room or there was some sort of spell on it that kept them away. Either one was likely.

Draco looked around with one eye brow raised. "You've got to be joking me. We will not clean this by hand." He took out his wand and flicked it while muttering a cleaning spell. He then put it away after the room turns spotless. He smirked and crossed his small arms acrossed his chest.

Draven chuckled as he gave Draco a slap on the back. "Well done, mate" His voice holds an hint of approval. "Now we can learn without getting dirt all over our clothes." He looked down at his all black outfit. Draco was dressed the same way. He looked up at Snape, expectantly.

Severus frowned. "We will learn the basics first then move onto more...advanced potions." He motioned to two chairs that were sitting by a table. "Have a seat and we shall begin." There was a large chalkboard in front of the room in which he began to write upon.

The boys summoned their quills, parchment and ink wells then began to copy down what Snape was writing. Several hours and four parchment later, they were finished. They both frowned and rub their cramping hands. They stood and headed out of the room after being dismissed. It was already time to prepare for dinner.

Draven opened his eyes slowly and groaned. It was too early to get up but the incessant pecking on the window was hard to ignore. He glanced over at Draco who was asleep in the next bed over. He frowned and slid out of bed, padding over to the window. He opened it and left the bird in. He eyed the brown speckled owl before untying two letters that were attached to its leg. "Go on. The owlery is around back. You can eat and rest there." He said with a yawn. The owl flew back out the window and he closed it. He looked down at the two letters in his hand. His name was on the front of the first one and Draco's was on the front of the second one. It was done in a green ink. He turned his over and glanced at the red wax seal on the back. It had an H stamped in the center. His eyes widened. He hopped onto Draco's bed and began to bounce. "Wake up, Drake!" He continued to bounce until the blonde woke up. He thrust the other letter into his face. "Here!"

Draco opened his eyes to glare at Draven. "What is so bloody important that you had to wake me from my sleep?" He looked at the letter before ripping it open. His eyes widened and a huge grin appears on his face. "Is this what I think it is?"

Draven followed Draco's lead and ripped his open. He scanned over the words before an identical grin appears on his face. "Yes it is. We've been accepted to Hogwarts! We must tell father!" He bolted out of the room and towards his fathers chambers, letter in hand.

Draco hopped out of bed and followed Draven. They both were still dressed in their green and silver pajamas. "Slow down Draven. My brain isn't awake yet." He mumbled.

Draven stopped in front of the chamber door and knocked. He waited several moments. He didn't have patience when it came to something as important as this. "Father!" He pushed the door open and bolted inside. He looked around and frowned. His father was nowhere to be seen. He charged out of the room and rushed downstairs.

Draco continued to follow Draven. "Maybe he is already having breakfast?" He suggested trying to get his friend to calm down.

Draven glanced behind him and rushed into the restaurant sized kitchen. He stopped in his tracks. There appeared to be a meeting, of sorts, going on. He frowned and looked around for his father. It never occurred to him that he had never seen his father eat or drink anything in all the time that he had known him. Except for a glass of wine or Brandy on very special occasions, which were few and far between.

Draco slammed into Draven's back after his sudden stop. "Sorry." He muttered and looked around at all the people in the room. He only recognized a select few. "We should go, Drave." He said quietly.

Draven looked over at his friend and nodded. He began to back up but hit into something very large, smelly and solid. A hand gripped his shoulder painfully hard. He looked over and saw that Draco was having the same problem. "Let me go!" He began to struggle.

The man sneered down at the two boys. "What 'ave we got 'ere?" The man had an accent of some sorts. "Two spies, looken for trouble, are ye?" He steered the two boys through the crowd of people and into the center of the kitchen.

Draven was actually afraid of this man. He had no idea who he was, not recognizing him as one of the death eaters that served in his fathers inner circle, nor did he appreciate the death grip he had on his shoulder. He winced as the grip tightened.

Draco froze in fear. This was a man he didn't know. To top it off he had no idea where his parents were. He swallowed and winced at the tight hold. He looked over at Draven to see him also wince. He placed a scowl on his face to mask the throbbing pain.

In the center of the crowd was none other than Severus Snape. He wasn't alone. The boys could make out the faces of Conner Fizwit, Mason Clearwater and Davis Dreson. They were all inner circle death eaters or Elites, as they liked to refer to themselves. They felt themselves being pushed forward and then to top it all off they were forced to bow.

Draven was fuming. How dare this pig of a human make him bow? He was Lord Voldemort's son and heir! But he didn't struggle. He just prayed that the man got his just dues.

Draco blinked as his head was pushed down into a awkward bow. He could sense that Draven was trying to contain his anger and so was he. But he kept quiet. He was curious to see what would happen next.

Severus looked up at the large man who appeared to have two children with him. His eyes narrowed. "Explain yourself, Watson." His voice was deathly low. He couldn't get a clear view of the children's faces.

"I found 'em by the da 'oor, sir. They be 'nooping." The large lub of a man stated. "They 'ere tryin ta make a break for da 'oor when I 'natched 'em. Thought they could be punished, I did."

Snape eyed the boys closely. They seemed to be dressed in night clothes. His eyes widened. He quickly stood and rushed towards the boys. He pushed Watson away and lifted their faces. "Draven? Draco? What are you doing up this early?" Snape's voice was quiet. He had now been teaching the boys for two years and shared a mutual respect with them.

Draven looked at Snape. He couldn't help the tears that were showing in his eyes. The man had hurt his shoulder and he wanted him to pay. "I was looking for father. We received an owl this morning. We got accepted to Hogwarts." He said quietly.

Snape glared at Watson after seeing the young heirs tears. He had never showed signs of weakness before. "Are you hurt?" He glanced at both boys.

Draco nodded slowly and pulled down the neck of his shirt. His shoulder now had a large bruise on it that stuck out like a sore thumb on his pale skin. Draven followed Draco's lead and pulled down the neck of his own shirt down to show off a matching bruise.

Snape's eyes widened at the horrible looking bruises. He grabbed Watson by the collar. "Do you realize who you just assaulted, you

mighty lub? This is Lucius Malfoy's son, Draco." He pointed to the blonde. "And this is Draven, Lord Voldemort's heir" He said through clenched teeth.

Watson turned pale before promptly fainting, a large strain covering the front of his grey trousers. No one stood to help the man since he had already signed his death certificated. No one was allowed to touch either of the boys and the punishment for disobeying this was death.

Draven glared at the unconscious man. He walked over to him and gave the large man a swift kick in the side before turning back to Snape. "We really didn't mean to interrupt. But father wasn't in his chamber and we thought that maybe he was having breakfast this morning." He only then realized how foolish that thought was. He gave himself a mental kick.

Voldemort chose that time to appear in the kitchen. He glanced at the unconscious man then to the two boys. His eyes fell on their shoulders since their shirts still were pulled down. His eyes narrowed in anger. He pointed to the man on the ground. "Take him to the dungeons and leave him!" He hissed before striding over to the two boys. He kneeled down and placed his wand over the bruises. He mumbled a healing spell and the marks disappear. He then launched into lecture mode about how the boys weren't to be touched by anyone but himself, Snape or Lucius. He also made it clear that the next person to do so would be killed on the spot. "What are you two doing up at 7 o'clock in the morning?"

Both boys held out their letters. "We got accepted, sir." Both boys say together then chuckle.

Voldemort took the letters and began to read. "Excellent! Well done! I had no doubt in my mind that you would be accepted." He actually had a small smile on his reptilian face. "Come, we have much to discuss and celebrate." He placed a cold hand on each boys shoulder and with a crack they disappeared and the meeting resumed.

Draven looked around the room that they appeared in. He never saw it before and began to question if they were still in or around Malfoy Manor. He blinked and looked over at Draco then up at his father. "Are you pleased that we got accepted, father?" He asked.

Voldemort removed his hands from the boys shoulders. "Of course I am. I am very proud of you both but it's time that we work out the details of our plan. You will have your revenge, Draven." He walked over to a work table and gracefully sat on one of the large wooden chairs. "Join me" He motioned to the other two chairs.

Both boys nodded and took up their places on the chairs. Draven sat closest to Voldemort with Draco beside him.

Voldemort surveyed the letters in his hand. "Your items have already been purchased so there is no need to go running off into Diagon Alley. Now, I must make several things clear. Draven, I know that the sorting hat will want to place you in Gryffindor since both your parents were in that house. And Draco will be placed in Slytherin for the same reason. I must ask you both to stay friends if this happens. Both houses must put aside their age old feud and get along. I need supporters from more than Slytherin house. I have yet to decide weather I will let you ride the Hogwarts express or if I will have someone accompany you to the school." He eyed both boys. "Draven, I must warn you. Dumbledore is very smart so he will try to turn you against everything that you know. Me, Draco, the Malfoy family even your very heritage will be shrouded in lies. But you must trust in me and yourself. I must also ask that you both keep my involvement a secret. Your lives are in enough danger without me being brought into the mix." He pointed to their right arms. "You must keep your arms covered at all time. You don't have the dark mark yet but you have the promise mark which means you will get the dark mark when you both turn 16. You also have the black hand which signifies that you both are in my inner circle. You both are innocent so they will not suspect anything. That is why I would never let you practice the unforgivable curses. They can be traced and sensed by some." He leaned back in his chair.

Draven frowned. He didn't like the idea of being in Gryffindor but he wouldn't complain. He also knew of the marks and their importance.

He let out a small sigh but stayed silent as his father spoke. He was the heir and Draco was his best friend and future right hand man.

Voldemort began to speak again after a few moments of silence. "Your letter says Draven Riddle-Malfoy which means that's the name they will call at the sorting. Few people know my real name but Severus has told me that all the Professors have been briefed. They will surely question whether or not you're related to me." He stroked his withered chin.

The small black haired boy blinked. "What do I tell them if they asked me about you? I surely can't tell them that you're my father. I would be removed from the school faster than you could say Salazar Slytherin."

Draco blinked. "Sir, why don't I help out with the story? My family has many members. Many of which are not commonly known. Draven could tell everyone that he is a cousin since he does share the Malfoy last name."

Voldemort smirked. "Very good idea, Draco. Draven is your cousin. His mother, Celaeno Riddle, whom he was living with, passed away several years ago. He, being the son of your father's late brother, Marcus, I believe that was his name, was taken in by the Malfoy family to raise after Celaeno's death. I also must ask that you both not act on your dislikes. You must accept blood traitors and mudbloods. I also will not tolerate hearing the word mudblood being used by either of you. You both are too cultured to use such a foolish word. Understood?"

Both boys nodded before giving each other a glance. They then return their attention to Voldemort.

"Why doesn't my letter say Harry Potter? That was my name before. Surely they know of it." The emerald eyed child asked.

Voldemort scowled as he thinks about what he asked. "I'm not sure. It is a bit odd for them not to address the letter to your former name. Dumbledore is very smart. It's almost like they know something that we don't. Perhaps there is a spy amongst our ranks who has been

filling that prat of a Headmaster in on our situation. That would be very bad. We must be more careful of who we talk around. But at the same time we must make the traitor reveal himself so they maybe punished accordingly.” He hissed out. His usually dull, cold eyes burned almost like they were two pits full of burning embers.

Draven swallowed hard. His father didn’t show his temper very often when either of the boys were around. But when he did it was frightening. “Father, we will do out best to help you find this traitor.” He bowed his head slightly.

Draco nodded. “Yes sir. We can keep a look out at Hogwarts. Then report to my father if we see anything suspicious.” The small blonde said.

Voldemort thought for a moment then smirked. “You two have made me very proud.” He dug around inside his midnight black robes and pulled out a old tattered book. He handed it to Draven. “This is a portkey. It will take you back to Malfoy Manor.”

Draven took the book and looks it over. “Dark Magic, Forbidden Curses, and How to Protect Yourself by Samuel Slarenork” He read out loud.

Voldemort nodded. “You will take that book with you to Hogwarts but keep it hidden. It’s for emergency use only. That is if anyone finds you two out. Understood?” He pulled another book out, identical to Dravens’ and handed it to Draco.

Both boys nod and clutch Dravens’ old ragged book. They wait for him to say the spell to send them home.

Voldemort pulled out his wand and tapped the book while mumbling the activation spell. He watched as the boys and book disappeared. He then sat back. They wouldn’t disappoint him but he would have to have Severus keep an eye on them just in case. The plan relied a lot on them and he couldn’t afford for anything to go wrong. Not when he was so close to his goal; crushing the light and ruling the wizarding world.

Both boys were standing at the bottom of the stairs quaking with excitement. Draven was dressed in a pair of black trousers with a green turtle neck. While Draco was wearing a matching outfit but instead of a green turtle neck he had on dark blue. Both shirts matched their wearers eyes.

“Fatheeer!” Draco whined from his place beside Draven. “Come on. We’re going to be late for the train.” They had finally got Voldemort to let them ride the Hogwarts Express without anyone going with them.

Draven smirked then chuckled. “Calm down Drake. We still have a good two hours before we even have to be on the platform.” He looked up the stairs to see Lucius making his way down.

“Your father is unavailable to see you off today, Draven. He wishes you both a safe trip and good year. Your trunks have already been sent ahead so I think we should be off.” Lucius ushered the two boys out onto the porch. He pulled out a small golden pocket watch. “We will portkey outside of the station then we will have to walk inside.” Lucius tugs at the neck of his shirt. He frowned not liking the fact that he had to wear muggle clothes. His outfit consisted of a black turtle neck and black trousers. He also had his trademark cane with a silver serpent on the top which also hid his wand. “Grab on.”

Draven clutched the small watch and waited for the elder Malfoy to say the activation spell so they could be on their way.

Draco grabbed a small part of the watch and gives Draven a small smile. “Alright there, mate?”

Lucius muttered the activation spell and all three of them feel the familiar tug at their navel as they appear at their destination. Thankfully no one had seen their abrupt appearance. “Come along boys.” The elder blonde strides into the train station glaring distastefully at the passing muggles.

Draven followed behind Lucius looking around. He had never really had any contact with muggle London before. When he had lived with his Aunt and Uncle they never let him go anywhere outside the house unless it was to mow the lawn which was kept in perfect condition all

year round. He frowned as the people stared at them as they pass. The frown soon turns into a sneer that would even make Professor Snape cringe.

Draco chuckled at Draven's facial expressions but he soon copied the black haired boy as they strode further into the station only to stop between platform 9 and 10. "Why are we stopping here, father?"

Lucius motioned to the solid looking wall between the two platforms. "That is a magical barrier. You walk straight into it and you shall appear on platform 9 3/4. Your trunks have already been loaded onto the train." Lucius then turned and walked right into the solid wall but instead of hitting it he passed right through.

The two boys share a surprised look but soon follow after the elder man. They looked around in wonder as they appear on the Hogwarts platform. "Wow!" They say together. They are then herded towards the train by their blonde guardian.

The elder of the three stopped beside the train, he then kneeled in front of the two boys. "I want you two to make us all proud." He laid a hand on Draco's shoulder then does the same to Draven. "Remember that you both are better than anyone here because you two are Malfoys. Don't let anyone ever tell you otherwise." With those parting words he turned and disappeared into the crowd.

Draco shook his head and stepped onto the train. He is followed by Draven. "We need to find a compartment, Drave." He began to search for an empty compartment.

Draven chuckled and followed behind Draco. "Isn't Crabbe and Goyle supposed to be saving us a seat?" A hint of disgust is present when speaking of the other two boys.

"Do you really trust those two lubs to save us a compartment? I don't think either of them can even spell their own names let alone do something that they are asked to do. Ah!" Draco smiled as he entered

a empty compartment. He then flopped onto one of the soft blue seats.

Draven shook his head. "I guess your right. How did they ever get accepted to Hogwarts? I thought you had to have some sort of a brain to even attempt magic?" He plopped down across from his blonde friend. The train soon began to move; September 1st had officially begun.

The train ride was mostly uneventful. Draco and Draven lounged around in their compartment, eating sweets that they bought off the elderly snack lady.

Draven yawned as he looked out the window at the passing scenery. "I wonder how much longer it's going to take? I'm completely bored." He said with a frown.

Draco chuckled as he shoved a chocolate frog into his own mouth. "Have patience, Drave. We will get there when we get there. No hurry." He looked towards the door as it open. "Can I help you?"

A young girl with fizzy brown hair stood in the compartment door looking at both boys. "Have you seen a toad? A boy named Neville has lost one."

Draven tore his gaze away from the scenery outside and looked at the girl. "No..." He said with a amused smile on his face. "I haven't seen any toads. Have you Drake?"

Draco blinked and shook his head. "Of course not. Why would I have seen a toad?" His voice holds disgust.

The girl frowned but stepped into the compartment and pushed a pile of empty candy wrappers onto the floor as she sat down. She eyed both boys, thinking. "I'm Hermione. Hermione Granger and you are?" Her voice holds a slight cockiness to it.

Draven smirked as he looks at Draco. Maybe this girl wasn't so bad after all. "I'm Draven and the blonde is Draco. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Draco rolled his eyes. "I can introduce myself Drave. I'm Draco. Draco Malfoy at your service." He bowed his head in greeting.

Hermione blinked. "Malfoy? The boy I've been sitting with mentioned the Malfoy family. He said that they are the worst sort of wizards around. But I don't believe one word he said. I think he said his name was...Ron Weasel or something like that."

Draven chuckled. "She called him Weasel. This is priceless. I think you meant to say Weasley. The elder Weasley works with Draco's father at the ministry. And I'm glad you didn't believe him. We're actually not that bad, are we Draco?"

Draco frowned. "Father says that they're poorer than dirt yet they have seven children, if I'm not mistaken. " He eyed his friend. "Speak for yourself, Drave."

Hermione raised an eye brow. "What house do you think you'll be sorted into?" She wanted to get them off the subject of the red headed family.

"Gryffindor for me." Draven said with a hint of disgust in his voice.

"I'll be in Slytherin. My mother and father were both in Slytherin plus my godfather is Slytherin's head of house." Draco said proudly.

Hermione chuckled. "I don't care which house I'm sorted into but I'm positive that I won't be in Slytherin. It's way out of my league." She looked out the window. "You two better change into your robes. I suspect that we will be arriving soon." She stood and disappeared out the door.

Draco grinned at Draven who was staring at the spot where Hermione was sitting. He stood and pulled out his wand. He mumbled a spell and two robes fly into the compartment. He tossed one to Draven and preceded to put his on. "Come on Drave. Get ready."

Draven blinked and caught the robe before it smacked him in the face. He stood and pulled it on over top of his casual, but expensive, muggle clothing. "I really think she was mental." He said amused as the train gave a lurch. Grinding of brakes are heard as the train began to slow down and then stop completely.

Draco shook his head as he moved out into the hallway and towards the closest exit. Draven was right behind him. Soon they both were outside and being herded towards boats by a very large man.

Draco looked down at the inky black water as the boats began to cross the lake. "This is a bit odd. Why do we have to go by boat when the others get to go by land?" He frowned and crossed his arms over his chest.

Draven, who was holding a pole with a lantern on it, also frowned. "I don't think it's safe. What happens if someone falls over board? They would never be found. Plus who knows what's living in the water?"

The boats soon hit land and they are again herded up a pair of stairs. They stop at the top where an elderly woman is standing. She is wearing a green robe. "Please wait here while I check and see if they are ready for us." Her voice sounded withered and worn. She hurried inside.

Draven looked around at the other children and sneered. The red haired boy was standing by himself looking rather uncomfortable. Draven moved away from Draco and towards the boy. "You're a Weasley aren't you?"

The red haired boy looked up with a start and nodded. " Yes. I'm Ron." He said quietly.

Draco moved over to Draven and draped an arm over his shoulders. "What do we have here, Drave?"

Ron looked at the other boy and narrowed his eyes. "Malfoy. I didn't know they let death eaters attend Hogwarts." His voice was cold.

Draco sneered. "And I didn't know that they left poor beggars in. Shouldn't you be at home tending the pigs?"

Draven placed his arm around Draco's waist and gave him a squeeze. "Calm down, Drake. What would your father say if you get into a fight already and we haven't even been sorted yet?" He said quietly so only Draco can hear him.

Draco immediately backed down and moved over to the banister, away from the two. But he still glared at the red headed boy but at a safe distance, this time.

Draven grinned then looked back to Ron. "You have to excuse my cousin. He forgot his manners at home. I'm Draven by the way." He offered the other boy a sincere smile. Draven had a new goal. He was going to try and get young Ron to join the cause. Wouldn't that be the day? A Weasley becoming a servant of the Dark Lord? His thoughts are cut short as the elderly witch returned and motioned them inside. He followed with a smirk on his face. This year wouldn't be so bad after all.

Authors Note

Come one people, if you read the story, how hard is it to review? Reviews help me understand what people want and without reviews, I'm flying blind. So just take a few minutes out of your busy days and drop me a word, a line or even a flame. All reviews will be welcomed. And to thank you, I'll make the chapters longer.

The Great Hall was a festival of sights, sounds and smells as they entered. The ceiling was bewitched to look like the night sky. Old wood and dust could be smelled and the older children were already at their assigned house tables waiting for the sorting to begin.

Draven couldn't help but overhear Hermione talking to another girl about the ceiling. His ears perked up when he heard her say that she read it in *Hogwarts: A History*, which was a favorite book of his. His father had somehow managed to get an original copy with the authors signature and everything. It was one of Draven's prized possession even though he had many rare things. He pulled himself away from Hermione's conversation just in time to avoid colliding with the back of the person in front of him. They were being lined up in front of the head table. A lone stool sat in front of them with a ragged old hat resting upon it.

The elderly witch wearing the green robes unrolled the piece of parchment now in her hands and picked the hat up by it's very top. "When I read your names off the list please come up to the stool to be sorted." She cleared her throat and began:

"Justin Finch-Fletchley!" Professor McGonagall called out. The boy with an overly large chin stepped up to the stool and sat down. The hat is placed on his head. Within a few moments "HUFFLEPUFF!" is heard. The hat is removed and the boy joined his cheering table.

"Seamus Finnigan!" She called out. The boy made his way up to the stool and within moments the hat bellowed out "GRYFFINDOR!" The hat was removed and the boy took his place at the cheering Gryffindor table.

"Hermione Granger!" The old woman again called out the name. The girl slowly approached the stool. She was muttering "Stay Calm" and "Relax" under her breath as she sat down. The hat took longer this time but after considerable deliberation it called out "GRYFFINDOR!" She was all smiles as she sat down beside her previously sorted house mate.

The list wore on and on. Crabbe and Goyle were sorted into Slytherin after the headmaster had encouraged the hat to stop laughing and sort them into a house.

“Neville Longbottom!” The nicely dressed witch called out. The boy was quaking in his shoes as he sat down. The hat was placed on his head and soon “GRYFFINDOR!” was announced. The boy almost fainted in relief but managed to plop down at the Gryffindor table without incident.

“Draco Malfoy!” The elder witch called out with a hint of distaste in her voice. Before the small blonde could even sit down the hat had bellowed out “SLYTHERIN!” which made that whole table go wild. He smirked as he calmly joined the cheering table but he turned his eyes back to the sorting.

A set of twins were called next. Parvati and Padma Patil. They were separated into two different houses. Parvati joined the ranks of Gryffindor while her sister sulked at the Ravenclaw table.

The women seemed to stumble over the next name and couldn't hide the shock in her voice. “Draven Ri...Riddle-Malfoy!” She called out after gathering her courage. She couldn't believe it. Draven smirked as he made his way to the stool. He sat down and the hat was placed on his head. It sunk down and covered his ears and he heard a faint whisper in his ear. “Well now. I didn't think I would ever see the day. You have the markings of greatness and you would do well in Slytherin. But you also have courage and bravery. But where to put you?” The hat mused. Draven frowned. “Anywhere but Slytherin.” He hissed out in hopes that no one could hear him. He couldn't ruin his fathers plans. Not now. The hat seemed to think for a moment before continuing. “You would have done well in Slytherin but...it better be GRYFFINDOR!” It bellowed out and fell silent. Draven let out a sigh of relief and after the hat was removed he joined the cheering table. He met Draco's amused look with one of his own then turned his attention back to his house mates.

“Dean Thomas!” She called out still in shock over Draven. The hat thought for a moment before placing the boy in “GRYFFINDOR!”

After regaining her composure, Minerva continued with the list. Several more names were called after Draven's but Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff received most of them. Slytherin only got two more.

"Ronald Weasley!" She called out. The red haired boy made his way nervously to the stool and sat down. The hat is placed on his head and after a few seconds it kindly placed him in "GRYFFINDOR!" with his brothers.

After the list ended the witch took a seat at the head table beside an elderly man with a long white beard. The man was watching Draven intently and his blue eyes were sparkling like a kid at Christmas. A clinking is heard as McGonagall got everyone's attention by tapping on her glass with a knife. The old man stood. "Today begins a new year and I suspect that it will be grand. I have some start of the term rules to announce. The third floor corridor is off limits to everyone who doesn't wish to die a most horrible death and the forbidden forest is, of course, still forbidden. Now since that's out of the way, dig in." He clapped his hands and food suddenly appeared on all four tables. He sat back down but kept his gaze on the small pale, black haired boy at the Gryffindor table.

Draven eyed the head table after feeling eyes upon him. He frowned seeing that it was the old man staring at him. He looked familiar but he couldn't place him. He elbowed Ron in the side to get his attention. "Who's the old man sitting beside McGonagall?" He had learned her name after over hearing Percy, Ron's older brother, talk about her being their head of house.

Ron blinked and looked away from his brothers and to the head table. "That's Professor Dumbledore. My father says that he is the most powerful wizard in the world!"

Draven frowned. So that was the man that got his parents killed? That was the man that made him live with his horrible muggle relatives for six years of his life? He couldn't help but smirk. "He is not the most powerful wizard in the world. He is a bloody coward!" He muttered to himself, quietly. His eyes blazed with hatred but he forces himself to look away. Instead he focuses on Snape. Who was watching the Slytherin table like a hawk. His smirk turned into a smile

as he thinks back to the incident with the man named Watson, who was still living in the dungeons, and how Snape had confronted him. He again looked away and focused on his table mates. They didn't seem like that bad of a bunch but he was careful to filter his conversations. Most of the feast was spent talking to Hermione and Ron who Draven had automatically befriended. They seemed nice enough but they also had a need to prove themselves. They were his best options when it came to getting someone to join Lord Voldemort's cause. He also kept a side conversation going with Neville. He remembered his father speaking about a couple named Longbottom. They were also victims of Dumbledore's. He made a mental note to himself to watch out for the round faced boy since their situations were similar.

The food soon began to disappear and only conversation remained. The headmaster again stood and clapped his hands. "It's time to tuck in. Classes start bright and early tomorrow morning and we don't want anyone lollygagging around. So would the school prefects please lead their houses to their dormitories. Nook, Blubber and Snork!" He sat back down and watched as the older children began to herd the younger ones out of the great hall and towards the stairs.

Draven frowned and looked through the crowd, trying to spot Draco. He slid off the bench and made his way over to the small blonde. "Well that wasn't so bad, I guess."

Draco blinked at Draven and smirked. "Wait until tomorrow's classes. Professor Snape favors his own house but he also has a soft spot for you. You're his favorite potions student." He said slyly. "Let's see how he handles you being in Gryffindor, I'm sure he thought that you'd be in Slytherin."

Draven slapped Draco on the arm. "You could be good in potions if you would just apply yourself. It's really not that hard."

Draco shook his head and watched as his house began to leave. "I gotta get going, Drave. I'll speak to you tomorrow." He quickly caught up with his retreating house and disappeared out the door.

Draven sighed but returned to his own house which was the last to leave. They stopped in front of a portrait of a fat lady. He heard Percy give her the password, courage, and watched as the portrait swung open to reveal the common room. Harry stepped in behind Percy who was practically screaming "Hurry up! Come on!" He looked around the room. It was cozy, he could say that much. But he preferred green to red and there was a whole lot of red in this room. He shrugged it off and followed the other first year boys to their dormitory. He managed to climb into a pair of already laid out pajamas before drifting off to sleep. He never saw the house elves bring in his new cloak and matching Gryffindor accessories. (But in the morning he knew it was them. The house elves at the Malfoy's would lay their clothing out for morning and night) His sleep was interrupted by nightmares which were normal. He woke up screaming several times but managed not to wake the whole tower. "I need to talk to Professor Snape about a dreamless sleep potion." He mumbled as he tried to get to sleep once again. He succeeded and didn't wake until morning call.

Authors Note

There this was a little better, lengthwise. So keep up the reviews and the chapters will stay, at least, this length. And for those of you that have been living under a rock and don't know what review means...Just follow the arrows.

Review

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Draven wasn't in a very good mood the next day. He was forced awake by a series of shakes and hollers and he almost cursed the person standing over him until he remembered where he was. "What is it?" He asks, irritated by the red heads rudeness.

Ron frowned. "We're late for class, Draven." He grabbed a piece of parchment off his own bed and thrust it at Draven. "Here is you timetable and as you can see Transfiguration is first and we are currently fifteen bloody minutes late! I've been trying to wake you for the past hour! I didn't even get breakfast!" He grumbled.

Draven frowned and quickly slid out of bed. He grabbed his already laid out clothes and threw them on. He would adjust them on the way. "Ok then. Lets get moving. Do you know where the room is?" He stopped before he stepped out of the boys dorm.

With a shake of the head, Ron paled. "Mum is going to kill me! I'm late for class on the first day!" He let out a groan but followed Draven out. "I hope it won't be too hard to find." He stepped passed Draven and headed down the stairs and through the common room.

Draven followed the other boy. "Lets pray to Merlin that we won't be in too much trouble." He stepped out into the hallway and looked around. "I think we should go this way." He pointed to the left and took off in a jog. He knew perfectly well where all the rooms were but this was a little test to see what his new friend would do. Would he try and find the room on his own or trust him to do it. The result was to his liking.

Ron nodded and took off in a jog also. All he could think about was how much trouble he was going to be in. He really didn't want to get a howler. That would be so embarrassing. He stopped and rested a hand against the wall, catching his breath. They had been jogging all over the castle and still hadn't found the right room. "This is hopeless! I'm dead! Mum is going to kill me!"

Draven rested against the opposite wall and nodded. "Our next class is Potions. I think we went through the dungeon already so it shouldn't be too hard to find." He turned and headed back towards the dungeons.

“You mean that we’re not going to our Transfiguration class?” Ron asked as he fell into step with Draven.

“We were already late for one class and it’s apparent that we are not going to find it so why bother being late for the next one?” Draven said with a shrug.

Ron blinked then grinned. “Wicked idea, mate. I’ve never cut class before. My parents are going to have my head.”

Draven stopped once they got outside the potions classroom and sunk to the floor to wait. “I never really got to know my parents. They both died when I was young. The Malfoy’s took me in after my mother died five years ago. I’m Lucius’s nephew by means of his brother, Marcus, he died when I was a baby. The Malfoys’ treat me like their own son and sometimes people think that Draco and I are twins. I don’t know how. We look completely the opposite of each other. But I do see Draco as a brother, we’re as close as siblings, I’m sure.” He fell silent, giving the impression that he was lost in memory.

Ron nodded and sunk to the floor beside his friend. “I never knew the Malfoy’s cared for anything. My father is always telling me how bad Lucius Malfoy is. How he works for You-Know-Who and all of that nonsense. The whole lot of them are bad, he says.”

Draven blinked and tilted his head to the side as he watched his friend. “I can assure you that as long as I’ve been a member of the Malfoy family, there has been no dealings between them and You-Know-Who. Their just a normal pureblooded wizarding family. Much like yours, I suspect.”

“My father says that they only like pureblooded witches and wizards. Is that true?” Ron was curious about Draven’s home life.

“I’m not really as pureblooded as my cousin. My father was the eldest Malfoy so he was pureblooded, but I don’t think my mother was. She never really talked about her family but I got that impression from her. But they still treat me like an equal so...I would say that they are pretty open when it comes to your blood.” Draven stated. He knew

that was a lie. He was the only half blood that they would even consider treating like family. And after Voldemort acknowledged him as his heir, then his status would change greatly. But until then he would be a half blood. He didn't want to think about that for too long, it always made his mood rather foul.

They sat there in silence, each lost in their own thoughts. They only came back to the present when the door of the potion room opened and a group of seventh years came bolting out. Both boys stood and entered, still not saying a word to each other. Professor Snape was slightly shocked to see the two Gryffindors enter the room so early but seeing that one of them was Draven, he wasn't surprised. Draven always had a thirst for knowledge and was very good at potion making. "Hello Draven, Weasley." He kept his voice void of all emotions.

Draven smiled at his favorite Professor before taking a seat towards the front. He also noted that Ron sat with him. The boy was even more trusting than he first imagined. He would be a very good candidate for serving Voldemort. "Hello sir. How was your summer?"

"It was very interesting, young Malfoy. I hope you and Mr. Malfoy steered clear of all forms of trouble?" Snape said, referring to the little incident with Watson.

Draven smirked then nodded. "Yes, sir. We stayed clear of everything. I spent most of my time in our room while Draco flew around outside on his broom." He adopted an innocent look.

"You're not a very good liar, Draven. I know that you can't keep your feet on the ground for very long. So I'm assuming that both of you got into everything that you could, trouble included?" Snape said, copying Draven's innocent look.

Ron watched the scene between Draven and the most hated Professor in the school. He couldn't help but smile. Maybe Professor Snape was somewhat human after all. But his musings were cut short as the students began to file in and Snape slipped back into Professor mode.

The class seemed to drag on and on. Snape managed to take fifty points from Gryffindor house while giving his own house fifty. But he steered clear of Draven and Ron when taking those points away. He knew that the young dark lord to be was on a mission and assumed that the Weasley boy was apart of it so he just kept his distance. He was more than happy to dismiss them after giving them a three foot essay on the uses of Mungroot. He just prayed to Merlin that young Draven knew what he was getting into.

Authors Note

Ok, you know the drill. REVIEW!

Ron was right when he said that his parents were going to be angry at him for skipping class. The next day at lunch, since his parents couldn't punish him in person, he received a howler.

A moan escaped the red haired boys mouth as he stared down at the red envelope in his hand. The owl, Errol, that had delivered it was now resting in a bowl of potato chips. "I told you." He showed his black haired friend. "I'm just lucky that Hogwarts doesn't allow visitors." Ron practically moaned.

"It can't be that bad, Ron." Draven eyed the red object with interest. He had only seen a howler once before and that was when Lucius received one on behalf of the boys behavior in the local town of Griffins Claw. Their idea of fun cost that village hundred of knuts to repair and the howler was from a shoppe keeper that they put out of business during their spree of good humored mischief. It was loud and the angry voice contained within the howler had echoed through the halls of Malfoy Manor for a good ten minutes but it wasn't life threatening. "Go on then, open it." He prodded his friend into action. "It can only get worse if you wait." He warned having heard something of the sort from one of his friends, Theodore Nott.

Nodding, Ron delicately slipped a fingernail under the wax seal and broke it. The booming voice of Molly Weasley, Ron's mother, caused the terrified boy to drop the envelope onto the table. It sat motionless for a heart beat before taking the shape of a mouth and floated up to eye level with the shaking red head.

"RONALD WEASLEY! HOW DARE YOU SKIP CLASS! AND ON THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL TO BOOT! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? WHAT KIND OF AN EXAMPLE ARE YOU SETTING FOR GINNY? FOR SHAME ON YOU! YOUR FATHER ABOUT SWALLOWED HIS TONGUE WHEN HE GOT THE NEWS! IF YOU PUT SO MUCH AS A TOE OUT OF LINE WE WILL BRING YOU STRAIGHT HOME!" The howler was silent for a second before continuing but in a much more friendlier tone. "OH AND CONGRATULATIONS ON MAKING GRYFFINDOR DEAR." It then ripped itself up and ended up in a small pile of confetti on the table top.

Draven swallowed. Ron's mother sounded fierce. He glanced at his friend who was now the same color as his hair. A sheepish smile made its way onto his face. "Well now, that wasn't so bad." And he had no doubt in his mind that it could have been much worse than it was.

"Right, mate." Was all Ron could say as he stared at the pile of confetti that had just finished screaming at him. He could feel the eyes of the entire great hall on him and wished that the floor would swallow him. He could feel the heat of his blush in his ears and knew that his face, nay head, now matched his hair.

Glancing around, Draven noticed every table, except Slytherin, was staring at his embarrassed friend. Frowning, he shot a disgusted look at everyone. "What are you all looking at? Hm? I bet loads of you have seen a howler before so it isn't something too fantastic to look at." He held every pair of eyes he could see until they looked away, until finally lunch resumed as if nothing had happened. By this time Draven was seething with barely contained anger towards the school populace for making a big deal out of nothing and embarrassing his friend more than needed to be. But his anger was cut short when a pain, as excoriating as a blade to the skull, ripped through his head or forehead to be exact. A gasp of surprise mixed with pain escaped from his lips as he blindly stumbled to his feet and raced out of the great hall. Never noticing that he was followed.

Draco, who had been snickering with his fellow Slytherins over the embarrassment of Weasley, watched with concern as Draven stumbled out of the great hall. His hearing, slightly better than most, detected the pain laced gasp that came from the younger boy before his abrupt departure. Frowning, he grabbed his dragonhide bag from the bench beside him, stood, and walked over to the Gryffindor table where he gathered Draven's bag as well, before he exited in search of his friend. Once the doors closed and blocked out the noise of lunch, Draco was able to concentrate on where the black haired boy might have gone. Using his instincts and knowledge of the other boy, he searched for the first empty class room on the floor. He wasn't disappointed. "What's wrong, Draven?" He quietly asked as he

stepped inside and closed the door. He brushed a cobweb from his face as he made his way across the dusty floor and towards the equally dusty desks in the corner. It was clear that this room hadn't been used in sometime.

Draven looked up from where his head was resting in his hands and with tear filled eyes, looked at his friend, cousin and surrogate brother. "Father is angry." He whispered. It was a known fact within the Malfoy family that young Draven shared a unique link with the Dark Lord and that link sometimes caused the boy pain.

"He's angry? At you?" Draco sunk to the floor, in front of the desks, beside the younger boy, having dropped both school bags at the door.

"No, he isn't angry at me." Came the pain filled whisper. A pale hand came up and rubbed over the spot where the famous scar once marred his flesh. It was no longer there, removed by Voldemort himself, he being the only one who could remove it. "He..." Draven hesitated. "Something happened." Eyes fluttered closed as he tried to make sense of the feelings and images he was receiving through the link. "Azkaban." He whispered. "Aurors raided the houses of twenty new death eaters. Three were killed and seventeen were sentenced to Azkaban for having the dark mark." The pain was beginning to fade so Draven was able to focus more clearly. "Father is sure, now more than ever, that there is a spy within the inner circle. No one else was told of these new...recruits. And that is why he is angry. Someone he trusts is betraying him." He looked over at his silent friend. "He has suspected, for quiet some time, that there was a spy amongst his faithful followers. The Ministry and Dumbledore's nosey featherheads seem to know much more than they should." His eyes darted around the room before he removed his wand and muttered a privacy charm. "There aren't many people that would betray him and even fewer that are apart of the inner circle." He pinched the bridge of his nose as a headache settled just behind his eyes.

"A spy within the inner circle? That's..." Draco stared off into space. A spy that close to the dark lord was trouble. He or she could easily ruin all their plans and send a great many of them to rot in Azkaban. "Is there anything we can do?"

“Yes, we can present the traitorous scorpion to my father, on a platter. We can rid ourselves of this thorn before we are pricked and left to bleed to death. You have to trust me, Draco. From here on in you have to put all your faith in me, can you do that?” Draven questioned, seriously.

Draco was silent for a moment. “I can and I do. I trust you with my life, as it should be.” He inclined his head slightly. “You know who it is, don’t you?”

“I have an idea but I pray that I am wrong for if I am right, then we both have been used.” Draven scowled in annoyance. He felt much older than his eleven years. “And I bloody hate to be used!” His small fist hit the stone floor with such force that it echoed throughout the silent room.

McGonagall eyed her class from behind her desk. Every student was working on the assignment, every student, that is, except for a small group in the back. A frown etched its way onto her aged face as she watched the small, yet tight knit, group. It was a odd sight to behold and slightly discontending for the Gryffindor Head of House.

Four tables, each holding two students made up the group, that really wasn't the odd part. The odd part was whom was sitting at those tables. Her eyes narrowed as she studied them. Four of the students were from her own house while the other four hailed from Slytherin.

Ronald Weasley was paired with Neville Longbottom for the days lesson while Draven had paired himself with a bushy haired young girl, Hermione Granger, Minerva recalled after a moment of thought. Ever since Halloween, which was more than two months ago, Hermione and Neville were always seen in the company of Ron and/or Draven. Now the thing that didn't sit well with her was the other four. Draco Malfoy, Theodore Nott, Blaise Zabini and Pansy Parkinson completed the group. A more dangerous group, she had yet to find.

Clearing her throat, she looked over the top of her spectacles at the class. "Time's up, wands down." She stood, straightening her emerald green robe, she moved down to the rows of students to inspect their days work. "Not bad, Finnigan. Five points to Gryffindor." She moved away from the grinning, Irish boy, and over to the Slytherin side of the room. Glancing down, she grunted at the progress made by Crabbe and Goyle, in all her years teaching she could not remember a more draft pair. "I suggest you practice tonight, boys." She moved down the rows, giving points were needed and deducting them when necessary until she came to a halt at the last four tables. Her gaze moved from smiling face to smiling face each child wearing the same stupid grin. Glancing down, she found out why. Out of the whole class, they were the only ones that had succeeded in Transfiguring their needles, completely, into feathers; brightly colored ones at that. "Five points to both Gryffindor and Slytherin." She began to turn to go back to her desk but stopped, having remembered something. "The Headmaster would like to speak with you, Mr...Eh...Draven, today at your earliest convenience." She dug into one her pocket and removed a slip of parchment which she

handed to Draven. "That is the password, show it to no one, understood?" Seeing his nod, she continued to her desk and sat down just in time for the bell. "Remember class, I want a three foot essay on what we practiced here today, due after the holiday break."

Draven looked down at the piece of parchment as he gathered his books and shoved them into his school bag. With a frown, he followed his friends out into the busy hallway. He pulled Draco to a halt beside him. "I had hoped to avoid the old fool until, at least, after we came back from holiday but it was not to be. I'll go see him now to get it out of the way. I'll meet you in the library when I'm finished?" It was their free period also the last period before dinner and they usually met in the library to finish any homework that needed finished or to study.

"Alright Draven. Do you know what he wants?" Draco frowned, it would be just like the old man to try and stop the Malfoy boys from going home for Christmas. He already tried that last month when their presence was requested, by the Minister himself, at a Ministry Banquet. Luckily his father had friends in high places that overruled the Headmasters decision. "All I can say is, better you than me, cousin." He turned and started down the hall after his friends.

Sighing, Draven shrugged and silently made his way to where he knew the Headmasters office was. Standing in front of the two large stone gargoyles that guarded the entrance of the Headmasters office, he flashed back to the conversation he had with his Potions Professor just a week ago.

Flashback

"You go ahead, Ron. I'll catch up. I need to ask Professor Snape a question about our assignment." Draven smiled at his redheaded friend who was hesitant to leave a fellow Gryffindor alone with Snape, even when that Gryffindor was favored by the Potion Master. "I'll be fine, Ron." He reassured the other boy.

“Alright, Draven.” Ron didn’t sound happy about leaving but he knew Draven could take care of himself and that Snape had a soft spot for the black haired boy. “I’ll see you at lunch then.” He grabbed his school bag and left the room, letting the door bang closed behind him.

Draven gathered his book, quill, ink well, and parchment off the desk top and shoved the items into his school bag. “Professor Snape, sir.” He began. “Can I ask you a question?” He shouldered his bag and made his way up to the front of the room where Snape was working at his desk.

Professor Severus Snape looked up from the papers he was grading and towards Draven. He laid his quill down, folded his hands in front of him on the desk and nodded. “Go ahead.”

Shifting from foot to foot, Draven gave off nervous energy. “Who is...was...Harry Potter?” He kept his face blank.

“Harry Potter?” Snape tilted his head to the side and regarded the boy, carefully. “Why would you want to know that?”

Draven shrugged. “I...heard...talk about him and I was curious. No one will tell me anything and you’re the only one I trust here so...” He trailed off. “Here I am.”

“Your heard talk about Harry Potter?” Snape asked, skeptically. “Where?” He tried to keep the growing alarm out of his voice. He’d have to speak with the Headmaster.

“Why does it matter where I heard that name?” Draven narrowed his eyes. It was growing more likely that he had found the traitor, the spy, and he was sitting right in front of him.

“Wh...It...I need to know in what context the name was used to better explain it to you.” Panic was welling up inside the hooked nosed Potions Master. “You could have just looked it up in the library, there are many texts that mention him.”

He barely contained the urge to roll his eyes. “Uncle Lucius sent a letter to Draco and myself, a few weeks ago. In it contained our

itinerary for Christmas. The name Harry Potter was mentioned. Is that better?" Draven couldn't contain the sneer that appeared on his face. "And I know I could have looked it up but I'm asking you instead. Saves me from more work, you know how it is." He waved a hand in a bored gesture.

Snape sat up straight, not liking the tone Draven had used but refrained from commenting. "Harry Potter is...around yours and Draco's age. His father was a pureblooded wizard while his mother was...mu...muggleborn." He couldn't bring himself to say mudblood, no matter who's company he was in. He did find it strange that the heir of Voldemort hadn't been told about the-boy-who-lived.

Draven was silent for a moment. "Alright thanks, Professor." He turned on his heels and left. Out in the hallway, he slipped into the shadows and waited.

Severus pushed his chair back and stood, after he was sure Draven had gone to lunch, and strode from the room. He needed to see Dumbledore and he needed to see him now. He was so caught up in his thoughts that he never noticed that he was being followed.

Once Snape disappeared up the stairs guarded by the stone gargoyles, Draven slipped from the shadows. A scowl was set deep on his face. "You will pay, Snape. Oh yes, you will pay." He turned and headed towards the Great Hall for lunch.

End Flashback

Draven shook his head and looked at the bit of parchment that was still in his hand. "Lemon Drop." He read and looked up when the gargoyles jumped aside to reveal a staircase. Shifting the strap of his school bag, he began the ascent of the stairs until he stood in front of a large door. Before he could knock, he heard a muffled "Come in" from behind the door. With a bit of an effort, he pushed the door open and entered, cautiously. After his eyes adjusted to the darker lighting, he glanced around until he located the Headmaster. "You

wanted to see me, sir?" He questioned as he moved further into the room, stopping in front of the large desk.

"Ah yes, I'm glad you could make it. Sit. Sit." Dumbledore motioned towards a plush maroon chair without looking up from the parchments in front of him. After a moment he laid his quill aside and focused his full attention on the boy in front of him.

Draven dropped his bag to the floor and sat, patiently waiting for the old man to finish what he was doing. "Am I in trouble, sir? I swear whatever it is, I didn't do it!" He shifted under the Headmasters intent stare. It made him uncomfortable.

"Lemon drop?" He offered the boy a candy bowl only to be declined. "I guess they are an acquired taste." Dumbledore popped one into his own mouth and folded his hands on the desk in front of him. "Sounds like the musings of a guilty mind, my boy." His blue eyes were twinkling like crazy with unheard laughter. "But rest assured, you are in no trouble. I thought we could just talk for a few minutes. I like to get to know the first years and I have been busy up until now." He sat back and regarded the boy over the top of his half moon spectacles. "Tell me about yourself, Young Malfoy."

"There isn't really much to tell, sir." Draven didn't want to tell the old coot anything and apparently it showed in his tone of voice since the twinkling in the Headmasters eyes seemed to intensify.

"Tell me about your parents then. I assume that Lucius and Narcissa aren't your parents but you are related to them?" Dumbledore was gently prodding the boy in the direction he wanted his questions to go. The boy didn't look like a Malfoy but some pureblooded families had recessed traits that didn't show themselves for many generations. The boy's dark looks could be the result of such a case.

He caught himself before he could roll his eyes. "Yes, sir. Lucius Malfoy is my Uncle. My father, Marcus Malfoy, was his elder brother. And my mother was Celaeno Riddle." Draven just wanted the old man to get to the real reason he was there.

“Marcus? I don’t believe that I ever had the pleasure of meeting him.”
Dumbledore replied.

Draven looked at his hands. “He never attended Hogwarts, sir. Being the eldest of the family, he was tutored at home by the finest Witches and Wizards money could afford then traveled abroad, that’s when he met my mother. I never knew him, he died when I was a couple months old.”

Dumbledore offered a small smile. “That must have been hard, growing up without a father?”

“Not really, I still had my mum. She never kept it from me and when I was old enough to understand, she told me about him. She passed away when I was six, that’s when I came to live with my Uncle and his family.” Draven smiled.

“So you like living with the Malfoy’s?” Dumbledore questioned.

Draven frowned and shifted again. This time he raised his mental shields, uncomfortable with the direction the questions were heading. He made a mental note to thank his father for the Occlumency lessons he had given him the summer prior to his attending Hogwarts. “I do like living with them. They are my family, sir. They took me and treated me no different than Draco.”

“Mm.” Dumbledore popped another lemon drop into his mouth. “Your Uncle is a known supporter of Voldemort, did that have any effect on you while growing up in his care?” He watched Draven’s reaction to Voldemort’s name and wasn’t surprised when he saw none.

“Sir, I really don’t see the relevance of these questions.” Draven adopted a confused look to hide his growing frustration and anger.

“Mrs. Weasley told me that young Mr. Weasley invited you over for Christmas but you declined. She asked me to...find out the reason why.” Dumbledore simply replied, trying to subtly change the subject.

Oh give me a break! “Yes, Ron invited Draco and myself to his house for Christmas and I did decline, as did Draco. It’s been four months since school started and I want to spend my holiday with my family. Besides, it’s tradition and a Malfoy does not break tradition.” He said in a perfect imitation of the elder Malfoy.

Dumbledore eyed the boy, sensing no dishonesty in his words. “So your Uncle didn’t have anything to say about the invitation?”

“If you mean, did my Uncle force us to decline, then the answer is no. He thought it was a...decent gesture on the Weasley’s part. He has nothing against them, they are a pureblooded family though sometimes they don’t act like it. But he would never force us to do anything, especially when it involves our friends. I even invited Ron to our house to make up for it, he’s coming the last two days of break. So is Neville. I invited Hermione but she’s going to Italy with her mum and dad for the entire break.” He was silent for a minute. “If it makes Mrs. Weasley feel any better, we also declined an invitation from Theodore Nott to spend the holiday in Greece with him and his family. Is that all sir?”

Dumbledore was silent as he reached over to pet the bird, Fawkes, sitting on a perch by his desk. “Have you ever heard the name Harry Potter before?”

Finally! “Harry Potter?” Draven thought for a moment then shrugged. “Of course I have. Who hasn’t?”

“What do you know about him?” Dumbledore leaned forward just a bit.

Give me a break you nosey old coot! I’m not stupid enough to accidentally let anything slip! “He’s known as the-boy-who-lived. He supposedly defeated Voldemort when he was just a baby. And rumor has it that you have him stashed somewhere, but why he hasn’t attended Hogwarts yet is anyone’s guess. Some say that he’s nothing more than a squib while others say that he disappeared right from under your nose. But like I said, it’s anyone’s guess.” Draven put on his best innocent face, one that had gotten him out of many detentions over the past couple months. “Can I please go now, sir?”

“You may go, Draven. Just remember my door is always open if you ever need someone to talk to.” Dumbledore smiled at him, kindly. “Oh and do have a Happy Christmas.” He picked his quill back up and turned his attention back to the parchments before the boy could see that he got to him, unsettled him with his words. He was beginning to believe Severus about this boy being just as dangerous, or even more so, than the other Malfoys. He’d have to tread carefully until he was absolutely sure.

Thank You Merlin! “You too, sir.” Draven grabbed his bag and bolted from the room. He breathed a sigh of relief when he reached the corridor that lead to the library. He was getting a headache again. “Old coot, he’ll get what’s coming to him soon enough.” He mumbled as he entered the library in search of his friends.

The train ride from Hogwarts to London was, thankfully, uneventful. Each student was excited, for many different reasons, to be going home for the holiday. One compartment had been especially noisy. So much, in fact, that they had to be warned, more than once, to quiet down or return to Hogwarts for punishment.

Draven smirked as the fourth prefect left their compartment in a huff. This time, a Ravenclaw prefect had been sent on the fruitless task of trying to quiet the rowdy compartment down. And just like the three before her, she failed. "You'd think they'd get the hint." He lazily mumbled to his half sleeping cousin, whom was one of two not contributing to the noise level. The other being himself.

Draco opened one eye and eyed the dark haired boy with only mild interest. "Yes, well, it apparently doesn't take brains to get a prefect's badge." He drawled then turned his gaze towards his noisy friends with something akin to fondness shining in his eyes.

"If that is the case, I should warn Uncle ahead of time that his son is going to be prefect in years to come." Draven followed Draco's gaze and caught a chocolate frog that had been launched at his head by his red headed best friend, Ronald Weasley. He gave Ron a wink before popping the struggling aforementioned frog into his mouth. "Nice try, better luck next time mate."

Rolling his eyes, Draco took his cousins teasing in good humor. "Everyone's a bloody Camden!" He stuck his tongue out in a very un-Malfoy like manner before relaxing once again.

"It's comedian not Camden. Really Draco, you shouldn't use words that you don't know." Hermione automatically corrected in her know-it-all tone of voice, being used to the blondes misuse of muggle terms on a daily basis. She popped a Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Bean into her mouth, chewed thoughtfully, and then turned her attention back to Pansy who she had been engaged in a debate, over how to brew the best Polyjuice Potion, with.

Draven shook his head in amusement then turned his attention to the corridor outside of their compartment. There seemed to be an unusual amount of traffic so he stood, closed the door, latched it, then

returned to his seat. He really did hate snoops. A loud burst of laughter drew his attention towards the windows where a game of exploding snaps was taking place. It seemed that Neville had beaten Theodore and Blaise for the umpteenth time and was enjoying rubbing it in. "So Ron, are all your brothers going to be home for Christmas?" He really was curious about Ron's large family. He turned his attention back to the red head.

Ron looked up from his pile of candy and shrugged. "I suppose so. Charlie and Bill, their the oldest, missed the last two Christmases because of work. Mum warned them if they missed this year, they would be on the receiving end of some pretty nasty hexes." He shoved a cauldron cake into his mouth and chewed happily. "What about you? Who are you spending Christmas with?" Crumbs spilled out of his mouth and landed on the front of his maroon jumper.

"Uncle Lucius, Aunt Narcissa and Draco, of course. My family isn't as large as yours. Sometimes friends of Uncles stop by with gifts for us." Draven smirked. "You have to start buying a Malfoy early in order to gain and stay in their favor when they get older. And we, by no means, are cheap."

This got Ron's attention. He sucked on a gummy worm, thoughtfully, before speaking. "What about presents? Do you exchange them with your family?" He was almost horrified to think that Draven might only get presents from strangers.

"Of course we do, you prat." This time it was Draco who spoke, never opening his eyes. "Mother and father are more than generous on Christmas. Last year, we both received tickets to the sold out Quidditch match between the Chudley Cannons and Puddlemere United. We even got to meet the players and we got a whole load of autographed stuff in our room from both teams. And that was just one of the more...elaborate gifts we received." He didn't even have to open his eyes to know that Ron was looking at them both with envy.

"You got to meet the Chudley Cannons?" Ron couldn't believe what he was hearing so he looked towards Draven for confirmation, which he received in the form of a nod. "That's bloody brilliant! What are they like?" Ron was a huge Chudley Cannons fan.

Draven shrugged. "Their nice, a little crazy, but nice. You'd have to be crazy to be around all the orange." He had been having a hard time figuring out what to get Ron for Christmas but now he knew. It would be a blessing to get rid of all that orange. The Chudley Cannons weren't his favorite team, not by a long shot. He cheered for the Falmouth Falcons and the all witch team, Holyhead Harpies.

"Nice!" Ron's mouth was hanging open. How could someone say that the Chudley Cannon players were just nice? It was like...sacrilege! "That's all you have to say about them...their nice?"

Shrugging, Draven dug a hand into his own pile of candy and pulled out another chocolate frog and popped it into his mouth. "Their not Gods, Ronald." He drawled lazily, in his best imitation of the elder Malfoy. "Besides, I'm not a big fan of theirs. Their decent enough but their style is sloppy and it's cost them plenty of wins." His voice returned to normal. "So yes, their nice. Just nice."

Ron seemed to consider this and nodded in defeat. "You're right. Their stats could be better if they reformed but..." He shrugged. "I've liked them since my father took me to one of their games when I was little. Maybe three or four. The Ministry got tickets and dad was lucky enough to score a couple. It was the first time I saw a Quidditch match up close and personal and I guess it just stuck with me. I grew up wanting to play for them so I guess I do worship them, just a little."

"Just a little?" Draco had to put his two cents in. "Your obsessed with them, mate."

Frowning, Ron threw a gummy worm at Draco. "Nobody asked you, Malfoy." He grumbled.

Draco chuckled as the worm landed on his lap. He opened his eyes and glanced down at it before picking it up and biting its head off, viciously. "Whats got your knickers in a twist, Weasel?"

Draven, sensing an argument brewing intervened. "That's enough you two." He glared, pointedly, at both boys. Out of the entire group, Draco and Ron argued the most and sometimes it came to the point

of curses and hexes being thrown. But they were all friends, some just had personalities and tempers that clashed violently. “Noone is starting Christmas break angry, got it?” He asserted himself, since he was the unanimous leader of the band of misfits. “Now shake hands and make nice.” By now silence had fallen in the compartment and all eyes were either watching Draco or Ron.

“He started it.” Ron jerked his head towards Draco and crossed his arms over his chest.

“Apparently the poor have no sense of humor.” Draco grumbled just loud enough for Draven to hear. He copied Ron’s posture and crossed his arms.

Hermione raised an eyebrow at the childish behavior being exhibited by the youngest Weasley boy and the Malfoy heir. This was common place but sometimes it got on her nerves. “Oh give me a break! You two are friends, so shake and make nice!”

Smirking, Draven mentally applauded Hermione. For a muggleborn, she sure was a spitfire. He raised his eyebrows, waiting.

Draco rolled his eyes and stuck his hand out. “Oh, alright!”

Ron eyed the hand and with a sigh, shook it.

The squealing of brakes announced that they had arrived in London. So as a group they left their compartment and stepped onto the platform to be greeted by their respective families.

Ron was pulled into a massive, bone crushing, hug by his mother while his father patted him on the back, affectionately. When he was released by his mother, his sister Ginny, latched on and hugged him for all she was worth. They left the station once Fred, George, Percy, and their trunks were located. He waved to his friends as he disappeared in the crowd.

Theodore, Blaise and Pansy were greeted by people that worked for their parents, since their parents were wanted for being Voldemort sympathizers. They couldn’t even collect their own children without

the fear of being caught and sent to Azkaban. They left as a group after a quick, formal, goodbye, to the Malfoy boys, Neville and Hermione.

Hermione was the next to break away from the remaining group. Her parents looked rather out of place in their pastel polo shirts and tan trousers. She greeted them, with a hug, and waved goodbye to the remaining boys.

Now all that was left was Draco, Draven and Neville. The station was clearing out rapidly with no sign of Neville's grandmother. "She probably forgot." The round faced Neville mumbled as he kicked at a nearby pillar.

Draven and Draco exchanged looks. "We'll take you home, right mother?" Draco spotted his mother coming towards them. She hated crowds so they knew to wait, until almost everyone else was gone, for her.

Narcissa's pale blue eyes scanned over the three boys before she gave a curt nod. "Of course we'll take Mr. Longbottom home." She turned on her heels and headed towards the nearest floo terminal. There was one or two at the station. In a flare of green fire, all four of them disappeared.

As soon as they arrived at Malfoy Manor, Draven left out the breath that he hadn't even realized that he was holding. It felt good to be home and the genuine smile that appeared on his lips was proof of this. He looked at his Aunt, after he dusted the soot off his robes. "Thank you, Aunt 'Cissa for going out of your way to take Neville home."

Narcissa waved a pale hand, dismissingly. "No need to thank me, young Draven. The Longbottoms were once as proud and noble as us Malfoys. But Dumbledore made sure to put a stop to their good family name." She was referring to Neville's parents, who were permanent residents at St. Mungos. "It is a pity to see what that family has been reduced to." She shook her head, sadly. "I'm surprised that your friend turned out as well as he did, having that batty old woman caring for him all this time. I should think a house elf would have been more qualified to care for a child." She sounded angry and her face was set in a scowl. She really didn't think Neville's grandmother was a fit care giver. Not after seeing the demur way she treated the boy. She had acted, almost, put out that the boy had been returned to her and didn't even offer an apology for not being at the train station.

Draven frowned. "Dumbledore ruined a lot of families in his day." He grumbled, angrily. "Why hasn't he been stopped? I mean...Doesn't anyone else see what he is doing or what he has done?"

She motioned for Draven to sit in one of the chairs at the dining room table; they had flooed home through the fireplace in the dining room. She took her customary seat, just right of the chair at the head of the table. Narcissa eyed her young charge for a moment. "Dumbledore has many connections in the Ministry, child. The Minister of Magic, himself, seeks council from him on a daily basis. So the answer would be no. No one has taken notice of the orphans that his actions leave behind. Most of the deaths are considered casualties of a war the Minister will not acknowledge is being waged. While the others aren't even acknowledged at all."

"Well...that's just not fair!" Draven crossed his arms over his chest and stared down at the table top.

Narcissa smiled at the boy, fondly. Even though he was the Dark Lords heir, he was still just a child; No matter how grown up he tried to act. "No. No, it is not. But life is rarely fair, Draven. It's harsh and cruel. You, of all people, should know that by now." She was silent for a moment. "Why don't you run along and find your Uncle, I'll wait for Draco." Draco had stayed behind at Neville's, to help the other boy get settled, and would be along with he was finished.

At the mention of Lucius, Draven was reminded about his urgent need to speak to his father. "I think I shall do that." He pushed his chair back, stood, gave her a small kiss on the cheek, and retreated from the dining room in search of the Malfoy Patriarch. He found him, ten minutes later, in his private study on the second floor.

Taking a deep breath, Draven schooled his features as he made his presence known to his Uncle, by knocking on the door frame of the sturdy oak door that lead into the study. Once acknowledge, which was in the form of a grunt, he entered. "Uncle Lucius, I need to speak to father. It is of grave importance." He decided to get right to the point.

Lucius Malfoy looked up from the parchments in front of him and waved a waiting owl away. He steepled his fingers on the desk top and eyed his young charge with a cool gaze. "Your father is away on important business, he will not be returning for three days."

Draven let out an impatient breath and flopped, very gracefully, into one of the chairs in front of Lucius's desk. "But this is important!" He crossed his arms over his chest and slumped in the chair, pouting slightly.

The elder Malfoy sighed and sat back. The boy was growing more stubborn with each passing month. "Draven, there is no way contacting him. So stop that infernal pouting and act like the Malfoy that you are!" Lucius growled. "Whatever it is will have to wait." He eyed the boy once again. "I see Hogwarts still isn't teaching manners but you should know better, Draven." He drawled out. "Tell me of your trip and why you are..." He glanced at the grandfather clock in the corner. "Two hours late?" He looked back to the boy.

"You don't understand! This can't wait, it just can't!" Draven cried and jumped to his feet, beginning to pace. With a sigh, he stopped in front of the desk and cast his eyes down to its surface. He raised his eyes and met his Uncle's cool gaze. "It is good to be home, Uncle. Neville Longbottom's grandmother did not show up at the train station to retrieve him. So we floored him home. We left the earliest we could, the nutter wouldn't let us leave. Kept going on and on about how delighted she was that her grandson was friends with the Malfoy boys. That is, after she got done looking like a kicked hippogriff when we showed up in her fireplace with, before said, grandson." He couldn't keep the spite out of his voice. "Draco is still there, he offered to help Neville get settled."

Lucius sat back in his chair and nodded. "Augusta Longbottom has custody of her grandson?" He questioned in a low voice. He seemed disturbed by this tidbit of information. He stood and walked over to the mantle. He rested his arm on it, in a familiar gesture that meant he was thinking.

"Yes, Neville's been living with her since he was a year old. He was another innocent victim of Dumbledore's. Is there something the matter?" Draven asked, curious.

"Augusta Longbottom was ordered to stay away from Neville. When he was a baby, she replaced the milk in his bottle with gillywater. To an adult, gillywater is not harmful, actually I believe that it is McGonagall's drink of choice. But to a child...the effects are...devastating and almost always lead to death. Luckily, Alice caught her before she was able to give the boy the bottle." Lucius was silent for a moment before continuing. "Her trial was one of the most...unusual...at the time. All she did was rant and rave like a lunatic the entire time. We did manage to find out why she did it. She was absolutely convinced that the baby wasn't her grandson. She claimed that her real grandson had been stolen away in the night by vampires and had been replaced by one of their own, in order to infiltrate the wizarding world, she was found to be a complete nutter, as you referred to her. She would still be in Azkaban if Albus Dumbledore, himself, hadn't charged to her rescue. So instead of serving a term in Azkaban, or even St. Mungos, for almost killing the child, she was ordered, by Ministry decree, to never be around the

boy again. The last time I heard, she was abiding by the decree. Still...even after what happened to Neville's parents, his Great Aunt Enid should have gained all rights to him. She has broken the decree and I will not stand for it! I'm sure Dumbledore had a hand in this!" He sneered and returned to his desk where he located a piece of blank parchment and began to draft a letter to the Ministry of Magic: Department of Mistreatment of Children.

Draven sat in stunned shock. Neville's Gran had tried to murder him when he was just a baby and she got out of serving time in Azkaban because of Dumbledore. He felt sick to the stomach and had to excuse himself to the loo.

Three Days Later

"Have you seen my father?" Draco had scarcely seen hide or hair of his father since he returned from the Longbottoms; and that was three whole days ago. He tapped an impatient foot on the hardwood floor as he waited for his cousin to respond.

Draven looked up from the book he had been reading and tilted his head to the side. "I think he's at the Ministry taking care of business. Or, at least, that is what he told Aunt 'Cissa this morning over breakfast." He turned his attention back to the book. "He was quiet angry that you weren't there. But I covered for you. I told him that you had died during the night and I had the house-elves bury you in Aunt 'Cissa's rose garden." He didn't even look up from his book, this time.

Draco growled, storming over to where his cousin was seated by the fire, and ripped the book out of his hands. "You will look at me, when I am talking to you!" His wounded pride had caused his mouth to work faster than his brain.

Cold, green eyes turned themselves on the Malfoy heir. "I will look at you?" Draven hissed out in a voice that would have made his father proud. His eyes narrowed as he slowly climbed out of the over stuffed green chair and approached the other boy. "I think you have forgotten your place, Malfoy."

Swallowing, Draco took a step back. If he had been of a lower social standing, he would have been on his knees, begging for his life. "Fo...Forgive me, Draven." He mentally cursed himself for forgetting who, exactly, the other boy was. He was so used to him being his cousin, that it was easy to forget he really wasn't. He handed the book back and prayed that Draven wouldn't do anything drastic.

With a snort, Draven took his book back and tossed it onto the chair he had previously occupied. He crossed his arms over his chest and had to fight to keep the smirk off his face. It amused him to see the usually calm, sarcastic, Draco literally looking ready to faint. He dropped his arms and took a step forward, reaching into the pocket of his black trousers as he moved.

Draco took another step back and he felt himself bump into one of the many bookshelves that lined the library walls. Sweat began to bead on his forehead as he watched Draven. "...I'm sorry! Please don't curse me!" He cried out, forgetting his upbringing and standing, in favor of trying to save his life.

That did it, Draven was unable to contain his mirth any longer. A smirk appeared on his lips and his eyes sparkled with, yet, unheard laughter. "That was...priceless. You should have seen your face!" He eyed his cousin, innocently, taking his hand out of his pocket and holding up a chocolate frog. "Would you like one?"

He slumped to the floor in relief. Draven had been, what, playing with him? Draco let out the breath he had been holding. "Yo...wha...huh?" His ability to form sentences had momentarily left him so he settled for nodding and took the offered candy from Draven.

"Did you actually think I was going to curse you?" Draven asked in amazement as he knelt down in front of the other boy. "We aren't allowed to do magic outside of Hogwarts, you know that. I'm no exception to the rule." He shook his head.

Finally Draco had gathered his bearings. "I know that, you prat!" He let the relief wash over him in waves as he teased the younger boy. "Did you really tell father that I had died?" He stuffed the chocolate frog into his mouth, not giving it a chance to hop away, and glanced at the card. With a frown he tossed it into the fireplace. "How can Dumbledore be on so many chocolate frog cards?" He asked after he swallowed the sweet.

Draven shrugged. "Well, I had to tell him something. And you being too lazy to get up for breakfast just didn't sound very...helpful to you." He turned and watched the corners of the card curl and burn. "Maybe he made a deal with the chocolate frog manufactures? After all, being a Headmaster can't be that well paying."

Draco snorted and rolled his eyes. "So we have to see his face every other time we open a chocolate frog because he needs the galleons?"

“Well, he does have that infernal lemon drop habit of his to support.” Draven shrugged as he stood up and held out his hand to Draco. “Come on then. Malfoys do not, ever, sit on the floor.”

With a sigh, Draco took the hand and left himself be hauled to his feet. He brushed the backside of his black trousers off. “Now, do you know why Father is at the Ministry when it’s a holiday?” He plopped down into one of the green chairs in front of the fireplace.

Draven retook his previous seat and laid the book onto the armrest. “He’s trying to find out why Neville is with Augusta Longbottom instead of his Great Aunt Enid.” He said, matter-of-factly. He had already told Draco about Neville’s grandmother trying to kill him and getting off light because of Dumbledore’s meddling.

“Has he found anything out yet, then?” Draco couldn’t believe that Neville’s own grandmother would try to off him. All because she thought he was a vampire. “I knew that woman was completely batty the first time I heard Neville talk about her. She told, before I was able to escape, that her brother, Neville’s Great Uncle Algie, had tried to scare the magic out of him when he was little. He pushed him off the end of Blackpool Pier, once. Poor Neville nearly drown. Then nutty old man held Neville out of an upstairs window when he was eight and accidentally dropped him, luckily he bounced all the way down the garden and into the road.” Draco was silent for a moment then cleared his throat. “It was a happy day for the Longbottom family. The boy wasn’t a squib after all!” He mimicked the old bats voice. “Now scaring magic out of a children was used by pureblooded families during medieval times . But the Ministry banned it in eighteen-forty-seven for being a cruel and outdated practice. I hear that if you’re caught nowadays practicing it, you can end up in Azkaban for ten years and pay a rather hefty fine.”

It was hearing things like that, that made Draven slightly happy that he wasn’t a pureblood. But he’d never admit to that, outloud. “And the Ministry actually thought a toddler would be safe with those people?” He asked, quietly.

“The Ministry had no knowledge that the boy was in Augusta Longbottoms care.” Came the silky voice of Lucius Malfoy from the

doorway. He still had on his traveling cloak. "It seems, that Enid Longbottom-Spencer had the boy for the probation period. For one year, a witch was sent from the Ministry to Mrs. Spencer's home, where she, her husband, and the child was evaluated having an excellent relationship." He unrolled the parchment he had in his black gloved hand and began to read. "The child, Neville Franklin Longbottom, seems to be adjusting well. The trauma of witnessing his parents torture doesn't seem to be progressing, but rather regressing to the point where the child, Neville, looks to be on the road to a normal life. He smiles and responds to his guardians, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, with ease. I am recommending that the Spencer's petition of adoption be approved post-haste." He rolled it back up and looked to the two boys. "That is the official report from Gladys Hoobbs, the witch assigned to the Longbottom case. The adoption petition was approved by the Ministry, a week after that report was filed. Then all contact with the Spencer's stop. As far as the Department of Mistreatment of Children knows, Neville is still living with the Spencer's." He tucked the rolled up parchment into his robe pocket. "I have already started the inquiry process. In four days, when Neville comes to stay with us for the remainder of Christmas holiday, his grandmother will be brought forth in front of an inquiry committee. Augusta Longbottom will not have Dumbledore to swoop to her rescue this time and there will be no escape for her regarding her blatant disregard of the Ministry decree. She will do the time allotted for her crimes. I will see to it, personally!" He turned, cloak billowing out behind him, and left the boys in stunned silence.

“Albus, you said you needed to speak with us?” Arthur Weasley asked, sticking out his hand, as the elderly Headmaster stepped out of the fireplace, brushing himself off.

Dumbledore smiled and took the offered hand, shaking it. “Yes.” He looked towards the other occupant of the room. “Good afternoon, Molly. You’re looking as radiant as ever.” He complimented as he sat down on one of the nearby tattered couches.

Molly smiled, widely. “Such a charmer.” She murmured as left to fetch tea. A few minutes later she appeared with a tray which she placed on the rickety, worn, battered, coffee table that sat between the various sofas and chairs. She proceeded to pour out three cups after which she took a seat in a nearby worn, red, chair. “What’s this about, Albus?”

Dumbledore smiled his thanks as he picked up his cup and took a sip. He let his eyes wonder around the room then something struck him as odd, it was quiet. Insanely so. He had never known the Burrow to be anything except loud and chaotic. “The children are away?” He questioned, avoiding hers for the moment.

“Yes. Fred and George took Ginny to Diagon Alley with them.” Arthur replied as he took up his own cup and sat down beside Hogwarts’ Headmaster.

“And young Ronald? Did he go as well?” Dumbledore took another sip of his tea, only seeming politely curious as to the whereabouts of the Weasley children.

“No, though he was planning to until his friend, Draven, flooed and asked if we would mind Ron leaving sooner than originally planned. It seems that Malfoy senior received several tickets, as a Christmas gift, to a Quidditch match, Chudley Cannons vs. the Holyhead Harpies. And since both of the Malfoy boys are friends with Ron, they asked if he could go along.” Molly smiled, slightly. “They are such a polite boys, if Merlin is kind, then our Ron will learn a thing or two from them. He just left, about an hour ago.”

Dumbledore frowned as he sat his cup down. "That is actually, the reason I wished to speak with you. I fear for young Ronald's safety. His friendship with the Malfoy boys could, very well, be his downfall. You know that the elder Malfoys' are very heavily linked to dark magic."

"That sounds like a load of rubbish, Albus. Even coming from you. And we are well aware of Lucius and Narcissa's dealings with dark magic. But with you-know-who gone, I don't think there is anything to fear from the Malfoys'. And... " Arthur held up a hand to forestall Dumbledore from interrupting him. "And until I see proof that they are indeed dangerous, I will not prevent my son was being friends with Draco and Draven. They are, but, children."

"Yes, but they are Malfoy children that fact alone makes them different from others their age." With a sigh, Dumbledore eyed Arthur. "I only wish to protect your son, Arthur. And I think it foolish to believe that the Malfoys' are of no danger to you or Ronald. They are in fact very dangerous and by letting your son befriend the two youngest Malfoys', you are putting him in unnecessary danger." This wasn't working. He had been so sure that the Weasley parents would listen to him that he hadn't even planned for them not to. He decided to shift topics. "Have either of you heard of Marcus Malfoy?" It irked him that he had such little information on the eldest son of Abraxas Malfoy.

"Marcus Malfoy?" Molly's eyes glazed over. "I haven't heard that name in...eleven or twelve years." She blinked and looked at Dumbledore. "He was Lucius's elder brother, right dear?" She looked to her husband for confirmation which she received in the form of a curt nod. "Handsome fellow and as bright as they come."

"There are many rumors surrounding the elder Malfoy and the reasons to why he was home schooled. Abraxas and his wife always claimed that they were following an old pureblood tradition by schooling the eldest child at home to keep him purely devoted to the family and their beliefs while the youngest was sent out to uphold the family name. It was quiet the scandle of it's day." Arthur said as he sipped at his, now, cold tea.

"I always assumed Lucius was the only child of Abraxas." Dumbledore hesitated. "Tell me of this scandal."

"There really isn't much to tell. He was tutored at home by the finest witches and wizards money could afford. People always said that he didn't look much like the Malfoys' which started the scandal. There was a reporter at the Daily Prophet that printed an article on how Marcus wasn't even a Malfoy, that's why the boy was never seen. After that, he started to attend social functions. He became good friends with my brothers, Gideon and Fabian and they introduced him to me. He was charming, oh yes, and cunning, no doubt about that, but he had the most outrageous sense of humor. He could make the sourest wizard crack a smile. And I can say, for certain, that he did look like a Malfoy. The only difference was the eyes. They were as blue as a summer sky and always sparkled with mischief." She sighed. "Anyways, after he finished his schooling, he left to travel abroad. Then he kinda just disappeared from the wizarding world until news of his death, eleven years ago. Broom accident, you see. The Ministry said that Marcus had been flying in a fierce storm and lost control of his broom, falling eighty feet to his death. Now we know, from young Draven, that that story isn't true. The real story goes that when Marcus found out that he had a child, one that was several months old, he panicked. He had disgraced the family name by having a bastard child. He took his own life rather than face that disgrace. Can you imagine, growing up knowing that you were the, inadvertent, cause of your own fathers death? That poor boy." She dabbed the corners of her eyes with her ever present apron.

Dumbledore narrowed his eyes. "So Draven's birth, out of wedlock, caused Marcus to take his own life?" So far everything he knew about the young Riddle-Malfoy had been proven true. But the Malfoys' were known for their promiscuous affairs, and it wasn't surprising that one of Abraxas' own children would follow in his footsteps. However, the one thing the Malfoys' weren't known for was procreating with anyone other than their significant others. And none were known to have any children out of wedlock. "How unusual." He broke out of his thoughts and brought his tea cup to his mouth once more, taking a sip. "Did you hear about Augusta Longbottom?" He, again, changed the topic of conversation.

“Frank Longbottom’s mother? No, I can’t I have. Have you, Molly dear?” Arthur looked towards his wife.

Molly shook her head, distractedly, memories of Marcus were still running through her head.

Dumbledore finished his tea and sat the empty cup back on the tray. “She was arrested this morning. From what I gathered from my friends within the Ministry, she is being brought before an inquiry board headed by Lucius Malfoy.”

“Inquiry board?” Molly snapped out of her reminiscing and looked at Dumbledore. “Whatever for?”

Clearing his throat, Dumbledore didn’t answer for a moment as he gathered his thoughts. “It seems that questions have been raised about Augusta’s ability to care for a child, she’s facing time in Azkaban. Her grandson, Neville, is in Gryffindor with Ronald and Draven.”

Arthur was quiet as he stared into his half empty tea cup. “Maybe it’s for the best then, Albus. Ron showed me an owl, a few days ago, that he received from the Malfoy boys. Augusta didn’t show up at the platform to pick Neville up at the start of holiday. The Malfoys’ ended up taking him home. Apparently, she was less than thrilled to see that the boy.”

“I never understood why Augusta had Neville. I do recall an incident with her trying to poison the lad. I thought the Ministry banned her from even being near the boy?” Molly asked.

“Yes, a Ministry decree was enacted. Augusta wasn’t allowed anywhere near young Neville as long as his parents were still his active guardians. The decree became inactive when both of Neville’s parents were placed in St. Mungos and was never, really, reactivated. It’s a little known fact.” Dumbledore said, quietly.

Arthur narrowed his eyes slightly. He didn’t like where this was headed. “Albus, please tell me that you had nothing to do with placing the boy in her care.”

"I cannot do that, Arthur. Augusta was a very dear friend of mine and after what happened to her son and daughter-in-law, giving her her grandson, only seemed fair." Dumbledore stated, calmly.

Molly looked horrified. "You let that...that...that batty old woman have her grandson to care for because she lost her son and daughter-in-law to insanity? If anything, you should have been doing everything in your power to keep her away from the boy." Her parental instincts had kicked in. "The Ministry put that decree in place for a reason! What if she had harmed the boy after you placed him in her care? Would you have even cared or would it have been another acceptable loss to you!" She was on her feet, her face matching her hair in color. "You did to that innocent child the exact same thing you did to Lily and James' son! And look where it's gotten you, Neville may have survived this long, Merlin only knows how, but what about H...Harry?" She stuttered out the name. "You placed him with muggles, muggles, and now you don't even know where he is! There were dozens of decent wizarding families, ours included, that would have gladly taken Harry in. But you always did know what was best, didn't you Albus?" She practically sneered at the old man as she turned on her heels and retreated up the stairs to the master bedroom where she slammed the door.

Arthur stared after his wife then sighed. "She's right, you know. If you hadn't placed young Harry with muggles, we would know where he was and if he is even still alive. You're playing a very dangerous game, Headmaster. One that may have cost us our savior. Good-day, I'm sure you can show yourself out." He stood and followed his wife's path up the stairs.

Dumbledore's eyes had lost their sparkle and he did, indeed, show himself out. His day had not started out well. Not well at all.

“Father?” Draven stood in the doorway of his fathers private chamber. A house elf had informed him, several hours ago, that Voldemort had returned. But, having known his father, Draven decided to wait before speaking with him. He also had to wait for Neville and Ron to fall asleep before he even attempted leaving his and Draco’s room. He peered into the dark room, the only light coming from the dying fire in the fireplace, trying to catch a glimpse of his father. He was about to turn away when a noise from one of the green chairs, in front of the fire place, caught his attention. Still, he didn’t enter. He knew better. You never entered Lord Voldemorts’ room without being invited, even if you were his only child and future heir.

Voldemort shifted around in the chair having heard Draven. “What is it?” He hissed after several minutes of silence. It came out harsher than he had planned but there was nothing to do about it now.

Draven took a tentative step into the room then stopped. “I need to speak with you, father. It’s of grave importance.” It took all of his training not to run to his father; he had missed him so.

A skeleton like hand appeared on the armrest of the chair, fingers tapping the hardened fabric, rhythmically. “Enter then.” Voldemort finally spoke.

Letting out a breath, Draven entered and crossed the room to where the chairs sat. He stopped in front of the one that held Voldemort and dropped down on one knee and bowed his head, in an act of respect. “Was your journey...productive?” He questioned, delicately. Knowing that he would be cursed if he asked or pried about the wrong things.

Lord Voldemort eyed his heir. The boy had grown in his time at Hogwarts. He was pleased. “Yes.” Was his simple reply but then he continued. “I was meeting with the Giants. They have agreed to support me...us...in the escalating war. And what about you, how is your schooling progressing?” He knew the boy wanted to speak with him but there was always a period of polite conversation between them, he wasn’t about to change that.

Draven tilted his bowed head to the side but didn’t look up. “It is going well, father. Though one of your spies almost killed me and several of

my friends at Halloween. I suggest you dispose of him before he ruins the entire operation.” He knew he was taking a risk by mentioning the incident at Halloween but he was only looking out for his father; as it should be.

“You suggest?” Red eyes narrowed, dangerously. “Go on.” Voldemort didn’t say anything else. He’d let his heir speak then decide if the information was worth waving punishment.

“It’s Quirrell, father. He has just about as much subtlety as the fully grown mountain troll he left in during the Halloween feast. He could have ruined everything by getting caught. Everyone suspected that it was him who let it in, seeing as he had been the only one not at the feast. The babbling idiot actually fainted in the middle of the Great Hall, caused a right panic, he did.” Draven fell silent once again.

Voldemort leaned back in his chair. Yes, what the boy had brought him was invaluable information. Quirinus Quirrell had once been a fine member of his inner circle but during a mission to Albania, things changed. An encounter with several vampires had turned the once confident Death Eater into a babbling idiot. He had hoped not to have to dispose of such a valuable member of his elite but now it seemed inevitable. He was a dangerous liability and one that had daily access to his son. “Very well, join me.” He motioned towards the other green chair just a few feet away. “And tell me what you need to tell me that is so important.”

Nodding, Draven rose and moved to the other chair. He sat and finally brought his gaze up to meet his father’s. “Are you ill?” He asked out of the blue, something didn’t feel right.

A smirk appeared on the pencil thin lips of the Dark Lord. His heir was sharp, oh yes. Nothing escaped his ever watchful eyes. “You could say that, yes.” He stared into the nearly extinct fire. “This body is failing me, child. It was not meant for use this long.”

Draven scowled in confusion. “But can’t you just share one like before? Like when you used Simon Nott?” He remembered the week that his father had inhabited Simon Nott’s, Theodore’s much older

brothers, body. It was weird but it kept his father alive until a new body could be created.

“No. I am unable to do that again.” Voldemort told his heir. “There is only one other way. I need your blood.” He watched the boy for any signs of hesitation.

Blinking, Draven tilted his head to the side. “My blood? Alright?” What else was he supposed to say?

“Very good, my young heir.” Voldemort hissed out, pleased by the boys quick acceptance. “Is there anything else you wish to tell me?” He knew there was something else troubling the boy.

“The raid that lost us twenty newly inducted Death Eaters...You were angry. I felt it through our...link.” Draven reached up and touched the place where his scar used to be. You...you suspected a spy within the ranks of your inner circle.” He licked his lips. “I know who it is.”

Again red eyes narrowed and Voldemort sat up as straight as he could. “Are you telling me that there is a spy! A traitor!” His voice was laced with enough anger to make even the most brave soul cringe. “Who?”

“He is a scorpion amongst snakes. Laying in wait until he can sting us. Hogwarts Potion Professor, father. Severus Snape is the traitor. And I would gather, he has been since his trial at Azkaban.” Draven said, keeping his voice firm and unwavering.

A hiss of anger left Voldemorts mouth. And his face turned into a mask of pure hatred and contempt. “Severusss.” He drawled the name out like it was acid on his tongue. His attention focused, solely, on his heir. “What proof have you of this?”

Draven brought his attention back to his father, having focused on the giant snake, Nagini, that had shifted her position near the fireplace upon hearing her masters angry tone. “There was only three people that knew of the freshly recruited Death Eaters. You, of course, Me and Snape. If you remember, one of them was sick. You called Snape to make a potion to try and heal him. Snape didn’t see the new

recruits but he saw the sick one, Enrich, I believe was his surname. And he was in the room with us as we discussed them. Now since Enrich died, that leaves the three of us. It would have been easy for him to find out which ones were new and then pass that information along.” He was silent for a moment, gathering his facts. “I don’t believe that he is reporting to the Ministry. Oh no, I think it is Dumbledore that has him under his thumb.”

Voldemort thought over what the boy said and came to the conclusion that he was right. Thomas Enrich had, indeed, died that very night. Snape had been so silent and unobtrusive that it had been easy to forget he had even been there. His anger was growing with each passing moment. “Explain.” His voice had taken on a tone of deathly calm.

“Well, remember that you said that I could use my old name any way I see fit?” Draven didn’t wait for an answer and just pushed on ahead. “I used it about two weeks ago. My suspicion of Snape had grown and I wanted to make sure I wasn’t just imagining things. I asked him about Harry Potter. He wouldn’t tell me anything until I told him where I heard that name. I said Uncle Lucius mentioned him in a letter. He gave me very little in the way of an answer so I left it go. Then I followed him to the guardians of Dumbledore’s office. He went up and I went to lunch. Then the day before holiday break, Dumbledore requested that I come to his office. So I went and he danced around the real reason I was there until finally he asked me what I knew about Harry Potter. Coincidence? I think not. Snape had to have told him. There is not other explanation.”

“Using that name within the halls of Hogwarts was very foolish. But it proved your suspicions to be true. Severus Snape is a traitor.” Voldemort’s eyes were burning with barely contained rage. “WORMTAIL!” He yelled out.

A short, pudgy man that looked remarkably like a rat scurried out of a connecting room. He dropped to his knees in front of Voldemort and pressed his forehead onto the floor in a bow. “Yes, master?” He squeaked out.

Draven eyed the new man. He had never seen him before but he was rather familiar. A nagging feeling pulled at the back of his mind but he squashed it away. "Who is he?" He was care not to add that father part since he was unsure of this...persons...importance to his father.

The rat like man, Wormtail, looked up at the sound of a voice not belonging to his master. He hadn't even realized that his master wasn't alone. It was boy, obviously. One that looked oddly like..."It c...can't be! You...your dead! I s...saw it with m...my own e...eyes!" The little man stuttered out, pathetically, while grabbing and pulling his own hair.

"Did I say you could speak, Wormtail?" Voldemort questioned, bringing his servants attention back to him and away from the boy. "I didn't think so. CRUCIO!" He roared as his wand appeared, seemingly, from nowhere. He left the pathetic little man wither in pain for a full minute before releasing the curse. "Now, I wish for the meeting chamber to be prepared, Wormtail. There is something very important that I need to take care of." He looked over at Draven as he yanked Wormtail's head up so the man was looking at the boy. "Thiss iss your future master. Sssee to it that you treat him ass sssuch. Now give me your arm." He hissed out in anger.

Wormtail was panting from the curse as he looked at the boy with wide eyes. His future master? That could only mean one thing, the boy was his masters heir. Unconsciously, he held out his left arm, palm up.

Draven stared back at the pathetic excuse for a man with an emotionless mask. There was no outward signs that he had been bothered by the Crucio curse, all except one. His right hand was holding the armrest so tightly that his knuckles were turning white. He said nothing, just observed.

Voldemort took hold of Wormtail's arm and pushed his sleeve up his arm, where he touched his wand to the dark mark that was found there. "Leave us and see to your task." He watched as the man scurried out of the room before turning back to his son. "Once all of the Death Eaters have arrived, we shall show the world what we do

with traitors.” He managed to stand and sweep out of the room, Nagini slithered after him.

Draven watched his father and his fathers familiar leave the room before he released his death grip on the chair arm. He didn’t know if the fluttering in his stomach was from excitement or something else all together. Taking a few seconds to compose himself, he left the room as well. He just prayed that his friends were too tired from the Quidditch match to wake up until morning. Being in a house full of Death Eaters and Voldemort, himself, would be a little hard to explain.

Draven didn't immediately follow his father, instead he chose to return to his room; to prepare. Being as quiet as he could manage, he entered the room that he shared with Draco. Soft snores greeted his ears and he breathed a sigh of relief and went about gathering his outfit for the nights gathering. On his way out, he stopped at the foot of his cousins bed and watched the boy sleep. Should I wake him? He questioned himself knowing the blonde wouldn't forgive him if he left him miss the excitement. "Draco." He whispered as he shook an uncovered foot. A frown formed on his lips and he leaned closer. "Draco!" He tried a little louder but still the boy did not wake. A rustling of covers behind him drew his attention away from the Malfoy heir.

"Wha's te mater?" Ron asked, sleepily. He eyed his friend for a moment before yawning. "What are you doing out of bed?"

Draven cursed under his breath and slowly turned to face his red headed friend. He didn't need this, not right now. "I'm going to the loo." He lied, smoothly.

"The loo?" Ron blinked as his senses slowly began to wake up. "Going to the loo is a family affair?" He questioned, sarcastically. He took stock of his friends clothing. "Am I missing something here, mate? Like some weird pureblood tradition about going to the loo with your closest kin?"

Rolling his eyes, Draven shook his head. "No, you prat. I needed to talk to him about something and I was checking to see if he was awake. Obviously, he isn't." He glanced back at the snoring boy and sighed.

"Are you going somewhere, Draven?" Ron asked, just noticing the robe and cloak draped over the other boys arm.

Draven chewed on his bottom lip. It was clear that Ron was wide awake now and if he tried to leave, the other boy would, no doubt, follow him. So he had a choice to make. It was one he had hoped to prolong until, at least, their second year at Hogwarts. But Ron had proven himself loyal and very open-minded. "There is a meeting tonight and my presence has been requested. Draco usually

accompanies me. But seeing as he is asleep and has no intentions of waking anytime soon...I shall take you.” He decided. Dropping his robe, cloak and mask onto the floor, he opened Draco’s trunk and removed the same items from within. He turned on his heels and thrusts the items at a startled Ron who had moved from the bed to see what his friend was doing. “Dress quickly.” To punctuate his point, he began to dress as well until just his mask remained.

Ron blinked and pulled the crushed black velvet robe over his pajamas and attached the matching cloak by means of a silver serpent pendent with green eyes. He looked at the mask in his hands and then back to his friend, questioningly.

Eyeing the red head, Draven nodded in approval. “Ok, you have to listen to everything I say if you want to stay alive tonight.” He said seriously as he pulled his friend out of the bedroom and shut the room, softly. “You’re going to see somethings tonight that will go against everything you’ve been taught. You’re first instinct will be to run but you can’t. You will see darkness, Ron. Darkness in it’s purest form. Tonight you will have to make a choice like I have done by allowing you to witness the events about to unfold.” He eyed the now pale Ron. “Dumbledore is not a saint. He is a murderer and a coward.” He hissed out with hatred as he pulled his emerald green skull mask over his face and signaled for Ron to do the same.

Stunned, Ron yanked his own black skull mask over his face. “That’s a...that’s a Deatheaters mask!” He whispered, eyes drawn to his friends covered face.

“I am not a Deatheater!” Draven growled and yanked Ron over to a hallway mirror to show him that he wore the same mask just different in color. “And neither is Draco. But you will see many wearing what you are wearing and many wearing the white mask of Lord Voldemorts followers. He is not the enemy Ron. And neither are we.”

Ron was speechless. He felt scared and panic was beginning to rise in his gut. His eyes darted over the reflection in the mirror and a little voice inside of his head was screaming for him to run. To get out of there. But something held him back. And that something was Draven. His friend had never lied to him. Never hurt him in anyway.

Swallowing, he straightened his back. "Alright." He said over the hammering of his heart. "So what are you if not a Deatheater?" He couldn't recall ever hearing about children serving the Dark Lord.

"You are wearing the outfit of a D.E.Y or Deatheater Youth. They are the future of the wizarding world. Mostly children of Deatheaters who have earned the honor to be called into Lord Voldemorts service." Draven easily avoided answering his friends question. His hear jerked to the side at the sound of a loud bang, the meeting was about to begin. "Tonight you will chose a side, Ron. We maybe children but we're not invalids and we have a right to fight for whatever cause we wish. Tonight your parents don't exist, your brothers and sister don't exist. Tonight you are your own person, capable of making your own life choices. No more being in your families shadow, Ron. This is your chance to make a name for yourself!" He stressed.

He was wavering and he knew it. Ron could feel himself concede and the little voice was suddenly silenced. Draven was offering him the one thing he wanted in the entire world and thought he'd never get. He was offering him a chance to be his own person, being kid didn't even matter. "This is a lot to take in." He leaned against a nearby stand. "We're just kids..." Was his feeble protest, more to himself than to Draven. Taking a deep breath, he turned towards his friend. "You're my friend and I trust you." He said quietly. "Lead the way." He followed his friend down the hallway, stairs and finally into a large meeting room. His breath left his body at the sight that greeted him but all he could think about was that this was his future and he wasn't going to screw it up.

Draven stopped and waited for his friend to catch up. "Ron!" He hissed after several seconds to hurry Ron along. "Come on!" He grabbed the red heads arm and physically began to pull him further into the room. Luckily, they hadn't cleared the entry way into the large, torch lit, meeting room yet so the odd behavior wasn't noticed by anyone. "Ron, snap out of it and listen to me." Draven stopped in the open door way and looked out upon the sea of black robes and white masks.

Ron swallowed and nodded. "Alright, I'm ok now mate. It's just a little overwhelming at first glance. I've never seen so many people in one place before." He whispered as he turned his attention to his friend.

"Alright. You must follow my instructions to the letter. When we enter you must walk behind me and off to my left." Draven started to explain before he was interrupted.

"Why the left side?" Ron couldn't help but asking. "What's wrong with the right side?"

Draven heaved a sigh and scanned the room again. His father hadn't made an entrance yet so he had time to explain in a little more detail. "Draco walks on my right side. It's a place of honor reserved for him and only him. So by letting you walk on my left side, that tells those who matter that you are not Draco and that I trust you with my life. That will keep you from being killed as a spy. Now, once we get inside you must not speak unless spoken to. You will answer all questions, directed to you, except for your name and questions about your family about your family. If asked that you will defer to me and I will explain your position and why your identity cannot be said in open meeting. This is for your protection as much as mine. There is no telling who is really a spy and who isn't. You will not make eye contact with anyone except me. And most importantly, you must not react to anything going on. Keep yourself calm and don't panic. It must appear that you are used to our ways or suspicion will be cast and your identity demanded. Have I been clear?"

Ron blinked then blinked again. So many rules and so little time to remember them. "I...Walk behind you and on the left. Answer any questions unless they deal with my identity and don't speak unless

addressed. Only look you in the eye and try not to ask as frightened as I feel, is that it?"

"Yes, but we must hurry now. My presence will be missed." Draven entered the larger meeting room with his head held high. He met every gaze directed at him and acknowledged it with a slight tilt of his head. He could hear his red headed friend moving behind his left shoulder and left out a sigh of relief. Loyalty and good at following directions, Ron was a keeper. He would be sure to let his father know. Once they reached the platform in front of the room, he began to climb the stone steps, knowing Ron was following him. "My Lord." He addressed the snake like figure of a man sitting on a stone chair in the very center of the platform. He could see the rat like features of the one called Wormtail, by his father, peaking out from behind the chair. He gave his best sneer, even though it couldn't be seen. He disliked the pudgy man. He dropped to his knees and kissed the hem of the satin red robe then motioned with his head for Ron to do the same. Feeling a hand on his head, he stood and waited.

Voldemort eyed his young heir as he walked into the room. But it was his companion that caught his eye. It, obviously, wasn't Draco; the walk wasn't regal enough and the place of honor was wrong. This was someone new. Someone his son trusted just as much as the young Malfoy heir. Interesting. He watched the other, boy, he concluded. He placed his hand on his sons head watched as he rose. He met his gaze, steadily, and noted that his companion was looking at the floor. "You feel that you are worthy to stand as my equal?" He had not discussed this with his son but he had every intention of naming him his heir in front of all his followers, tonight. It would make everything else easier."

Draven's breath caught and he could feel Ron tense up. This was unexpected but, at the same time, understandable. "...We are here to serve you, milord." It was completely silent. "I do not see myself as your equal but I do see myself worthy to stand at your side, father." He moved and sat down in the chair conjured by his father. He motioned for Ron to stand behind the chair off to the left. He watched in amusement as the room broke out into shocked and outraged whispers. "This was a surprise, father." He whispered out of the corner of his mouth.

“It was necessary, my young heir. Your words would not have been taken seriously without this action. The accused has many friends that would have protested the word of a child. Now, your word is equal to mine and the friends that would have spoken in defense will now be silent.” Voldemort explained as he waited for his followers to quiet down, when they didn’t he placed a silencing spell on the entire room until they got the drift and quieted on their own. “Now, we must move on to more pressing matters. A traitor has been discovered amongst our ranks. Discovered by my very own son. Tonight, he will answer for his crimes. So without further ado, Sseveruss, join me.” He looked directly at the Death Eater that he knew to be the Hogwarts Potions Professor. Oh yes, he was going to enjoy this.

Severus Snape, Potions Master and spy for Albus Dumbledore, froze upon hearing his name. His eyes darted from father to son and back again. Suddenly the white mask hiding his face became constrictive and he couldn't breathe. "Milord." He managed to whisper out between labored breaths. Slowly, his feet carried him up the steps of the stone platform and without realizing it, he was kneeling before the two most dangerous people in the wizarding world; Lord Voldemort and his son. "I am your humble servant." His breathing was returning to normal as he managed to calm himself down.

"My humble servant?" Voldemort questioned with an air of boredom. "Yes, I do believe that that was once true. But my son has brought evidence of your betrayal to my attention. For many months now, I have believed a traitor hidden amongst the ranks of my Death Eaters. I had suspected one of the younglings or even a child. But I had never suspected any of my inner circle." His red eyes filled with rage as he turned his attention to the assembled group. "Today you will see my rebirth! And the punishment of the traitor!" He waited for the roar of approval to die down before looking back at the pathetic man kneeling before him. "Your first mistake was betraying me. Your second was betraying me to that old fool." He hissed out, only loud enough for Severus to hear him. He motioned with a wave of his hand for two, nearby, Death Eaters to grab the condemned man and make sure he didn't escape before his punishment could be carried out. With a flick of his wrist, his wand was in his hand and he was summoning a dark mahogany chest. Once it appeared, from a room off to the left of the platform, he removed its contents, a basilisk fang dagger with the Slytherin crest carved on the handle and handed to his newly revealed son.

Draven, who had been sitting quietly, took the dagger and examined it. He didn't have a clue as to what to do with it.

"Wormtail, bring the caldron." Voldemort hissed. He waited for the pitiful man to appear again with a caldron floating in front of him. "Today I regain my body and strength which was taken from me ten years ago. Proceed, Wormtail."

The beady eyed man about tripped over himself trying to please his master. His dark eyes darted to the child seated next to his master. A

child that looked exactly like his dead friend. A friend that he had betrayed ten years ago. But that could not be. His master had called him son and the boy had called him father. "Y...yes master." He held out his hand towards the boy. "Young master?" He wanted the dagger.

"Wormtail?" Draven didn't even realize that he had spoken aloud. Why did that name sound so familiar? He looked down at the dagger then placed it in the rat faced mans hand. He looks ready to piss himself. He couldn't help but think with disgust.

"Thank you young master." Wormtail took the dagger and tucked it into his robe sleeve then removed an old bone from a pouch that he removed from inside his robe. "Bone from the father, unwillingly taken." He places the bone into the caldron. "Flesh from the servant, willingly given." He removes the dagger and with lightning fast speed cuts off his own hand and lets it drop into the caldron. Then with the same dagger grabs Draven's arm and cuts into the soft flesh, with the same speed he had used to remove his own hand. "Blood from the enemy, forcibly taken." He let the droplets of blood drip from the dagger into the caldron. Wormtail lets the dagger drop to the floor of the platform as he clumsily moves around the caldron and towards the Dark Lord only to be stopped by the Dark Heir.

For half a second shock overshadowed pain. Draven blinked as his arm began to throb something fierce. Gathering his wits, he stopped Ron from moving to attack the beady little man with a raised hand. He finally realized what was going on and moved to stop Wormtail from approaching his father. "I will get him, you are not worthy to touch him." He hissed out in a voice much like his fathers. He easily lifted the Dark Lord out of his chair and moved to stand over the caldron which was hissing and bubbling . "Finish it Wormtail." He said quietly as he left go and let his fathers failing body drop into the caldron.

Wormtail seemed ready to argue but caught himself and finished the spell. "The Dark Lord will rise again!" He scurried off the platform as a black mist began to rise from within the caldron.

Draven stood transfixed. The mist swirled around him like a heavy fog on a wet London night. "Father?" He questioned as the mist began to take shape.

The mist began to fade, leaving behind the fully restored Dark Lord. "Yes child." He began to slowly walk around the platform, getting a feel for the body that he had lost ten years ago. He eyed his young heir, taking in his short messy black hair and bright emerald green eyes. And for a second he couldn't help but compare him to the two Potters that he disposed of on that Halloween night. So this is the child that had nearly destroyed me? The same child that calls me father and is set to help me rule the wizarding world? How ironic. He couldn't help but think. "Am I what you expected?" He questioned the boy.

"I...I don't know." Draven answered, honestly. He wasn't used to seeing his father this...mobile. It seemed...odd...to him to see his father so different from what he remembered. "How do you feel?"

"I feel...alive." He left his red eyes rack over his followers and then linger on Snape. A smirk formed on his pencil thin lips, making his snake like features more prominent and ghastly. "You did not expect this, did you Severus? A pity that you were caught today, Dumbledore won't know about my...rebirth."

Severus was beginning to panic again. He was right, Albus wouldn't know about the rebirth of the Dark Lord. Several members of the Order of the Phoenix would surely lose their lives because this information wasn't relayed.

He broke his gaze and moved to size up his sons new left hand man. He was still behind Draven's chair, eyes averted from looking at anyone or anything except Draven. Voldemort had to admire the boy. Draven did have good taste when it came to picking his friends and they were almost always fiercely loyal and totally obedient. He would have to talk to the boy once Severus had been punished for his betrayal. "Come, my son. Bring your friend. We have a traitor to torture." He walked down the stone stairs and motioned for the two Death Eaters to escort Snape out of the meeting room. 'This meeting

is over!" He bellowed out and followed the condemned out of the room.

Draven blinked and looked at his friend. "I should have know that this was what he was planning on doing." He felt like an idiot.

Ron stepped around the chair and laid a comforting hand on his friends arm. "How could you have know unless you were told?" He was trying to be logical.

"I'm his son, Ron. His son. I should have been the one to perform the blood magic not Wormtail." Draven sneered the other mans name. "I let him down. I disappointed him." He started down the stairs.

"Ya, about that mate. You have a lot of explaining to do." Ron trailed after his friend. They were the only two left in the meeting room. All the others had apparated away.

"I guess I do. You're the only one, besides Draco, that knows my true identity." Draven explained as he exited through the side door, following his fathers path. "No, you can't use that against him."

"Wouldn't dream of it, mate." Was Ron's reply as he, too, exited through the side door. "Now what's going happen to Snape?" His muffled question faded into the stone walls of the meeting room.

Draven and Ron walked, silently, down the stone corridor. Draven kept glancing over at his friend, trying to gauge his mood. "Alright there, mate?" He asked, quietly.

Ron glanced at Draven and shrugged. "I guess so." He really didn't know how to feel. On one hand he felt overwhelmed and on the other he felt excited. "What's going to happen to Snape?" That was what was really weighing on his mind. He hated the slimy Potions Professor but he felt bad for him.

"That depends on what my father has decided. And that we'll find out as soon as we catch up with them." Draven stopped and placed a hand on Ron's arm, stopping him as well. "Don't feel sorry for him, Ron." He could tell what Ron was thinking. "Traitors should not be pitied. His deceit has cost the lives and freedom of countless men and women. Children have lost their families because of him. Think of it, Ron. One day your sitting having dinner with your mum and dad and next you're praying that the dementors don't visit their cells at Azkaban. And your life is in ruins because Snape has been working with Dumbledore, the old fool." He couldn't keep the hatred out of his voice.

"What do you have against, Dumbledore? I've always been told that Dumbledore is the greatest wizard alive." Ron crossed his arms over his chest.

Draven snorted. "Dumbledore is not the greatest wizard alive, my father is." He sighed. "I'm about to tell you something that you cannot tell another soul as long as you live. I came to live here when I was six, before that I was...not treated well. I was treated like a house elf. I was saved by Lucius Malfoy and then my father adopted me. Dumbledore killed my biological parents, leaving me to be cared for by my relatives that resented me for being my parents child. That is what I have against Dumbledore. He is a meddling old fool that needs to be...eliminated before he can harm another. Neville is another of his victims. Now we must continue on our way, my father will be waiting." He started walking down the corridor again.

Ron blinked. Dumbledore destroyed Draven's life. He, now, understood why Snape had to be punished. And in the back of his

mind he knew that Draven would, someday, go after Dumbledore. He didn't know how he felt about that so he jogged after his friend.

When the two boys entered the cell, the first thing they saw was Snape chained to the wall without his mask. Voldemort was leaning against the wall, wand held against Snape's throat.

"Father." Draven greeted as he surveyed the cell, looking for the guards that were usually around. "Where are Nott and McNair?"

"I sent them away so we could be alone with Severus." Voldemort eyed his young heir and his friend. "You have chosen another to stand by your side, I see. Is he to be trusted?"

Draven nodded. "Yes, I trust him with my life." He motioned Ron closer.

Ron stepped up beside Draven and bowed his head. "Milord." His skin prickled with all the dark magic swirling around the man in front of him.

"Ah, trusting someone with your life is very foolish, Draven. But you have always let your emotions control your decisions." The Dark Lord focused his attention on his son's left hand man. "Remove your mask, boy. Let me look upon the face of the one that has gained my son's trust."

Unsure of what to do, Ron reached up and pulled the mask off but did not look up.

For a brief second Lord Voldemort stood in shock but it quickly passed. Standing before him, as a servant to his son, was a Weasley; he could tell by the color of his hair. Never before in his life did he suspect that a Weasley would willingly join him. That family was as light as they came. "A Weasley? That is quite an achievement. Which one are you boy?" He addressed the red head.

"Ronald, sir." He managed to stammer out. It was all surreal. Here he was engaged in a conversation with the vilest, darkest, wizard of all time. "Youngest boy and next to the youngest Weasley." He added for good measure.

“Ronald.” Voldemort tasted the name and left it swirl around on his tongue. He turned his attention to the man hanging on the wall. “This is something important, isn’t it Severus?” Not getting a response he continued. “Dumbledore would find this little tidbit of information very...important. Too bad you will not be able to deliver it.” His red eyes darted back to the two boys and finally settled on his son. “For five years I have left you unmarked. I have watched you grow into the fine young man standing here before me. I have helped you harness your magic and I have treated you as son. You are my heir and today it’s time that everyone knew it. Hold out your arm and receive your mark.”

Draven swallowed hard. He had hoped that his father would not mark him for several more years. Then he would have time to establish himself as someone worthy of being his father’s equal. But now, now he was going to receive the mark that would put him on the same level as those who had sworn to serve his father and himself. He would be no better than the lowliest Death Eater. Taking a deep breath, he extended his left arm and waited.

Ron watched in fascination as his friend struggled to comply to the Dark Lord’s demand. This was the first time, this night, that he saw Draven wavering in his devotion to the snake-like man standing before them.

“No, I want the right arm. You will not be marked the same as the others. They are only servants, you...you are my heir.” Voldemort reached down and locked his hand around Draven’s right wrist and yanked his arm up while, at the same time, placing the tip of his wand to the pale, smooth flesh of the boy’s forearm. His wand tip glowed as he wordlessly did the spell that would forever burn his mark into his son’s flesh.

Having no time to prepare himself for the upcoming pain, Draven’s mouth dropped open in a silent scream as pain ripped through his entire body as the dark mark began to form on his arm. It took all his willpower not to beg for the pain to stop. Finally it was over and he buckled over, clutching his arm, protectively, to his chest. After several deep breaths, he managed to get his breathing under control and he left the arm drop to his side as he stood up straight.

"Are you not going to admire my handy work?" Voldemort asked in his best fatherly voice.

Lifting his arm, Draven peered at the mark on his arm. It was the typical dark mark, as seen on his fathers followers, except it was emerald green instead of black. "I hope I will not let you down, father." He averted his eyes to the Snape, who was watching with something close to pity in his eyes. He yanked off his mask and sneered at the chained man. Making sure that he knew that he didn't want his pity.

"Ronald, you have chosen to follow my son. And it would only be fitting that you, also, receive your mark on this night."

Ron froze and cringed. He really hadn't decided if he was going to pursue this but it looked as if he had no choice. Draven had told him that he could make a name for himself here. He could step out of his brothers shadows and become his own person. "No other Weasley has ever received your mark?" He questioned, quietly.

Draven silently prayed that his friend would not be killed for directly addressing the Dark Lord.

"No, no other Weasley has received my mark. You would be the first." Voldemort could tell that this was a boy that was expected to be just like his many brothers. And children with the burden of family expectations were more likely to join just to be different and unique. "You would not hold the title of blood traitor as your parents and siblings do. You would rank up there with the Malfoys in blood purity. There are many benefits that come with that. Now, what say you? I grow tired of talking."

Snape chose this moment to speak. "You are making a grave mistake, Weasley. Your parents would be ashamed of you if they knew what you were considering doing. And if you are ever exposed...your family will pay the price. Think carefully about this because one day...this could be you. Shackled to the wall, awaiting your fate for finally doing the right thing."

Ron left his eyes wonder over the pitiful potions Professor. "What do you care? You hate my family, my brothers have all told me how you've treated them like dirt just because we're not rich. Well...this is my chance to be someone. I still might not have money but I would have honor in my name. I would be a pureblood without the disgrace of being known as a blood traitor. That, alone, would open up many doors when I am older. Marriage into a prominent family would be possible, that is something closed to me now because of my parents and their devotion to Dumbledore's cause. Who's to say that he's right, anyways? Well, I'll not suffer because of their foolish loyalties any longer, Professor." He held out his right arm without another thought. "I pledge myself to you and Draven for as long as you'll have me."

Voldemort lazily clapped his hands together. "Good show, Severus. Very noble, trying to save another impressionable youth from my grasp. But it would seem that our young Mr. Weasley, here, knows what's best for him." He repeated the same process that he did with Draven.

Even prepared for the pain, Ron couldn't stop his knees from buckling and once the Dark Lord left his arm go, he slammed, painfully, to the cold stone floor.

Snape looked away. He had failed in saving the youngest Weasley. He had been so certain that Draven would not be able to turn him away from the light that he hadn't really paid their growing friendship any attention. If he had thought, for one second, that Ronald Weasley would willing join the Dark Lord, he would have went directly to Dumbledore and stated his concerns. He was sure, now more than ever, that Draven would be far more dangerous than his father. And that was a scary thought since the boy was only eleven and his magic was still growing. He was sure that he was looking at the greatest threat the Wizarding World had ever seen, and it wasn't the red eyed man that wanted to kill him. It was the boy that discovered his deception and sealed his fate. The boy who excelled in Potions and had a childlike curiosity for the unknown. But looks could be deceaving, he wasn't just a boy. He was a boy that could, quite possibly, give the Dark Lord a run for his money.

"How does it feel, Severus?" Voldemort asked the Potions Master. "How does it feel knowing that you have lost?"

"I haven't lost anything." Severus spit out as he yanked against the chains holding him to the wall. "They are but two boys. Their choices do not effect the outcome of this...war. Albus will defeat you." He already had a death sentence so why shouldn't he make his last words count.

"Albus Dumbledore is a fool!" Draven stepped up to the traitor. His hands clenched into fists. He wanted to curse the condemned man. He wanted to hear him scream in pain.

Voldemort smirked to himself. "Come here, Draven." He motioned for the boy to follow him to the cell door. Once they both reached the only exit to the room, he handed his wand to the surprised boy, making sure the condemned man could not see what they were doing. "He is yours."

Draven held the wand in his hand then looked up at his father. "He's mine?" His anger was slowly wearing off leaving him feeling empty.

"Yes, do with him what you please. You are old enough to conduct an interrogation." He gaged the boys reaction. "Your wand is tied to the Ministry, as are all Hogwarts students' wands. By using mine, you are able to cast some of the more...complex spells. Without anyone knowing." Voldemort kept his voice low so only his heir could hear him. "Come Weasley." He directed his attention towards the red head. "We have some things to discuss." He yanked the door open and exited.

Ron swallowed and headed towards the door, stopping once he reached his immobile friend. "Are you alright, Draven?" He questioned quietly, looking over his shoulder at Snape then back to his friend.

"I'm fine, Ron." Draven replied as he straightened out. "Best not keep my father waiting." He nodded towards the door then began moving towards the chained man.

Giving him a skeptical look, Ron exited, pulling the door closed behind him. He hurried after the Dark Lord.

"I considered you an Uncle, did you know that?" Draven addressed the older man in a quiet voice. "I looked up to you."

"I never asked for that." Severus snapped. "I was there to tutor you and young Mister Malfoy. Not to be a role model." He swallowed hard and eyed the wand in the boy's hand. "If you use that, the Ministry will know. You will be expelled from Hogwarts."

"No Malfoy has ever been expelled from Hogwarts. The Ministry looks the other way when it comes to my family." Draven replied, arrogantly.

"You are not a Malfoy." Severus replied, calmly. "I know what the records say but I know for a fact that Marcus doesn't have any children."

Draven smirked and traced the tip of the wand down Snape's nose. "Mm, you would know, wouldn't you? You and Marcus were...close." His smirk grew bigger seeing the Professor flinch. "Uncle Lucius told me all about your relationship with my father." He moved back away from the chained man. "Did you actually think it was a secret? Marcus told his brother everything, including who his conquests were." He was enjoying himself. This is what he was good at. His father loved to use violence to torture his victims but Draven loved to use words. It was a lot more gratifying to break a person before or instead of killing them.

"I was not a conquest you spoiled little brat!" Spittle flew out of Snape's mouth and landed on the front of Draven's robe.

"Hit a nerve, have I?" Draven used his sleeve to wipe the spit off. "You're right. You weren't a conquest." He waited for the smug look to appear on Snape's face before continuing. "You were an experiment for a very lonely, confused, boy. Who eventually found himself."

The chains rattled as Snape fought against their hold. "I should kill you for using Marcus' name for your perverse games. He was ten times the man you could ever hope to be."

A sneer formed on Draven's pale face making him look very much like a Malfoy. "What if I told you that Marcus didn't commit suicide or fall from his broom in a storm?" He continued as if Severus had never spoken. "What if I told you that Abraxas ordered Lucius to kill Marcus?"

Snape went still as he tried to figure out if the boy was lying or not. He couldn't tell. Draven's mental shields were as strong, if not stronger, than his own. He waited for the Dark Heir to continue.

"The muggle world doesn't except those kinds of relationships. But they are common in the wizarding world." Draven moved to the other side of Snape so he could whisper in his ear. "But did you actually think Abraxas would allow a half blood to date his son?"

Severus lunged at the boy causing him to fall backward onto the floor. "You are one to speak, boy!" He hissed out. "You claim to be a half blood."

Draven glared the greasy haired man from the floor. He tightened his hand around the wand. "I won't be for long. When my father performs the adoption spell, I will have clean blood. Free of all impurities."

Laughter rang out in the cell. "You think the Dark Lord is a pureblood? Has he told you that? He is a half blood, just like you or I. Just slightly better than that little mudblood you consider to be a friend." Severus' couldn't help but look smug.

Climbing to his feet, Draven felt himself shaking with anger. "CRUCIO!" He screamed as he pointed the wand at the object of his hatred. "You don't deserve to live." He hissed out, harshly, after he removed the Cruciatus curse after an entire minute. "I hate you!" He screamed at the man who was sagging against the chains gasping for air. "CRUCIO!" He yelled again and felt triumph as the older man finally let out a scream of pain. He removed the curse and leaned heavily against the wall. The intoxication of the dark magic was wearing off. His voice came out in a scratchy whisper when he spoke again. "Marcus Malfoy hated you. He despised you for making him preform all those perverted things to you. He's very much alive,

Snape. He left England to get away from your influence. To get away from you. He's been married for ten years and has three children, not including me. So you see, Professor, he is my birth father because he agreed to be. He's one of the most loyal supporters that my father has. You are nothing, Snape. Nothing but a pathetic excuse for a man who spends all his time with his potion ingredients." He pushed away from the wall. "Now which is true? Did he die in a broom accident or commit Suicide? Did Uncle Lucius dispose of him or is he really alive and hates your guts?"

Severus felt all his energy leave him. There was so many options and he truly believed that one of them was true but he couldn't tell which one.

"Or..." Draven smirked at seeing the defeat in the older man's eyes. "Or am I lying and I'm really Harry James Potter? The-Boy-Who-Lived-Right-Under-All-Your-Noses." He twirled the wand.

"Harry Potter?" He questioned eyeing the Dark Heir. Suddenly all the little things he noticed began to come together. "The wizarding world is doomed." He whispered as he stared at the son of his childhood enemy, James Potter.

"I could kill you right now. I'd be happy and my father would be happy. It would be one happy bloody fest. But you want that. You've accepted it. There is no fun in that. So I think I'll let you live but leave you unable to tell our secrets to your precious Dumbledore. Your Dark Mark would still require you to attend to your Death eater duties but you would be unable to tell the old coot of our plans."

"You're father killed your parents. How can you be so devoted to a monster?" Severus asked in disbelief.

"Dumbledore got my parents killed. My father was only doing what he had to. It was Dumbledore that convinced them to join his little order, yes we know all about it. It's cause and effect, Dumbledore caused the Potter's to join the order and in effect my father had to kill them. So it all goes back to Dumbledore. It's his fault and I will kill him because of it." Draven stated, calmly. "Now, on with your punishment, traitor." He pointed the wand at the chained man. "By the way, this is

my fathers wand. I can do what I please. Silencio Dravenio Sepelio.” He watched the white spidery webs surround the Potions Professor. “There we go. Don’t try to remove the spell. I will know immediately if it’s tampered with and I, now, hold the ability to kill you or cause you immense pain if you try to have it removed. You’re more than welcome to try, I could use the practice. Go ahead and try to tell Dumbledore about what you’ve learned today, I’ll leave those consequences a surprise.” He waved the wand made the chains disappear. “Off you go, I still have the holiday to enjoy.” Another wave of the wand and the traitor disappeared. Once he was alone in the room, he breathed a sigh of relief and turned towards the door that had just opened.

“Did it work? Did he take the bait?” A female voice asked as a new figure stepped into the room and stopped beside Draven.

“Yes.” Draven replied and turned towards the woman. “When did you get back?” He walked towards the door and exited.

The woman followed the Dark Heir down the corridor. “An hour ago. The Dark Lord sent me to check on you. He said you were handling a torture by yourself.” She gave a mock snuffle. “My wittle baby boy is growing up so fast.” She pretended to wipe a tear from the corner of her eyes.

Draven rolled his eyes at her. “Does Aunt ‘Cissa know your back? She was terribly worried.”

The black haired woman waved her hand in a dismissing gesture. “I will speak with her in the morning.”

“Has Rodolphus returned with you?” Draven asked as he turned a corner and walked through the Malfoy kitchen.

“No, he stayed to finish up. Sent me ahead with a progress report.” The woman replied.

Draven stopped once they reached the main staircase and turned towards the woman. “Are the werewolves going to join us?”

The woman smiled one of her crazy smiles and nodded. "Of course, my wittle bitty baby Draven.. Your so cute when you act all grown up."

He rolled his eyes again and wrapped his arms around the womans waist. "It's good to have you back, Bella. This place has been way to quiet without you." Draven sighed when he felt her arms around him and a kiss placed on the top of his head.

"Now off to bed with you." Bella released the boy and pushed him towards the stairs.

"Night Bella." Draven yawned and climbed the stairs, a smile planted firmly on his face. He considered Bella to be the mother he never had. She was fun and a little crazy but he loved her. She was the complete opposite of Narcissa who was always so serious and busy with running the Malfoy household. He entered his and Draco's room where he noticed that Ron was already there and sleeping. He fell onto his own bed and left sleep claim him. He'd tell his father about his progress in the morning.

Authors Note

Ok, for those who think that Draven figured out that Snape was the traitor with limited information, that isn't true. He has had suspicions and has been observing him for awhile. The whole set up that he did was just the final piece of the puzzle, him making sure his conclusion was right before taking it to his father. PLEASE REVIEW! The more reviews I get the more I feel like updating.

The sun was already high in the sky when Draven rolled out of bed and trudged to the loo to clean himself up. He was in the process of rubbing sleep out of his eyes when he entered the dinning room. The only ones left eating were Narcissa and Bellatrix. "Morning." He grumbled as he plopped down in a chair across from Bella. "Toast, Dobby." He grumbled to the waiting house elf who disappeared and reappeared in a matter of seconds with a plate of toast. After taking a bite he greeted the other two. "Good morning, Aunt 'Cissa, Bella."

"Good Afternoon, Draven." Narcissa greeted her nephew.

"Where is everybody?" Draven pushed his empty plate away and focused his attention on the two women across from him.

"Lucius left this morning for the Ministry and took the boys with him." Narcissa answered as she rose and excused herself to the drawing room.

Draven sat back in his chair and crossed his arms over his chest, pouting. "They could've woke me up, prats."

"I told them to leave you sleep. I wanted to spend the day with my favorite wittle Draven-poo." Bella commented as she rose. "Stop that infernal pouting, Malfoy's do not pout." She started towards the door that lead out into the foyer. "Well, come on then."

"What about father? I have to tell him..." Draven stopped at seeing Bella's amused look. "He already knows." He mumbled as he rubbed his newly marked arm.

Bella stopped and grabbed the boys arm, yanking it up eye level. She stared at the burnt flesh with a critical eye then left his arm go. "I missed your marking." Her voice almost sounded sad. "When was it done?" She continued walking towards the large front doors.

"Last night at the ceremony. Father announced me as his heir and gave me and Ron, my friend, the mark." Draven explained as he followed her. He shielded his eyes from the sun once they were outside and starting down the stone walkway towards the garden.

“He promised that he’d wait. Something must have happened.” Bella mumbled, lost in thought, as she sat down on one of the gardens stone benches.

Draven shrugged as he sat beside her. “I have no idea. It came as a shock to me and about three fourths of the Deatheaters. I thought, for sure, he’d wait until I was older.”

“Did the ceremony work? Has he regained his body?” Bella inquired as she placed her arm around the boy and drew him close to her side.

He snuggled against his surrogate mother and sighed. “Yes, it worked. Have you not seen him?”

“The Dark Lord is busy this day. My news can wait until tomorrow. So I thought I’d spend my free day with you. I have missed you so, little serpent. Tell me of your time at Hogwarts.” Bella kissed the top of his head.

“I’m in Gryffindor.” Draven sneered in disgust. “What more is there to say?”

Bella chuckled. “Tell me of your friends then. You mentioned someone named Ron got the mark with you?”

“Ya, Ron Weasley. He’s one of my best friends. He’s in Gryffindor too. He has a five brothers and one sister. Three of his brothers are in Gryffindor like us and his sister starts Hogwarts next year. Um...I’m friends with Theodore Nott, Blaise Zabini , Pansy Parkinson and Draco of course, their all in Slytherin so it drives McGonagall crazy to see some of her precious Gryffindors chumming with slimy Slytherins. Then there are Ron, Hermione Granger and Neville Longbottom who are all in Gryffindor with me.” Draven finished.

“Granger, I don’t believe I know any Grangers.” Bella tried to rack her mind for any pureblooded witches or wizards with that last name but came up empty. Draven being friends with a Nott, Zabini and Parkinson wasn’t surprising since he and Draco both grew up surrounded by the children of Deatheaters. “Longbottom...I believe I knew his parents.” A crazy smile appeared on her lips. “Pity what

happened to them. As a matter of fact, Lucius has asked Rodolphus and I to take the boy in since his Grandmother is surely going to lose all rights to him. Neville, you said?"

Draven tensed up then relaxed. He knew all about what happened to the Longbottoms and the part that the Lestranges' played in it. He also knew that it was Dumbledores' fault "Are you going to take him in then?" He also knew that Bella wanted children but could not have them due to an old childhood injury caused by her cousin, Sirius.

"Rodolphus wants to adopt the boy. He wants, needs, an heir and since I can't give him one..." Bella stared across the garden. "Having a child around would be...interesting." She looked down at her surrogate son. "What do you think? Am I the mothering type, little serpent?"

"You've helped raise me, didn't you? You'll make someone a wonderful mum." Draven gave her an encouraging smile.

"You know the boy, tell me about him. The choice is Roddy's but I'd like to know a little about my future son. He wasn't more than a year old when we...paid his parents a visit. A scared little thing." She was trying to remember her last encounter with the boy but so much had happened since that night that all her memories had run together.

"Neville...he's shy and a bit clumsy but he's fiercely loyal. I think his grandmother is to blame for his short comings. She's a loony old coot." Draven explained. "I think with the right environment and role models, he'd make you proud and would carry the Lestrangle name far into the future."

Bella pondered the Dark Heirs' words then nodded. "Alright, but the name Neville has to go." She made a face. "Alice never did have good taste. She proved that by marrying Frank Longbottom" She tightened her arm around the boy. "How about...Dominic?"

Draven made a face and stuck out his tongue. "Dominic sounds so...common. How about...Orion?"

“Orion Lestrangle?” Bella tried the name out several times then smiled. “You know your astronomy. Ok little serpent, what do you suggest for a middle name?”

“Rigel, of course. Orion Rigel Lestrangle.” Draven smiled. It felt weird helping pick out a name for one of his friends but whatever he picked out would be a lot better than something Bella picked out. She was fond of the more...unique names.

“It’s settled then. I thank you for your help, Draven.” Bella hugged him tightly before releasing him. “Lets not lounge on this bench all day. How about a game of muggle hunting? First one to cause a Ministry official to be called in wins!” She darted off the bench and in two steps apparated away.

“No fair!” Draven slid off the bench and frowned. “You know I hate apparating!” He grumbled as he apparated after Bella, knowing exactly where she was going, praying he didn’t splinch himself in the process.

The wall across from where he was sitting was stark white and covered in paintings who had no desire to converse with anyone because they were so old. Ron yawned as he sat back in his chair and adjusted his black and silver traveling cape so it hung around his front, covering it. He had been sitting in that same spot for an hour now and he was getting bored.

“Ron? What are you doing here?” A surprised voice asked from down the hall.

Ron’s head snapped towards the voice and he carefully schooled his face to show only a little surprise at seeing his father in that section of the Ministry. “Dad? I’m here with Mister Malfoy.” He explained as he brushed the cape back and stood, head held high, he made his way to his father. “What are you doing here?”

Arthur Weasley watched his son make his way toward him with a raised eyebrow. The boy had an air of confidence around him that he had never seen before. Once the boy reached him, his eyes were drawn to the expensive clothes he was wearing. “You boys share clothes?” He asked. “I’m here on an errand.”

Looking down for only a brief second, Ron refocused on his father and shook his head. “No, these are my clothes.” He couldn’t help but brush his hand over the delicate silk that made up his Slytherin green jumper.

“Yours? Ronald Weasley, you know we can’t afford anything like...that.” Arthur motioned towards shirt.

“I know that.” Ron rolled his eyes, at his fathers stupid comment, then a somewhat of a cocky grin appeared on his lips. “A whole new wardrobe was one of my Christmas presents from the Malfoys.”

“One of your...Just how many presents did you get from the Malfoys?” The elder Weasley eyed his son somewhat suspiciously.

Ron shrugged and leaned against the nearby wall, ignoring the protests coming from a painting he was leaning upon. “I haven’t really counted them, dad. And I got from more than the Malfoys, you know.”

Ron huffed then proceeded to list who had given him presents. "I got from Mister and Misses Malfoy, Draven, Draco, Theo, Blaise, Pansy, Neville and Hermione." He looked over his shoulder when he heard the door he had been sitting beside open and close. Blinking he looked towards his father. "Before I forget, can I spend the summer with the Malfoys? Their vacationing in Greece and they invited me along."

"Ron, what's gotten into you? You know, your mother and I have missed you and summer is really the only time we're get to see you now that you're at Hogwarts." Arthur explained to his already brooding son.

"Aw, come on dad. You and mum get to see me on the holidays and you always end up working the entire summer anyways. Please?" Ron put on his best pleading face. "Please, this is my only chance to see Greece."

Arthur felt himself wavering, he knew Ron was right on both accounts. Summer was a busy time of the year for his department and he always ended up working at least a few hours a day. And they would never be able to afford to send Ron anywhere outside of visiting Charlie in Romania. "How are you going to pay for this little venture?" He asked after debating with himself.

Ron smiled. "My vault of course!" He truly was excited now, he knew his dad would come through for him.

"Your vault? You don't have a vault Ron." Arthur felt a headache beginning to form. Just what kind of presents did Ron get from his new friends?

A sheepish look passed over Ron's face. "I do now." He chewed on his bottom lip and quickly reviewed the lie that had been constructed for just this moment. "Every year the Minister of Magic picks two of the more unfortunate Hogwarts students to receive their own vaults at Gringotts. The galleons are donated and the students use the vaults to pay for their own Hogwarts tuition and whatever else they should need or want. It takes the strain off their parents. I meant to owl you when I was chosen but you were in Romania with Charlie so Mister

Malfoy stood in your place.” At this moment he found out that he was very good at lying.

“I’ve never heard of the Minister doing anything like that before.” Arthur rubbed his chin, absentmindedly. “Alright, I’ll speak to your mother about it. But I don’t see why you can’t go if you can pay your own way.”

“Thanks dad! You’re the greatest!” Ron hugged his father.

Arthur never saw the evil grin that appeared on his youngest sons face as he pulled away. “So you’re enjoying your time with the Malfoys?” He cautiously asked, it was clear that his son had a soft spot for the supposed supported of Lord Voldemort. He wasn’t sure how he, really, felt about that.

“Yes, dad. Draven and Draco share this huge room, almost as big as our house! Neville and I are sharing it with them. Oh and I got to meet the Chudley Cannons! Can you believe that? It was so bloody cool!” Ron’s smile couldn’t have gotten any bigger. “Mister and Misses Malfoy are very nice. Mister Malfoy has even played Quidditch with us. And their house is huge! They have an indoor Quidditch field and everything!”

A small sad smile formed on Arthurs’ face. This is what he always wanted for his son, for all of his children. He wanted them all to be happy and want for nothing. And it seemed that Ron was happy and getting everything he ever wanted but not from him or Molly. But rather from Lucius and Narcissa who could afford to spoil twenty children not including Draven or Draco. “I’m glad you’re having a good time.” He said quietly. “So why is Lucius here?” He inquired, changing the subject.

“The inquiry board is finishing up today. They are deciding where to put Neville now that his batty old grandmother is going to Azkaban for the next eight years for child abuse and endangerment.” Ron causally stated.

“So it’s true then?” Arthur muttered to himself. “Neville is to be placed with a family then?”

Ron nodded. "Several pureblooded families have already petitioned to adopt him. Now it's up to Neville and Mister Malfoy to select one." Hearing the door open again, he looked back and spotted the white haired head of the Malfoy heir sticking out. "That's my cue, I gotta go dad. I'm testifying on Neville's behalf." He turned and started down the hallway towards Draco.

"Neville's behalf?" Arthur called out.

Ron stopped before entering the room. "Professor Dumbledore is trying to get guardianship of Neville. He's saying that Neville is unstable because of what happened to his parents all those years ago and that letting a family adopt him would be harmful. A lot of codswallop if you ask me." With that said Ron disappeared into the room, the door closing behind him with a bang that echoed through the hallway.

Arthur frowned. "What are you up to Albus?" He mumbled as he turned and headed for the front desk of the Department of Underage Wizarding Affairs. Dumbledore had sent him to try and figure out what the Inquiry Board had decided to do with Neville. Now he wasn't sure he wanted to tell the elderly Headmaster what he discovered. With a sigh he waved to the security wizard as he passed and disappeared out the front door. He had some serious thinking to do.

Narcissa smiled as she took a sip of her cooled tea. The manor had been quiet since noon and she had been able to get a lot of work done. The sound of twin pops caused her eyes to drift away from the tea cup and towards the door that lead into foyer. Carefully she sat the cup down and folded her hands on the table, the smile never fading. "Did you have fun?" She asked in a amused tone of voice.

Draven pushed the door open and stepped into the dining room where he had heard his Aunt. A large smile covered his face along with dirt and a smear of what appeared to be coal dust. "I won!" He cheerfully informed his Aunt.

"You cheated." Bella informed him as she entered the room equally dirty. She gave her sister a smirk before she purposely sat down at the table, dirtying up the chair.

With a glare, Narcissa shooed her sister from the chair. With a wave of her wand she cleaned the dirt off the cream colored fabric. "I thought you were taking the boy to London not the local farmers pig pen?" She sniffed in distaste.

"We did go to London, Aunt 'Cissa." Draven rushed to Bella's rescue. "And I finally beat Bella at a game of muggle hunting. It was six to four before the Ministry decided to do something about the post box that kept biting the mail carrier. And I didn't cheat. You're just a sore loser." If possible, his grin got bigger. "Are they back yet? I want to tell Draco that I actually won a game!"

"Lucius has not returned from the Ministry as of yet. I assume, by the late hour, that Dumbledore has made things more difficult than they need to be." Narcissa returned to her seat and took another sip of her tea. "But I am glad that you have returned before them, Draven. I have something that I need to speak with you about." She removed her wand again and did a quick cleaning spell on both her nephew and sister.

Draven's eyes darted to Bella then back to his Aunt. "Alright." He sat down in the chair closest to her.

"Bella may stay." She saw the quiet panic rising in his eyes and did her best to quash it. "Dear boy, do you remember when you were seven and you came home from lessons very angry?" Encouraged by his nod she continued. "You said that Tutor Renworth spoke to you and Draco about families and had told you that you didn't have a real family since you didn't have parents or any siblings, do you remember that? Do you remember what you said to that simpleton?"

Chewing on his bottom lip, Draven tried to remember his exact words to the man that had insulted him and his family. "I told him that my family was better than a real family because I had an Uncle and Aunt instead of parents and a cousin instead of siblings. And I told him that my Uncle was a very important man and he would punish him for speaking to me in that manner, right?"

"Very good, Draven." Narcissa smiled at the boy. "Renworth didn't know who he was tutoring but he did have the general information that was required. Lucius went to see him the very next day. I think he's still at St. Mungo's being treated for a very nasty series of curses."

"Narcissa dear, you wanted to speak to wittle Draven about a memory?" Bella inquired in confusion. "He's eleven, 'Cissa, he doesn't want to journey down memory lane. Get to the point!"

Narcissa narrowed her eyes at her sister but turned her attention back to Draven. "My point is that Lucius did what he did because he viewed you as another son. You have always been treated equally to Draco in every way. You are a Malfoy if not by blood but by love and affection." Seeing his confused look she placed a hand on his shoulder and drew him in closer. "The Dark Lord has asked that we preform the adoption ritual, Draven."

Draven was silent, taking in everything his Aunt was saying. "Father asked you to...adopt me?" His brows furrowed in confusion. "But I'm his son, aren't I?"

"Of course you are!" Bella jumped in. "You are the Dark Heir. Never doubt that, Little Serpent." She shot a look at Narcissa that clear said fix this.

"You will always be his son but he feels, now that you have been announced as his heir, that it would be safer for us to do the ritual. For us to legally become your parents just in case Dumbledore gets word of who you really are. Severus may have been taken care of but who is there to say that there isn't more like him amongst the ranks?" Narcissa quickly explained.

"But..." Draven looked from Bella to his Aunt then back again. "Why can't you adopt me, Bella?" He inquired quietly.

Bella sighed and moved over to kneel by the boy. "I would be honored to become your mother, little serpent. But it doesn't make sense when Lucius and my sister are already your family. You can't get a better bloodline. Besides, Nigel needs a home. Proper home. He didn't have your upbringing and with Roddy always away on assignment, it'll be up to me to make sure he grows up right. You'd be...neglected, I'm afraid." She willed the boy to understand.

Draven frowned and crossed his arms over his chest then sighed. "It's Neville not Nigel." He corrected automatically. "And your right. He needs all the help he can get. I'm sorry Aunt 'Cissa I'd be honored to become your son?"

"Yes, the adoption ritual will make you a full Malfoy. That way Dumbledore will have no claim over you if the time should come. But there is a danger to doing this ritual. If anyone were to look at the registration book at Hogwarts, Harry Potter will be replaced by Draven Malfoy. Keeping your true identity hidden will be very difficult."

"The letters and book are spelled to be automatic. No one really looks at them. The book updates when a new witch or wizard is born and the letters are automatically sent out when they come of age." Draven explained. "I asked Snape about it a long time ago and he explained it to me. I guess the traitor did something right after all." He smirked. "Alright, when will the ritual take place? The holiday is almost over and I'm assuming that it's being done before we return to Hogwarts?"

"Our Lord has decided on this night since he has to leave for the mountains in a few days." Narcissa explained. "Bella, you may wish

to see him before the ritual and inquire about Neville as well. The Observer shouldn't have to make a second trip." She looked back to the boy. "You should run upstairs and get cleaned up. You should dress in the robe already laid out on the bed."

Draven gave Bella a quick hug and rushed up the stairs into the loo. His mind was a jumble of thoughts one of which was why his father didn't want him?

Authors Note

Can anyone figure out what's happening with Voldemort and what he's up to? One hundred points to the house of your choice if you get it right. The house with the most points at the end of the story gets a special treat.

Gryffindor - 100

Slytherin - 100

Hufflepuff - 100

Ravenclaw – 100

Draven stood in front of his mirror and frowned. He did not like the robe that he had to wear. It was heavy and very white. And the mirror wasn't helping with all its comments. More than once he had to remind himself that to curse a mirror was very bad luck. "Bloody collar." He grumbled as he tried to get the collar of the robe to lay down flat. After several more seconds of fighting with it he gave up and moved over to the bed and sat down. His eyes were drawn to the window and the setting sun beyond. His Uncle and friends still hadn't returned from the Ministry and he was beginning to worry. "Dobby!" He called out.

Dobby, hearing his youngest master, stopped what he was doing and popped to where the boy was. "Hows can Dobby help Master Draven sir?" The small house elf asked in a very excited voice. Draven was his favorite Malfoy and he didn't mind serving him.

"Is this the robe my Aunt wishes me to wear for tonight?" Draven motioned with his hand towards the robe he was currently wearing and prayed that the house elf would tell him no.

For a moment Dobby eyed the extremely white robe before nodding his head, excitedly. "Oh yes, Master Draven sir. That is the robe Mistress sent Dobby to buy this morning." He looked at the boy with his big eyes. "Does Master Draven sir not like the robe Dobby picked out?" Tears were forming in his large eyes and he grabbed a book off the floor and began to hit himself in the head over and over again. "Dobby has failed the young Master and Mistress. Dobby must be punished." He continued the assault on himself.

Draven reached over and plucked the book, Dark Magic for Beginners, from Dobby's grip and tossed it behind him on the bed. "What have I told you, Dobby?" He was careful to put just the right amount of distaste in his voice when addressing the little elf. "You are not to use my possessions to punish yourself!" His voice warmed several degrees. "Now, the robe is fine Dobby. You have no failed my me or my Aunt. I was just making sure that it was the correct one." He gave Dobby a small smile. "Can you do something about this collar?" He questioned as he tugged on the object again.

Dobby lowered his head in shame. "Dobby remembers Draven sir. Dobby is not to use the young Masters possessions to punish Dobby." He looked up and nodded feverishly. "Dobby can fix Master Draven's collar." He scurried up onto the bed and with the snap of his long, thin fingers, caused the offending collar to lay flat.

Bella stood in the door way and watched the boy interact with the house elf. "You give him to much leeway, little serpent." She narrowed her eyes at Dobby who was still on Draven's bed. "You can go." She waved her hand in dismissal.

Bowing his head towards Bella, Dobby jumped down off the bed and disappeared with a pop.

"I wish you would do that." Draven grumbled. "Dobby has served this family well for years. I only wish to reward his loyalty and he is not given leeway. He is treated the same as the other house elves." He was silent for a moment before changing the subject. "Have you spoken to father?"

"No, he is not in the manor." Bella kept her voice calm even though she was panicking inside. "Has he not contacted you?"

Draven blinked and shook his head. "I was away with you for most of the day, remember?" He looked around his and Draco's room. "Are you sure he is not in one of the dungeon rooms? Have you asked his guards where he is?"

"McNair is gone along with Greaves. And I have searched the dungeons. He is not here." Bella frowned. "Maybe he left for the mountains early?" She was asking herself more than the boy.

"He would have informed me if his plans had changed." Draven answered in a small voice. This event was not easing his fears that his father didn't want him anymore. "It had to have been an emergency." He added several moments later. He waved his hand, dismissing the panic he was beginning to feel. "We should not question him. He does not have to tell us every time he comes and goes, not anymore." He frowned. "Is the adoption ritual still going as planned?" He stood and started towards the door.

“Yes.” Bella nodded. “Once Lucius returns with Neville. Where are you going?” She began to follow him out of the room.

“Fathers chamber is on this floor.” Draven explained as he strode down the hallway. He stopped at the door at the end of the hall and eyed the snake imprints on the two large doors. He chewed on his bottom lip knowing that Bella was standing right behind him. In order for him to enter the room he had to use parseltongue and Bella didn’t know that he possessed the gift of snake speech. A gift his father was adamant that no one know that he possessed it. But this was an emergency. Closing his eyes, he began to speak and when he heard his companion suck in a breath, he knew he had succeeded. Opening his eyes, he stepped inside the room once the doors swung open

“You spoke the language of the snakes!” Bella exclaimed once they were inside and the doors were shut. Squinting, she tried to peer through the darkness. With a frustrated grunt, she had run into a table, she pulled out her wand. “Lumos!” She used her lit wand to locate the candles that sat around the room and light them.

The dark slowly faded as candles were lit. Blinking, Draven looked around the room. He rubbed his arms to get the chill out of his bone. The fire had long since burned out and the room was devoid of all personal effects that marked this room as the Dark Lords. He walked over to the large fireplace and stared, angrily, into the cold ashes. I will not cry! He told himself as the feeling of abandonment swelled within his chest.

Bella watched the boy with a look akin to pity. She really did care for young Draven so when he hurt so did she. “Like you said, it was probably an emergency.” She tried to soothe the youth who had yet to turn away from the baron fireplace. “He’s the Dark Lord, little serpent. You can’t take his actions personally.”

Draven sniffled, wiping angrily at the tears that had welled up in his eyes. “Ya, I know.” He said quietly. “I’m being silly.” He cleared his throat and turned back towards the woman that he viewed as a mother, his eyes now hard and all traces of tears gone. “No use crying over something I have no control over. He doesn’t need to tell

me anything.” He looked around the room once more before heading for the doors and yanking them open. He ignored the angry hissing coming from the snakes that covered the doorknobs. “Come on then, let’s see if Uncle Lucius has returned yet. We have an adoption ritual to do.” He exited the room and never looked back.

For several moments Bella just stood in the middle of the room. She heaved a sigh and looked around the, now, impersonal space. “I really hope you know what you’re doing, milord. The boy isn’t as weak as you think he is and if you push him the wrong way...you might not be able to control him anymore. And that is a day you’re going to regret.” She whispered to the empty room then followed the boy example and left the room. Her thoughts focused on the adoption ritual and how it would change Draven and Neville’s lives for the better.

Authors Note

Well what do you all think so far? I given a few more clues to help you all figure out what Voldemort is up to and what he's doing. And yes, he is going to the mountains to recruit the giants. Now that he has his body back he is going to be doing more of the important things himself instead of trusting his Death Eaters.

The sun had long since been replaced by the moon when the floo came alive and four very tired figures stepped out into the, occupied, living room; one after the other.

“Well?” Bella was the first to rise and speak. Her eyes were looking over the slightly pudgy boy in excitement.

Lucius gave his sister-in-law a smirk and gently pushed Neville towards her. “He’s yours. Dumbledore didn’t get one vote on his behalf.”

Narcissa rose to congratulate her sister and greet her newest nephew. She pulled the boy into hug and whispered into his ear. “Welcome to the family.” Before releasing him. “You may, now, use the floo to contact Rodolphus.”

Draven gave Neville a small smile and pulled the boy into a quiet corner and away from the excitement. “How you holding up, mate?” He was careful to keep his voice low enough that only Neville could hear his words.

Neville blinked, as if coming out of a great shock, and looked at Draven blankly. “My Grams...Azkaban...attempted murder...Dumbledore...crazy...” He was unable to form complete sentences as his mind was trying to catch up with everything that had happened. “Lestrage...DEATHEATER!” He screamed out as he turned back to the crowd, his eyes focused entirely upon Bella. “D...Draven? You have a Death Eater in your house. A murderer!” He voice was laced with fear and something akin to loathing.

With a sigh, Draven turned Neville so he was facing him again. “No! Listen to me, Neville. Bellatrix and Rodolphus are good people, do you hear me? I know what you think but you’ve been lied to. It was Dumbledore’s fault that your parents were tortured. And the sooner you accept that the better because Bella and Rodolphus Lestrage are your new guardians and after tonight, your parents.” He never broke eye contact as he tried to calm the other boy down. “No one here will harm you, you have my word on that. Just remember that it was Dumbledore trying to convince people you are dangerous and unstable. It was Dumbledore that condemned your parents to their

fate. It was he that placed them in St. Mungos. Bella and Roddy were just following orders. Orders that would have never been issued if not for Dumbledore! Do you understand?"

"It was Dumbledore's fault?" Neville asked timidly. His eyes darted from Draven to Bella then back again "They said that Grams tried to kill me as a baby, is that true?" His voice was barely a whisper and he trusted Draven to tell him the truth.

Draven nodded his head. "She was sick, even then. I think she replaced the milk in your bottle with gillywater because she was sure that you had been kidnaped and replaced by a vampire in order for them to invade the wizarding world. She should have been sent to St. Mungos for treatment but Dumbledore pulled some stings and got a Ministry decree enacted instead, one he disobeyed anyways. She wasn't fit to raise a gnome let alone a toddler. You were placed into the care of your Great Aunt Enid and her husband and they were set to adopt you, you lived with them for an entire year after your parents were sent to St. Mungos. But Dumbledore took you from them and gave you to your grandmother as a gift for her loyalty to him. She could have injured you and he wouldn't have cared!" He was seething thinking about the Headmaster whom he despised.

"Great Aunt Enid wanted to adopt me?" Neville looked at the other boy in wonder. He had only received one owl from his Great Aunt in his entire life and he could remember his Grams anger at catching him reading the letter. "I wonder if she was nice?" He was asking himself rather than his friend. "So...the Lestrangle's want to adopt me?" He found this idea to be a little less distasteful now that he had heard the truth.

"Yes. If they adopt you, Dumbledore will have no power over you. They will see that you want for nothing. You'll be tutored with Draco, Ron and Me over the summer and school holidays. You'll learn things that you have only dreamed about." Draven patted him on the shoulder. "And after tonight, we'll be cousins by blood. My Aunt and Uncle are adopting me tonight also. For the same reason. So Dumbledore will have no power over me. There is a war brewing, mate, and you've just been given the chance to be on the winning

side. So what do you think? You up to being the heir to the Lestrangle bloodline?"

Neville was silent as he thought over Draven's words. Everything the other boy said about the Lestrangle's didn't seem too bad. And Draven did seem to have a soft spot for the two Death Eaters. He was hesitating and he knew that his friend knew it. The only thing that didn't sit well with him was the obvious fact that everyone in the room seemed to know that his prospective mother and father were known Death Eaters and didn't care. The others, including Ron, didn't seem to flinch at his outburst about a Death Eater. But what choice did he have? Swallowing, he caught Draven's eye and gave him a small smile. "I guess tonight is a clean start for us both, eh mate? Maybe the beginning of something grand?"

Draven smirked and pulled the boy back towards the others in the room. The beginning of something grand indeed.

At exactly one past midnight the Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry clutched his desk in pain as magic pulsed around him. Something had happened. Something big. It took several minutes before the pain ceased and he was able to breathe again. He sat down in his chair just as his office door opened with a bang.

Professor McGonagall charged into the Headmasters office wearing nothing but her green flannel dressing gown. Her glasses were sitting, crookedly, on the end of her nose. "Albus, did you...?" She trailed off as her eyes fell upon her elderly mentor. "Should I fetch Poppy?"

Waving his hand in dismissal, Albus Dumbledore sat up straighter. "I am fine, Minerva. And I assume your late night visit is because of the surge of magic I just felt?" He reached onto his desk and with a shaking hand grabbed a lemon drop and popped it into his extremely dry mouth. He then offered the bowl of lemon candies to his Deputy Headmistress.

"No thank you." Minerva McGonagall sat down in one of the chairs facing the Headmasters desk and eyed him, wearily. "I have never

felt anything like that before, Albus. What was it? It almost felt like..." She trailed off.

Dumbledore waved his hand again and a very large, old, book appeared on his desk. "It was raw magic, Minerva. And I haven't felt something like that since the night young Harry reflected the Avada Kedavra curse back upon its caster." He opened the book and began to scan through the names of the students currently enrolled at Hogwarts. The name Harry Potter was missing from the absentee page altogether. Further study of the book turned up two other changes. The name Draven Riddle Malfoy had been reduced to just Draven Malfoy while the name Neville Longbottom had been slashed out completely and replaced with another name. A name that made a small gasp escape from his ancient lips.

McGonagall jumped as the silence was broken by a gasp coming from one of the most powerful wizards that she had the honor of knowing. "What is it Albus?"

For the first time in his life he felt dread settling in the bottom of his stomach. Yes, something big had indeed happened. "I have failed not one but two children, Minerva." He whispered, thickly. "Young Harry has been erased from the registry altogether and Neville Longbottom has been adopted."

"Erased? Adopted? I don't understand, Albus." Minerva's eyebrows were furrowed. "But a child is not removed from the registry unless..." She could not bring herself to say the rest. It was too horrible to even think let alone say. "Neville has been adopted, you said. Who did Lucius Malfoy pick as his guardian then? Not himself, surely?"

"No, it's far worse than we had expected." Dumbledore turned the book around and pointed to where Neville Longbottom has been slashed out and replaced by another name.

Minerva slid to the edge of her chair and squinted at the book. "Orion Regal Lestranger? LESTRANGER!" Her mouth fell open and the book fell out of her grasp and onto the desk where it snapped shut. "You don't think they forced the boy, do you?" She asked in a whisper.

“The adoption ritual is very particular, ancient, magic. It would not have taken if the boy had been forced or under any kind of spell or curse. He did this out of his own free will.” Dumbledore sounded tired and sad. “The youngest Malfoy has also undergone the ritual. His Aunt and Uncle has adopted him. You must remember to treat him accordingly. As for Young Mister Lo...Lestrangle, you must be careful around him.”

“You can’t be suggesting that the boy will join You-Know-Who!” McGonagall sounded appalled at the very thought.

Dumbledore looked grim. “It is exactly what I am suggesting. He was already close to the Malfoy boys and now he’s related to them by blood. His new parents served six years in Azkaban for being supporters of Voldemort’s. They admitted their allegiance at their trial. They were even proud of it. It was Lucius Malfoy that got their sentences overturned and paid for their immediate release five years ago. They will be a very strong influence on the boy.”

McGonagall frowned and sat back in her chair. “Then what of the Weasley boy? He is also close to the Malfoy boys. Do you fear for him as well?”

“I have made my fears known to Arthur and Molly but they have fallen under the youngest Malfoy’s charms. They feel that their son will learn a thing or two from spending time with Draco and Draven. They will not listen to me without proof that the Malfoy’s are practicing the Dark Arts. And there is no way to gather proof. Severus said that Lucius and he had a row about the boys education and now he is forbidden to be near them.” Dumbledore sighed. “I see dark times on the horizon, Minerva. The war that we have been trying to forestall is closer than we know, I suspect.” He fell silent and reached a hand over to stroke his Phoenix, Fawkes.

“Then Merlin help us all.” Minerva stood and gave the Headmaster a sad look before leaving his office and making her way back to her own chambers. She knew sleep would not be welcoming her again on this day so she dressed and set out correcting third year essays that she had collected just before the holiday. Soon her mind was

focused solely on marking the essays and the thoughts of war and adoptions were pushed out of her mind for now.

Ronald Weasley grumbled to himself as he climbed the stairs that lead to the Headmasters office. It was the start of his third year at Hogwarts and he was already being summoned before the batty old fool. A frown curved his lips downward as he stopped before the large door. He didn't even bother to knock since a voice inside was already calling "Come in". Schooling his face, he pushed the door open and entered. "You wanted to see me, Professor?" He moved towards the Headmasters desk but stopped when he saw that the two chairs in front of it was occupied. "Mum? Dad? What are you doing here?"

Albus Dumbledore conjured another chair beside Arthur Weasley and motioned towards it. "Please have a seat, Mister Weasley." He watched the boy as he made his way over to the chair and sat. He noted that the boy seemed to be observing him as well. He met the boys eyes and with a frown, looked away first.

Once he was seated in the chair, he eyed the Headmaster and briefly touched the ruby ring that sat on his left ring finger. "Have I done something wrong?" He broke the silence when he finally looked away from the elderly Headmaster. He was pleased to note that Dumbledore had looked away first.

"The Headmaster has come to us with some concerns, Ron." Molly began. "He has questions about your attitude this summer." She frowned since she had no idea how Ron had acted over the summer since he, again, spent most of it with the Malfoys in the south of France.

Raising his eyebrow, Ron tilted his head to the side. "I wasn't aware that I had to explain my actions over the summer holiday to the Headmaster." His voice was cool and very calm. "Is this a new rule that I was unaware of?" He questioned his mother with a hint of sarcasm.

Clearing his throat, Albus began to address the boy again. "A first year Hufflepuff came to me a few hours ago, right after the welcoming feast ended, and told me that you and several other boys had assaulted her and called her a...mudblood...while she was shopping in Diagon Alley last month."

Molly gasped at the allegation and turned her furious gaze towards her youngest son. "What do you have to say for yourself, Ronald Weasley?"

Arthur was silently observing his son. "Were you in Diagon Alley last month, Ron? Getting your school supplies, maybe?" He asked unable to believe his son would use such a word..

With a frown, Ron crossed his arms over his chest. "I was not in Diagon Alley last month. I was with the Malfoys at their villa in France. Dobby was sent to fetch our school supplies." He was appalled that anyone would suggest that he would lower himself to servant level and fetch his own school supplies. "So as you can see, the Hufflepuff is mistaken." Ron sneered. He had only been in Diagon Alley, briefly, with Draven, Draco, and Orion but it wasn't for school supplies. They had business in Knockturn Alley and were heading from Gringotts when the little slip of a girl had run into him. He didn't call her a mudblood, that was Draco. He had actually called her a waste of perfectly good magic and threatened to turn her into a toad if she didn't get out of his way. A smile tugged on the corners of his lips as he thought about how she had run off in tears. It had been a very good day. Clearing his throat, he looked at the Headmaster. "Is that all?" He really wanted to get back to the Gryffindor common room and speak to Draven about this impromptu meeting. He just hoped that the ring was doing it's job and recording everything being said. He, unconsciously, touched it again.

The Headmaster had been observing boy since he denied the allegation. He didn't miss the twitching of the corners of the boys lips or the fact that he was playing with a ring on his finger. "That is a lovely ring, Ronald." His eyes were focused on the boys left hand. "May I see it?"

Ron shrugged and reached across the desk so the Headmaster could see his ring clearly.

Dumbledore eyed the ring intently before looking at Arthur. "Do you know what this is?"

Ron raised his head and defiantly looked at his father who was now staring at the ring..

“Where did you get this ring, Ron?” Arthur questioned his youngest son. He dropped his eyes and looked over the ring a bit further. “Do you know what it says, Albus?” He was unable to make out the writing and he was hopeless at runes.

“It was given to me by the Malfoys.” Ron said as he lifted his head a little higher, nose slightly in the air. “For my thirteenth birthday.” He glared at his parents who had sent him nothing for his birthday.

Albus’ lips thinned until nothing was left except a thin line. He traced a finger over the Latin inscription. “It says Blood of my blood.” He then went on to trace the runes. “This rune means son.” He moved to two more. “These translate to...” He looked up sharply. “You know what these mean, don’t you?” He was asking the boy.

Ron tilted his head to the side as he pulled his arm back across the desk and admired his ring. “It’s lovely, isn’t it?” He glared at the Headmaster. “Of course I know what it means. I’m not the idiot you make me out to be, you know?”

Molly eyed the ring with curiosity. “What kind of a ring is this, Ron?” She demanded to know.

Ron remained quiet, refusing to tell them what the ring meant. It was his right not to tell them anything.

Arthur looked at the Headmaster, pleadingly. “What does it mean, Albus?” He asked again.

The Headmaster sat back in his chair and sighed. “It’s a family ring. I know that the Malfoy boys and young Mister Lestrangle all possess similar ones. The one your son is wearing is rather...unique. It basically marks him as a surrogate son to the Malfoys. What makes it unique is that Lucius has two heirs. Rings such as the one Ronald is wearing are usually given out if a family is without an heir. It gives him the same rights and luxuries that are afforded to Draco and Draven

as heirs to the Malfoy bloodline. In sense, it marks your son as a third son. A third Malfoy.”

Arthur was shocked. “Wait...” He pinched the bridge of his nose. “You’re telling us that Lucius has claimed Ron as another heir? He treats him the same as his own sons?”

“I am.” Dumbledore replied without hesitation. “Right now in the wizarding community, young Ronald is equal in standing to both Malfoy children. It also means that if he marries and has children, they will view Lucius and Narcissa as their grandparents before either of you.”

Molly gasped and began to sob into her hands. “Where did we go wrong!” She wailed.

Ron rolled his eyes and crossed his arms over his chest. “Now since that is out of the way will you kindly tell me the real reason why I’m here or I’m bloody leaving!”

Dumbledore folded his hands in front of him on his desk and continued as if Molly wasn’t acting like the end of the world was upon them. “I am concerned about your marks” It was a rather lame excuse.

“My marks? You’re concerned about my grades? Why?” Ron was confused. The last time he looked, he had been doing rather well.

Molly reached across her husband to lay a hand on her sons knee. “He fears that y...you are c...cheating, Ron.” She sobbed out. “You’re m...marks have improved s...so drastically that...” She moved her hand at her sons glare and sat back in her chair sobbing even harder than before.

Ron snorted. “I’m here because my marks are good? And because they are good, the Headmaster thinks I’ve cheated?” He couldn’t believe what he was hearing and he felt a headache beginning to form from his mothers wailing. “Would you get a hold of yourself, woman!” He snapped and rubbed his temples.

"He wants you to spend the holidays at Hogwarts, Ron. He thinks the Malfoy boys are having a bad influence on you." Arthur tried to calm the fury he saw rising in his sons eyes. He placed an arm around his distraught wife and tried to comfort her the best he could. "It'll be alright, Molly." He whispered into her ear then glared at the boy. "Watch your language, Ron. Or you'll be out of Hogwarts faster than you can say Quidditch." He felt his own anger begin to rise, something that was very rare and usually reserved for the twins.

Ron's face turned red and the tips of his ears burned a deep scarlet "No." He stated more calmly than he felt. "He has no control over what I do for the holidays. I'll either go home or go with the Malfoys. And at the moment the latter is sounding better and better. How could you?" He turned his fury filled gaze towards his parents. "Bad influence? My grades are better than Charlie or Bill's ever were! And for your information, Professor, I have never cheated. I receive private tutoring when I'm with the Malfoy's. Tutor Dobbs comes three days out of a holiday and three weeks out of the summer and tutors us!" He was seething now. "And I'm proud of the fact that Mister Malfoy views me as another son. At least he isn't a muggle loving fool!" He hissed out. "At least his family isn't viewed as blood traitors! Did you ever stop to consider how that would effect us? What doors have been shut to us because of that title? You've doomed us all to a less than humane existence for your misplaced loyalties! And since you weren't doing anything about it, Dad, I had to try. At least my name is on the registry again along with Fred and George's. They found out months ago that I had been placed on the registry and begged me, me, to help them get put on. And you know what? I DID!" He took a deep breath and stomped his temper back down. "Now if you will excuse me, I would like to get some sleep before lessons tomorrow." He stood and stormed out of the office, slamming the door behind him.

Molly and Arthur were left speechless. Three of their sons were on the pureblooded registry and they hadn't even known about it! Arthur glared at the Headmaster. "Albus, I think it's time you leave the boy alone. Every time you meddle, you push him further away from us! Enough!" He stood and followed his son hoping to catch him before he reached Gryffindor tower. There was a lot of stuff they needed to discuss.

“Merlin, Tutor Dobbs has been teaching my son.” Molly mumbled as she stood and gave the Headmaster a tearful smile before following after her husband and son.

Albus Dumbledore stared at the empty chairs in front of him for several minutes. “That went better than I had hoped.” He pulled out a piece of parchment and began a letter.

Authors Note

I know, I jumped to third year but I had to! If I had continued at my regular rate the story would be a million chapters long! And that's alot!

Anyways, what did you all think of my portrayal of Ron? I tried to make him act like he had spent alot of time with the Malfoys, and he has. And I tried to show that they had influenced him just like Dumbledore was saying.

Next chapter will have Draven in it, I promise!

Ron had calmed down considerably by the time he reached the portrait of the fat lady that guarded Gryffindor tower. "Capus Feona." He grunted out and muttered a thank you as the portrait swung open, granting him access to the tower. "Draven!" He bellowed once the portrait had swung back shut. His eyes darted around, the semi-empty common room, looking for his friend. He finally spotted him in the corner engaged in what looked like a very serious conversation with Fred and George. "Draven!" He called out again as he made his way over to the secluded corner.

Draven looked away from the Weasley twins when he heard his name. "What's wrong?" He turned his attention back to the item on the table between him and the twins. "Please continue with your explanation." He motioned for Ron to join them.

"As we were saying before..." Fred began.

"...Our little brother so rudely interrupted us." George finished. "It's a map that we nicked from Filch our first year." He unfolded the blank piece of parchment. "Shall I do the honors, Gred?" He questioned his twin as he withdrew his wand from the sleeve of his robe.

"Why don't we both do the honors, Forge?" Fred removed his own wand and placed it against the parchment.

"We solemnly swear that we are up to no good!" The twins said in perfect unison. And lines began to appear on the parchment.

With barely contained glee, Draven watched the lines form into rooms. "Would you look at that!" He said in wonder as he watched the small figure of Dumbledore pace back and forth in the section marked as his office.

"He does that a lot." George motioned towards Dumbledore's name. "So does this interest you, young master Malfoy?" He really couldn't say that without smirking.

Draven rolled his eyes. "I am not your master." He grumbled as his eyes moved over the parchment. "Who are Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs?"

"No clue but we..." Fred began.

"...Owe our pranking career to them and their ingenious little map." George finished. Hearing the portrait swing open, he placed his wand on the parchment. "Mischief managed." He quickly folded it and pushed it towards Draven. "It's yours."

"Consider it a gift." Fred glanced towards the portrait hole and blinked. "Blimey, what are they doing here?" He motioned with his thumb towards the two people climbing through. "We better..."

"...Make ourselves scarce." George was the first to stand and climb the stairs up to their dorm.

Fred quickly followed his brother up the stairs leaving Draven and Ron to face the elder Weasley's.

Blinking, Draven tucked the map into his robe pocket. "I take it this is what you wanted?" He motioned with his head towards Arthur and Molly Weasley who had yet to spot them in the corner. "Quickly, explain." He spoke to Ron out of the corner of his mouth.

"Dumbledore summoned me to his office, remember? Well when I got there, mum and dad were there. He wants me to spend all holidays at Hogwarts but that isn't the best part. He told my parents that he thinks I'm cheating because my marks are so good." Ron quickly babbled out. "Oh! And he, well they all, know that I'm third heir to your dad."

Draven frowned and leaned back in his chair. "Hello Mr. and Mrs. Weasley." He greeted his friends parents as they moved towards them. "What are you doing here? Ron isn't in any trouble is he? He was just filling me in on his trip to the Headmasters office. Does Professor Dumbledore really want him to spend all his holidays here?" He looked slightly crestfallen. "I sure hope not. Dad has something extra special planned for this Christmas and the Minister expects Ron to be at the annual Christmas party. He's been asked to do the opening toast this year."

Arthur and Molly smiled at their sons friend. "Hello Draven." Arthur offered the boy his hand to shake.

"The Minister?" Molly asked with red puffy eyes. She eyed her son as if she had never seen him before. "You're invited to the Ministry Christmas party?" Arthur was never invited and he worked there.

Ron had the sense to blush. "I've gone the last three years." He mumbled and looked at his hands.

"Fred and George are joining us this year. Seems that they've had several job offers from various Ministry departments. So they'll be coming under special invite." Draven knew how to persuade Ron's parents. He was very good at playing mind games and winning. "Oye, Ori!" He called out as another figure entered the common room. "Come tell Ron's mum and dad about the twins. You know more than I do."

Orion Rigel Lestrangle, formerly Neville Franklin Longbottom, turned his gaze from the floor towards his cousin. He had lost all his chubbiness after the adoption ritual three years ago and now stood tall, slim and proud just like Rodolphus Lestrangle; his father. His black hair was pulled back in a ponytail and a single earring, in the form of a snake with emerald chips for eyes, hung from his ear. His face was no longer round but aristocratic and he looked very much like the Blacks. Cool blue eyes surveyed Mr. and Mrs. Weasley with calm indifference. "Fred and George? What about them?" He spoke with a soft, almost shy, voice, something that hadn't changed after the ritual.

Clearing her throat, Molly turned towards the boy. "Draven was just telling us that Fred and George have received several job offers from the Ministry of Magic." She wondered why she was asking a boy, no older than her youngest son, for information on Fred and George's lives.

"Really?" Orion regarded his cousin and upon seeing the incline of his head, turned back to the elder Weasley's. "Mum's department wants them...badly. Their skills are...in high demand." He was careful to exclude anything of real importance. "And I think the Unspeakables

are also interested in them. I know for a fact that they already turned down the Aurors; I believe they said it would be no fun."

Arthur felt a chill run up his spine. "So...Bellatrix works for the Ministry now?" He had not known this and felt a sinking feeling in his stomach. Bellatrix was an admitted Death Eater and now she was working for the Ministry? Nothing good could come of it, he was sure of it.

"Yes." Orion didn't elaborate. "Father does as well." He added with indifference. "Father is assistant to the Minister." He tilted his head to the side and stepped away from the group in the corner and began to climb the stairs. He stopped halfway up. "Goodnight Draven, Ron." He continued on his way.

Draven gave an apologetic smile. "Ori isn't a people person." He explained. "I blame Aunt Bella. She spoils him."

Molly nodded her head in understanding. "It's alright. He'll grow out of it." She said, absentmindedly. Her mind was on the twins. "Unspeakables? Aurors? Why haven't Fred or George told us that they have received job offers from such...prestigious Ministry departments?" She mumbled to herself.

Arthur eyed the boy in front of him. Draven's appearance had undergone the most drastic change. Black hair had changed into blonde, almost white, and his face had taken on the aristocratic features of Narcissa Malfoy once Black. He closely resembled Orion in that area. The only thing that didn't change, he noted, was the eyes. They were still emerald green and sparkled with mischief. Eyes that he had the eery feeling of seeing before. Long ago during the first reign of he-who-must-not-be-named. But he could not place the face in which they had belonged. "I do not think the Headmaster will have any control on where you spend your time, Ron." He had finally addressed his silent son. "If you wish to spend time with your friends, so be it. I will not be the one to stop you." He really couldn't see the harm in letting his son spend time with his friends. He was just happy that his son had, such a close knit group of, friends. "Come along, Molly. We must be going."

Looking up from where she had just enclosed her son in a hug, Molly nodded. "Be sure to write everyday, Ron." She kissed his temple and moved over to do the same to his friend. "Look out for him." She whispered into Draven's ear before moving away. Before she turned to follow her husband, she noticed an earring, one that matched Orion's, hanging from Draven's ear. On a hunch she turned towards Ron once more and took note of the hole in his ear where an earring had not been placed as of yet. "So much like Bill." She mumbled and followed her husband from the room.

Once they were alone, Ron turned towards his friend; a look of awe in his eyes. "Blimey, Draven. They forgot what they came here for!" A large smile spread across his lips, lighting up his eyes. "Bringing up Fred and George was brilliant! Bloody brilliant!"

Draven smirked at his friend. "What can I say? I learned from the best."

Ron nodded. "I recorded the entire meeting if you want to hear all the details." He held out the hand with the ring.

He inclined his head and lifted his own ringed hand. He touched his emerald to Ron's ruby. "I shall save this for a more appropriate environment. Somewhere where the walls don't have eyes and ears." Draven eyed the numerous paintings that hung on the wall which all seemed to be watching him and Ron. He sneered at them and with grim satisfaction watched them all return to their normal activities.

Ron, who had followed his friends eyes, frowned. "Must we always be spied upon?" He asked the nearest painting which chose not to answer. He snorted and reached into one of his inner robe pockets and withdrew his own snake earring. He reached up to his pierced ear and slipped it into the hole. He felt himself relax when the charms on the earring configured to fix his magic. The earrings had been a gift from Malfoy senior last Christmas. The boys, which included Ron, Draco, Draven, Theodore, Blaise and Orion all got the charmed earrings while the girls, Hermione and Pansy, got snake pendants. Each of the snakes were loaded with protection and detection charms. It was extra protection against Dumbledore and anything he might try. A yawn interrupted his thoughts and he gave Draven a sheepish look.

“Sorry.” He stood and stretched. “I think I need to get some sleep. Goodnight, Draven.” He started up the stairs, following Orion’s earlier path.

“Goodnight, Ron.” Draven mumbled as he also stood and headed for the stairs. He stopped while passing one of the large, overstuffed, couches and picked up a discarded issue of the Daily Prophet. The front was covered with an Azkaban prisoner photograph. The man in the picture had shaggy hair and an insane look in his eyes. The man appeared to be laughing or screaming, Draven couldn’t tell which from the photograph. “I know you.” He whispered as he felt a memory creep up in the back of his mind. His eyes darted to the print under the photograph and he searched the story for a name. “Sirius Black escaped from Azkaban...” He didn’t have to read any further than the first line. “Sirius Black.” He whispered. “Aunt Bella’s cousin?” He didn’t care that he was talking to himself. He read a few more lines. “Convicted of murdering eleven muggles and Peter Pettigrew. Supporter of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.” He stopped and narrowed his eyes. “That can’t be. I would have been told!” He stood there, staring at the man, for several seconds. “I must owl Aunt Bella in the morning.” He continued towards the stairs, with the paper, and climbed them to the third year boys dormitory. He didn’t even bother to change his clothes as he crawled into bed. With seconds sleep claimed him. His dreams were filled with childish laughter, a large black dog and a single name; Padfoot.

Authors Note

Well, what did you all think? Was there enough Draven in that chapter? What did you think about his dealing with Arthur and Molly? I had to add the twins, I just love Fred and George.

Three weeks later all thoughts of Dumbledore and the Weasley's had been pushed from Draven's mind by exams and homework. The new term was in full swing and the teachers were taking advantage of this time to bring their students back up to speed after the summer holiday. With a sigh, Draven picked at the sandwich on his plate. He missed his mothers cooking immensely. His green eyes darted to the head table where the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher was staring at him again. These days he rarely ate lunch because of the creepy Professor Lupin but today he was expecting a package from home. Tearing his eyes away from the shabbily dressed man, he focused on a conversation across from him. It was Seamus talking to Dean about the Quidditch World Cup that had taken place over the summer. He rolled his eyes at the other boys summery of events. "I was there too." He interrupted.

Dean looked towards Draven. "Really? Seamus said that he saw fifty Death Eaters battling Ministry wizards."

"We saw the Death Eaters, right Ron?" Draven nudged his friend who was shoveling food into his mouth. "But I don't recall seeing fifty. I think there was about fifteen and they apparated before the Ministry arrived."

Ron looked up from his plate and nodded his head. "Yup. There were loads of them running around setting tents on fire and chasing muggleborns." What they both were failing to mention was that they, along with Draco and the elder Malfoy, were apart of the nights activities. They had joined in the fun towards the end when the panic and fear could be tasted on the smoke filled air. And the screams of terror were plentiful.

"I think you need to get your eyes checked, Finnigan." Draven sneered. "Or maybe your lack of mathematical skills can be blamed on your muggle blood?" The table had fallen silent but he didn't care who heard him. It wasn't a secret that he couldn't stand the Irish boy. "No wonder you're always screwing up in class, it's all that filthy blood interfering with your magic." He could tell by the color of the other boys face that he was trying to control his temper. "You want to curse me, half-blood? Go ahead then, lets see you try." He held his arms wide in open invitation. Ron's chuckling was encouraging him to

continue his insults. "Did your mother even know that she was marrying a muggle or was she too liquored up to know what she was doing? Come on, Finnigan, curse me!" He leaned across the table so that only Seamus could hear his next words. "How's your mum doing, Finnigan? Can she walk yet? That was a pretty nasty curse she took at the Quidditch cup. Too bad my aim hadn't been better, aye?" He took notice of how the other boy was trembling and sat back on his side of the table. A trip to the hospital wing would be a small price to pay for getting Finnigan expelled. "You're a waste of perfectly good magic and..." That was the last straw and before he knew it, Seamus had flung himself across the table; fists flying. He could feel the blood trickling from his throbbing nose and broken entered his mind. The pain was almost overwhelming as the Irish boy continued his assault but he never cried out nor did the arrogant sneer leave his lips. He silently thanked Merlin when the darkness finally claimed him.

Ron sat frozen in place as his friends taunts threw Seamus into a mad fury. He sat there for several seconds before his training kicked in and he stumbled over the bench and grabbed the Irish boy and tried to pull him away from Draven, s stray fist knocked him to the floor. His hand automatically covered his already throbbing eye. "Bloody hell!" He managed to twist towards the Slytherin table from his place on the floor. "Draco, do something!" He hissed.

Draco was already on his feet and pushing through the assembled crowd towards the fray before Ron's plea reached his ears. "Filthy half-blood!" He growled as he grabbed Finnigan and with the help of Crabbe and Goyle pulled him away from the bleeding, unconscious Draven. "Father will have you expelled for this!" He kneeled beside his brother and winced at what he saw. The aristocratic face that closely resembled his own was covered in bruises and blood. It was horrible swollen and he could tell by the angle of the nose that it had been shattered. "Please be ok." He whispered as his eyes darted around the silent crowd. "Don't just stand there, get Madam Pomfrey!" He ordered and sighed in relief when several Slytherins rushed from the Great Hall. "Bloody useless Dumbledore! Why didn't he stop Finnigan?"

Professor McGonagall who was now rushing towards the crowd couldn't help but overhear Draco's question. And she couldn't help

but wonder the same thing. "Stand aside!" She snapped as she rushed towards the unconscious Gryffindor. Seeing his state, she couldn't help but fear for boy that had inflicted such damage on the youngest Malfoy. Lucius Malfoy was not likely to take into consideration that Seamus was just a boy acting like most boys do. And for a second she couldn't help but wonder if Finnigan would be carted off to Azkaban for assault or even attempted murder. Hearing a noise behind her she placed a withered hand upon Draco's shoulder. "Come now, Draco. Madam Pomfrey is here. She'll take care of Draven." She steered him back to the Slytherin table, left him there, then moved back to see if Poppy needed her help. She didn't know it but she had just made a mistake by leaving a distraught Draco unattended.

Draco narrowed his eyes and glared at McGonagall's back as she walked away then a truly evil smirk formed on his lips. His eyes slowly moved away from the Professor and landed on Seamus who had long since calmed down and was looking truly horrified at what he had done. Crabbe and Goyle were still holding him and that made his smirk grow. He causally moved away from Slytherin table and towards the unsuspecting Irish boy. Before he reached him, he felt a hand on his arm and he turned angry eyes towards the person. "Orion?"

Orion, who had been late for lunch and missed all the excitement, had been watching his cousin from the back of the crowd. When the other boy began moving towards Draven's attacker he moved quickly to intercept him. "Draco..." He kept his voice low, not that would be overheard anyways since the noise level in the Great Hall had risen to an almost unbearable level. "Is that the boy that hurt Draven?" He inclined his head towards Seamus.

"Yes and I plan on making him pay! Don't try to stop me, Ori!" Draco was shaking with anger. Oh yes, he was going to make the half-blood pay.

"I wasn't going to try an stop you, Draco." Orion looked back to Draven who was being floated out of the Great Hall by Madam Pomfrey and Professor McGonagall. "On the contrary actually. I want

to offer my wand. Mother was taught me some curses and spells that I think would come in handy in this situation.”

Draco was speechless. This was the first time that Orion had voluntarily wanted to cause someone pain. “Alright.” He continued to walk towards the Irish boy and once he was close enough he said two words. “Follow me.” He turned and headed out of the Great Hall knowing that Crabbe and Goyle were following him because he could hear Finnigan’s struggles. He lead them to the third floor, no one would bother them there. Once the door had been closed and locked, he motioned for his two goons to release the boy. “Hello, Finnigan.” His voice hard and cold.

Seamus struggled even though it seemed to be invain. He stumbled when he was finally released and panicked eyes darted around the semi-darkness. “What are you going to do to me? Dumbledore will stop you! You’ll get in trouble!” He was desperate but nothing he said seemed to phase the blonde. He started to back up until his back hit a stone column which suddenly burst to life, basking the entire area in firelight. “You can’t agree with this, Ori!” He turned his attention to the black haired boy. “Help me!” He begged.

Orion seemed to seriously consider this plea before his blue eyes turned cold and his face hardened. A sneer had formed on his lips. “You can’t agree with this, Ori!” He mocked in a high pitched voice. “Oh, I can not only agree, I can also participate.” He removed his wand and tapped his chin with it. “Now which...ah! I know.” He pointed his wand at the cowering boy. “Silencio! Can’t have you screaming now, can we?” He turned towards his cousin and tilted his head to the side. “You have first shot, mate. Family honor comes before personal revenge.”

Nodding, Draco turned towards Crabbe and Goyle. “I want you two to stand guard. If you hear anything, anything, tell us, understood?” At their nods, he turned back to Seamus. He removed his own wand. “Now what shall I use?” He began to pace in front of the condemned boy. “I know!” He pointed his wand at the boy. “Conjunctiva!” He watched in sadistic satisfaction as the Irish boy dropped to the floor in pain, his screams unheard, as he scratched at his eyes trying to get the pain to stop.” Draco didn’t lift this curse for a full two minutes.

“Levicorpus!” He chuckled darkly as the, now, bleeding boy was dangled upside down by the ankle.

“Don’t stop, Draco.” Orion stepped forward, wand raised. “I have the perfect spell to compliment that one. It seems only fitting that I use a spell taught to me by Draven since most of the spells Mother has taught me would earn me a one way ticket to Azkaban, for murder, if I cast them.” He cleared his throat. “Sectumsemptra!” He watched as many cuts appeared on the boy and an insane glint entered his blue eyes as the blood began to flow. It was so red and beautiful. He had to force himself to remove it. “I think our revenge has been taken.” He said coldly.

“I agree, Ori.” Draco cancelled his spell and watched as the boy dropped to the floor. “Pitiful.” He mumbled. “You’re very lucky that we are within Hogwarts walls.” He whispered as he kneeled beside the boy. “And you better pray never to meet me outside of this school because I will not hesitate to curse you with one of the more...damaging curses.” He stood and brushed his pant knees off. “You’re decent with memory charms. Obliviate him.” He smirked when the boys eyes widened. “Don’t worry, we won’t erase...much.” He turned and moved towards the door.

Orion inclined his head and raised his wand again. “Oblivisci!” He watched as Seamus’s eyes took on a faraway look. “You really should stop hurting yourself, Seamus. You’d better go to Madam Pomfrey and have her treat your wounds. Oh and don’t call me Ori, half-blood. We aren’t friends.” With that said he removed the silencing spell and followed his cousin from the third floor.

“You should owl your Mother, Ori. She’ll want to know about this. She’s going to be bloody thrilled!” Draco exclaimed as they headed off towards the Hospital Wing, the Irish boy had already been forgotten.

“You think so?” Orion never thought what consequences his actions would have, he had been acting out of instinct. He had the urge, nay need, to punish the person that had caused pain to a member of his family. He felt a sense of accomplishment. He just now realized that this was the first time he really wanted to cause another person harm.

He had enjoyed seeing the fear. "I'll meet you at the Hospital Wing." He jogged the whole way to Gryffindor tower. He needed to write to his parents. He needed to tell them that he had finally let go of the last little bit of Neville Longbottom that had remained after the adoption ritual. He truly was Orion Rigel Lestrangle. Once he reached the room he shared with the other third year boys, he dug through his trunk until he found a bit of parchment and a self inking quill. He jotted down a quick message to his Mother and Father. Before he left the room, he noticed an owl sitting outside one of the windows. "Hedwig?" He opened the window and left the snowy white owl in. "I guess we did miss mail call." He mumbled to himself. He noticed she had a parcels tied to her leg. "You can leave that here, girl. I'll see that Draven gets it." He untied the medium sized parcels. "Can you do me a favor?" He quickly jotted down another line and then addressed the letter to his Mother. "Can you take this to my mum?" He tied the letter to her outstretched leg. "Thanks girl." He gave her an owl treat that he had in his pocket for his own owl. He then carried her back to the window and left her out. He watched her disappear then turned and left the boys dorm, heading for the Hospital Wing.

Authors Note

Well, how did I do? I wanted to write a chapter that showed how Draven and Orion had changed. I'm just sorry Draven had to get hurt. Don't worry, he'll be alright. I apologize to all those that like Seamus but I had to give Draven an enemy and Finnigan seemed to be the logical choice since he's a half-blood and Draven hates those more than muggleborns. Half-bloods remind him of who he used to be and that's something he's tried very hard to forget.

For all those that are going to wonder and ask, not all of the teachers each lunch in the Great Hall so there was only a few there. Lupin, Snape and McGonagall were the only teachers there, if anyone cares to know. Dumbledore wasn't, he was off plotting, deceiving, etc. Draco knew he wasn't there but he also knew that the Headmaster always seems to know what's going on within Hogwarts. That's why he wanted to know why Finnigan wasn't stopped from injuring Draven. It will be addressed in the next chapter.

I also have decided that I'll try, from now on, to have one year equal ten chapters. So year four will begin at chapter forty, year five at fifty, etc.

And finally, the more reviews I get the faster I update. The reviews encourage my muse.

"How could the Headmaster let a fight get this out of hand?" Poppy Pomfrey demanded as she worked on the still unconscious Draven. She had already cast several healing spells to no avail and was growing frustrated. "Has his parents been contacted?" She had just cast a diagnostic spell and was focused on the results.

"His parents?" Minerva McGonagall looked at the nurse as if she had lost her mind. "Do you know who you are currently treating?"

"I do not care if I am treating Merlin himself, his parents need to be contacted." Poppy gave her old friend a shrewd look. "You're his head of house, it's your duty to make sure his parents are informed." She turned her attention back to the bruised and bloody boy and began to cast several more spells.

"He is the youngest son of Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy, Poppy. I fear for the life of the boy that did this to him." McGonagall finally admitted.

Madam Pomfrey sighed in relief when she finally found a spell that worked. "I know who his parents are, Professor McGonagall." She said, coolly. "But as I have already said, I do not care who he is, his parents must be informed. As for the other boy, I highly doubt the Malfoys will physically harm him. Do you not think he should be punished for what he did? He did this with his barehands for Merlinsake!" She went about fixing his shattered nose and split lip.

"They were acting like boys, Madam Pomfrey." Minerva said stiffly. "I've been a Professor here for almost thirty years and I have seen worse fist fights than this."

"Worse maybe but not as damaging. Look at him, Minerva." Poppy motioned towards the boy. "Does his bruises look...abnormal to you, at all?" She questioned.

Minerva left her eyes roam over the young Gryffindor and frowned. "Now that you mention it, he looks like he's been trampled by a Hippogriff instead of fighting with a thirteen year old boy."

"Now you notice!" The nurse huffed. "Did you also notice that most of the healing spells I have cast have had little effect on treating his

injuries?" Poppy snorted at the sheepish look Minerva was giving her. "I've been a nurse here a lot longer than you've been a Professor. I treated Abraxas when he was first year. He got into a fight with a fifth year and ended up in the same shape as young Draven. I tried spell after spell and nothing worked. I didn't learn until after speaking with his parents that the Malfoy males are carriers of a rather rare magical disease. Their magical core slows down their healing ability. And that makes them immune to most of the basic healing spells. I treated Lucius for taking a bludger to the arm and falling off his broom during a Quidditch match in his fourth year. He broke his arm in three places and I could find no healing spell that could mend the bones. It had to be mended the muggle way and if you will recall he was not in school for six weeks. And then just last week young Draco was in here for a Hippogriff bite. I had to send to 's for a very potent healing potion." She stared down at the battered boy. "He could have been killed, Minerva. I am left to wonder why the Headmaster neglected to inform the staff. So that is why you must contact his parents. If I cannot heal him, they will have a Medi-Witch versed in the disease at their disposal."

Without another word Minerva left the Hospital Wing, passing Draco along the way. She was heading for the Headmasters office, they needed to have a little chat.

Draco entered the Hospital Wing shortly after McGonagall left. He went to the only occupied bed and sat down beside it. "Hey, Draven." He said, quietly. The other boy didn't look too good and his naturally pale skin looked pasty and almost transparent. "You'll be alright." He said quietly. "I'll take care of everything." It was now his job to make sure Madam Pomfrey, or anyone for that matter, didn't see Draven's marked arm. He looked up in time to see Ron and Orion entering the Hospital Wing. He gave them a sad smile then returned his watchful gaze to his little brother.

Ron sat beside the blonde boy. "What happened to Finnigan? I saw him stumbling out of the girls bathroom on my way here. He looked confused and...eh...bloody." He said under his breath.

Orion sat down on the other side of the bed. "Something happened to Finnigan?" He asked, innocently.

The blonde blinked. "We had a chat with him and he was fine. Maybe he injured himself after we left?" Draco dismissed.

The red head eyed his two friends then shrugged. "Serves him right." He muttered, darkly. "You should have told me you were going to...chat...with him." Ron pouted.

"We should have." Orion agreed. "Next time." He promised the pouting red head. "This was a chat about family...honor."

"Oh." Ron nodded in agreement. "I understand." He looked at his unconscious friend. "He was provoking Finnigan something awful. Why would he do that?" He asked Draco.

Draco shrugged. "Draven always has a reason for doing things. But he doesn't always share that reason. But if I were to venture a guess, he did it so Finnigan would attack him. He has wanted the half-blood expelled for sometime now and this was the quickest, simplest, way to go about making it happen."

"It is not our place to question, Draven." Orion replied, quietly. "He'll tell us why he did it when he wakes up."

The other two boys knew that if he wakes up was being left unsaid.

Draven couldn't hear anything when he opened his eyes. Nor could he see anything. "Hello?" He called out but was greeted only by silence. Within seconds the darkness faded and he was standing in the middle of what looked like a magical nursery. "Hello?" He called out again and jumped when the nursery door opened and a woman with red hair entered carrying a sleeping toddler with messy black hair. It noted that the women seemed to be oblivious to his presence so he watched in fascination as she began to speak to the child in her arms

"Your daddy wore you out, my dear one." The red head mumbled to the child. "I suppose he took you up on a broom while I was at work. He never did listen to me." She placed the baby into a crib decorated in red and gold.

The toddler opened his eyes as soon as he felt the loss of body heat. "Pa'foo." He mumbled out sleepily and reached his arms towards the woman.

The red head grinned and reached onto the floor and picked up a small stuffed black dog. "Your daddy isn't too happy about that being your first word. Mummy had to stop him from cursing your Pa'foo from here to Hogwarts and back." She placed the plush animal into her sons waiting arms. "Between you and me, little man, I don't care what your first word is. I'm just happy you have a first word. The Medi-Witch was getting worried that you would talk. But I never doubted that you'd speak. Not with someone like Sirius hanging around. It's a wonder you didn't say something more colorful." She smiled fondly.

The green eyed toddler hugged the stuffed dog close to his chest and watched his mother speak. "Pa'foo." He said again and shoved a ear of his prized possession into his mouth.

"Yes, Padfoot." The green eyed woman leaned down and kissed the toddler on his forehead. "So young and innocent." She wrapped her arms around her slightly extended abdomen and fought back a sob. "Albus is wrong!" She said, forcefully and sank into a nearby rocking chair. "He has to be." Tears were streaming down her face.

With a grunt the toddler, who was now wide awake and chewing on his toy, pulled himself up using the bars of the crib. He stood on unsteady legs and eyed his mother. He pulled the plush dog out of his mouth, spit and all, and tossed out of the crib; towards his mother. "Pa'foo." He gibbered out and narrowed his eyes when his mother didn't move to take his offering. His Padfoot always made him feel better when he was sad and since the real one wasn't here he figured that his toy would be a good substitute for the real thing. He felt his lower lip begin to tremble. "PA'FOO!" He practically screamed.

The toddlers mother blinked and stood. She picked the stuffed dog up off the floor again. "Did my little Harry lose this again?" She cooed as she pried his fingers from the bar and laid him down again. She tucked the toy beside him. "Sleep now, Merlin will protect you." She whispered as she moved towards the door.

Draven who had been watching this moved over to the crib and peered in at the boy. He was having a major sense of deja-vu. He tilted his head at the baby who seemed to peer right back at him. "Can you see me?" He whispered and took a step back when the baby giggled. His eyes moved towards the woman who was leaning against the doorframe but she was no longer alone. A man, whom the toddler closely resembled, had wrapped his arms around the red heads swollen stomach and had his chin resting on her shoulder.

"Is he asleep?" The black haired man inquired.

"He wasn't but I think the days excitement will lull him into the land of dreams soon." She leaned back against the man. "Sirius has left then?"

"He wasn't too happy but I told him he could see his Godson in the morning." The man chuckled. "I made the right decision. Sirius loves him and it would appear our son loves him just as much. After all, Padfoot was the first word out of juniors mouth."

"I wish you wouldn't call him that besides I thought you wanted to name him Harry after your Great-Grandfather? You were fiercely against there being a James Junior running around, if I recall." The woman twisted towards her husband, slightly.

The man, James, rolled his eyes. "Right as always, Lily-flower. He needed to be his own person without expectations. People would compare him to me and I didn't want that." He smiled when he felt a kick against his hand. "He's very active tonight, isn't he?"

The woman, Lily, smiled. "How can you be so sure it's going to be a boy? I do have a sister, remember? No boys in the Evan's family. We got lucky with little Harry."

“How could I forget dear Petunia and what’s her husbands name? Hippogriff? No? Ah, Vernon, right? Nasty sort of muggle.” James mumbled. “Have you seen their little pride and joy lately?”

Lily elbowed her husband on the ribs. “Be nice and yes, I have seen Dudley. I had lunch with Petunia last week, if you will recall. She had my nephew with her.” She was quiet for a moment. “The boy has a great deal of his fathers genes, poor thing.” She muttered under her breath then smiled innocently. “Come on, lets go to bed.” She yanked him out the door and down the hall to their room.

Shock, that is what Draven felt. He had just been watching his parents, his real parents. His eyes darted back to the sleeping toddler. “Of course. You’re me.” He whispered. “She’s right. So young and innocent.” For the first time in his life he felt a deep sense of loss. His parents had loved him and Vol...Dumbledore had taken it all away. “Enjoy it while it lasts, little Harry. You’ll have five years of hell before it’ll get better.” He was surprised to find that he could touch the child and brushed his black bangs away from his smooth forehead. No mark scarred the flesh. “Yes, innocent indeed.” He stumbled suddenly and felt pain rip through his body. The last thought before things went dark again was that his mother had been pregnant. When Draven opened his eyes again he was surrounded by bright light that slowly faded to show three forms. “Dr’co, Ron, Ori?” He whispered before the darkness, once again, claimed him.

Authors Note

Ok, I know I kinda crammed book three and four together. But I had to since most of book five will be ignored for obvious reasons.

As for Voldemort...he's still lurking around. Draven hasn't really seen him since before the adoption ritual. There is a reason for this and NO I am not telling yet, you'll just have to wait for me to write that chapter.

Dumbledore didn't stop the fight because he fears Draven, without really knowing why, and thought that getting the snot beat out of him would knock some of the Malfoy arrogance out of him. Remember, my Dumbledore can be compared to Voldemort in his actions. He

might do everything for the light like Voldemort does it for the dark. They are the complete opposite of each other in their loyalties but the same in their actions. Does that help some?

How did you all like my little flashback/memory scene? I had to put it in. Why? Because I wanted to.

REVIEW!

Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, sipped his tea as he stared out his office window at the setting sun. He was troubled by the conversation he had with his Deputy Headmistress just a few hours prior. She had been furious that he didn't do something to stop the one sided brawl that had landed the youngest Malfoy in the Hospital Wing. She hadn't believed his explanation of not knowing that it had happened, she had been at Hogwarts long enough to know that he knew everything that went on within the ancient castles walls. He had tried to calm her tirade but only succeeded when he personally fire-called Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy, them not being home forced him to leave his message with their house-elf, Dobby. A sigh escaped his aged lips as he placed his tea cup onto the saucer and raised his hand to stroke his familiar, Fawkes. When his fireplace filled with green flames, he wasn't the least surprised. What does surprise him is who steps out of the flames. His hand stilled and he blinked. "Well, this is a surprise." He mumbled to the phoenix. A practiced smile appears on his lips as he cheerfully greets the eloquently dressed woman who was now standing in the middle of his office brushing off her forest green robe. "I was expecting Lucius or maybe Narcissa. But I must say that this is a pleasant surprise. You are most welcome, Bellatrix, may I call you that?" He didn't bother to wait for a reply. He had already risen and moved around his desk to properly greet his former pupil. "How is Rodolphus? Rabastan?" He inquired, politely. "They are well, I hope. No lasting effects from Azkaban?"

Bella snorted at the Headmasters cheerfulness. "My husband and his brother are well. Rodolphus is assistant to the Minister." She sniffed, distainly. "And Rabastan is traveling abroad." Being raised a Black she was forced to be polite to the Headmaster. "They are both well. Rodolphus has taken to parenthood with enthusiasm. I believe you know our son, Orion?" She inquired, innocently. This was her way of gloating over the fact that he had lost his hold on the boy the moment he was placed in their care.

"Yes, well, the Ministry obviously had the boys well being in mind when they granted you custody." The Headmasters smile faltered slightly at the mention of Orion, formerly Neville. "I do indeed know your son. He does the Gryffindor house proud. But enough of this idle

chit-chat. Oh, where are my manners?" He motioned towards the tea set on his desk. "Can I offer you a cuppa?" He questioned.

"No, thank you." Bella declined with a forced smile.

Dumbledore inclined his head. "Now that the pleasantries are out of the way, may I be as bold as to inquire why you are here?" His cheerfulness had never faded.

Bella took a step back away from the wizen wizard. "Why? Why?" She repeated in a high pitched voice, the same voice used by her son earlier in the day. A slightly insane laugh escaped from her blood red lips. "I'm here to see Severus. It has been such a long time since I've seen my dear friend that I thought it was time to catch up on old times." She rolled her brown eyes. "I'm here to see my nephew, you barmy old..." She gave him an innocent smile. "His father sent me to stay with him until he concludes his meeting with that bumbling idiot Fudge. My dear sister couldn't come since she had to be given a rather potent calming draught after she became hysterical. She took the news about her youngest son rather poorly."

Raising his white eyebrows, Dumbledore nodded in understanding. "A parents job is never easy."

"Yes, I will have to agree with you." Bella rested a hand on the back of a nearby chair and left her eyes roam around the office she hadn't seen since she was a student. "Especially with children as active and, apparently, accident prone as Draco and Draven. I believe Orion has also suffered several accidents that have landed him the Hospital Wing, he isn't so clumsy at home... come to think of it, neither are Draven and Draco." She brought her eyes back to the elderly wizard. "Lucius is growing concerned about the safety of Hogwarts students. He's beginning to wonder if he should have listened to my sister and sent the boys to Durmstrang, it, now, seems like the safest choice. No matter, the Board of Governors have been informed of his concerns. This conversation is growing old, if we are finished talking about my family, may I see Draven now?"

Dumbledore felt uneasy but at no choice was to nod. "I believe you know where the Hospital Wing is located? If not I can call upon one of the Professors to escort you, Severus perhaps?"

Bella hissed at the mention of the traitors name. "That will not be necessary, Headmaster." She ignored his plea of Call me Albus, please. "I know my way to the Hospital Wing, no need to trouble your Potions Master." With that said, she turned on her heels and yanked his door open and descended the stairs and headed for the Hospital Wing.

A sigh of relief escaped his lips as he moved around his desk and sat back down. Bellatrix Black now Lestrange was always a dark child and an even darker teenager, being a Black that was expected. The sorting hat didn't even touch her head before it was screaming Slytherin. And she did Salazar's house proud. He had hoped that some of Sirius' hatred for everything dark would rub off on his younger cousin but it hadn't. She hated her cousin, the only Black to be sorted into Gryffindor. Even Andromeda, who ended up marrying a muggleborn, had been in Slytherin. He had always suspected that it was Andromeda that had turned her younger cousin, Sirius, away from the Black family traditions. His eyes were once again drawn to his window. The sun had long since set and the sky was full of stars. He felt a sense of guilt when he thought of Sirius being accused of betraying James and Lily to Voldemort, an act that was supposed to have gotten them killed and left young Harry, his Godson, orphaned. But the truth couldn't be told then nor could it be told now. There was too much at stake especially with Sirius having escaped . No, no one could know that he was innocent, at least not yet. He was so focused on his thoughts that he never saw the shadow of a big black dog running across Hogwarts grounds.

Bella stalked through the hallways leading to the Hospital wing like a raging hippogriff. Her encounter with the crazy old Headmaster left her angry and itching to curse something. She was so angry, in fact, that once she reached the Hospital Wing, she heaved the doors open with such force that she swore something cracked. Her eyes automatically focused on the only occupied bed and she felt her breath catch at the sight. "Draven." She whispered and moved towards his bed. Tears were prickling the backs of her eyes and she pulled the nearest boy, Ron, into an embrace. "Sweet, sweet, Draven." She sobbed on his shoulder.

Ron, who hadn't seen who entered the Hospital Wing, left out a surprised squawk when he suddenly had an arm full of sobbing woman. He froze, unable to process what to do next. After several seconds and a severely red face later, he awkwardly wrapped his arms around her. "Eh, it'll be ok Bella." He still wasn't used to Bella's affectionate nature and tried to avoid her daily hugs, for the very reason he was experiencing now, whenever he stayed over at Malfoy Manor. He looked, pleadingly, to Draco for help and narrowed his eyes when he saw that the other boy was trying to hide his mirth at his situation. "Madam Pomfrey was just here, Bella." He patted her on the back. "She told us that Draven is stable." Bella seemed to sob harder and tighten her grip at this news, the complete opposite reaction Ron was going for. His eyes darted to Orion and he silently begged him to take his mother. His face felt like it was going to catch on fire and his ears explode.

Orion, feeling sorry for his red headed friend, stood and moved towards his sobbing mother. "Come mother." He pried her from Ron and lead her over to the chair he just vacated. Once she sat, he kneeled down beside her and placed a hand on her knee. "Calm yourself, mother. You are first and foremost a Black and Black's do not show weakness." He soothed. "Draven is a fighter." He looked to the bed. "He'll be alright." He stood and moved behind his mothers chair and rested his hands on her shoulders, tightening slightly in silent comfort.

Nodding, Bella removed a green, monogrammed, hanky from an inside robe pocket and dabbed her eyes. "So much like your father." She cooed, fondly. "Your absolutely right. Draven is a fighter, he's

lived through too much to give up now." Her usual crazy gleam appeared in her eyes, replacing the tears, once again.

Draco was silently observing his Aunt, waiting for her to pull herself together. "Not that I'm not thrilled to pieces to see you, but where is father and why isn't he here?" There was no sneer in his voice just curiosity and a hint of concern.

"Your father is speaking to that bumbling oaf, Fudge, right now. He's trying to get an order sent out for the boy that did this to little Draven." Bella was starting to sound like her old self again. "He was livid when it was I that informed him of Draven's hospitalization from a letter send by Orion. Then to hear it from that infernal house-elf." She sneered. "He is out for Dumbledore's head." Her eyes darted to Ron who had moved away from her. "Thank you for your comfort, Ronald." She smirked as his face, if possible, got redder. The boy was easily embarrassed and she had taken it upon herself to brake him of it whenever she saw him. A slim hand reached up and covered one of Orion's, squeezing it in thanks.

"Your welcome." Ron mumbled ,embarrassed, and moved far out of Bella's reach. He sat down in a chair beside Draco and watched mother and son. It was obvious that she not only loved her son but also her nephews. He frowned not understanding how the Wizarding World could crucify those thought to be Death Eater without really knowing or understand them. Most of Death Eaters, in fact, were married and had families that loved and cared for them. They weren't, as the Minister was fond of calling them, monsters. They were people who were fighting for a cause they believed just. Just like those who followed Dumbledore or the Ministry was. This was war and casualties were apart of war no matter who was fighting on what side. It wasn't fair. Who, really, was there to say which side was right or wrong? The Minster with his deny everything policy? Or Dumbledore with his holier than thou, goody-goody, one-sided, views? Or maybe Voldemort who wanted to eradicate a third of the Wizarding World because of who their parents were? And finally there was Draven who, slowly, had been gathering power, support and followers. He believed in a united Wizarding Word. He spoke of only grey instead of black and white. Grey was an idea that more and more were following. It meant that neither Dumbledore or Voldemort were right or wrong.

And that neither of their followers for fighting for the people, or for the Wizarding World, but rather for their leaders own personal quests. So when Ron had found out how many Death Eaters had pledged themselves to Draven, it hadn't shocked him. It wasn't shocking seeing as how the Dark Lord hadn't been seen for almost two and a half years, he sent his orders via Wormtail whereas Draven had launched two successful attacks in that time. One was launched last year over Christmas holiday and the other was at the Quidditch Cup. It was things like that that made loyalties falter and grown men and women willing to follow a mere child. He hadn't realized that he had been lost in thought until he felt a hand shaking him. "Wha?" He mumbled and blinked the glassy look out of his eyes.

"Are you alright, mate? We've been calling you for five bloody minutes." Orion asked as he moved his hand off his friends shoulder and moved back to stand behind his mother.

"Ya, Ron. You looked out of it." Draco added. "Thinking about that Ravenclaw again, was you?" He gave his friend a sly grin.

"What? No!" Ron frowned. "I would never...you...Draco!" He sputtered out in embarrassment and felt his cheeks burn.

"You fluster too easily, Ronald." Bella pointed out. "Draco shouldn't have been able embarrass you." She eyed him, critically. "But you are learning." She leaned back in her chair. "You boys have been excused from your remaining classes?"

"No one has been in here, since Draven arrived, except for us and Madam Pomfrey. Professor McGonagall was here briefly before we arrived. Besides Draven is more important than learning which weed will turn our hair blue and make our eyebrows fall out." Orion explained.

"I'm sure the Headmaster will understand." Bella airily waved her hand.

"The Headmaster may understand but it is, in the end, our choice to let them make up the missed work or just give them a zero for the day." Severus had been standing in the Hospital Wing doors for

several minutes, observing the assembled group. "I thought I saw a dementor outside the castle, now I know why. How have you been, Bellatrix?" His voice oozed distaste.

A sneer formed on Bella's lips as she rose to face the Potions Master. "I am well, Severus. And how is Dumbledore's favorite lap dog? Sniff any good arses these days or is your nose only attached to the Headmasters?"

Severus narrowed his eyes in anger. "I'd watch yourself, Bella." He sneered.

"Why? Am I going to do something fabulous?" Bella conjured a full length mirror so she could watch herself. "I know that wasn't a threat, Severus." She made the mirror disappear with a wave of her hand. "Because you are in no position to threaten a Horklump let alone me, traitor!" She hissed and pulled her wand out of her robe sleeve. "Come on, half-blood!" She sneered. "I'll give you a free shot."

"I am no traitor!" Severus hissed but made no movement to draw his own wand. Instead, he smirked. "I had wondered where the boy got it from." His eyes darted to Draven then back to Bella, having learned years ago never to let the woman out his sight. "I knew Lucius wasn't foolish enough to provoke an altercation and surely never taught his children to. And I've never seen Narcissa raise her wand to do anything except household duties. So where, I wondered, did the boy learn to provoke such a strong reaction? I should have known. Only you would have thought it important to teach your...skill...to others. How very pathetic."

Orion, who had been silently watching the exchange, stepped between the two. "Mother is not pathetic!" He hissed and straighten up to his full height, which happened to be the same as the greasy haired Potion Master. "You're the pathetic one, Professor. Instead of acting like a bloody man and serving your time in Azkaban, you went crawling to Dumbledore. Did you piss yourself in relief when he put you on your leash and saved you from becoming some blokes bitch?" He sneered. Orion had to admit that it felt good to finally let go of the small piece of his past that he had been holding onto. It was very liberating to embrace his new family and heritage fully.

Furious black eyes slowly riveted towards Orion. "What...did...you...say...boy?" Severus ground out as he took a menacing step toward Orion. "You...you know nothing! So don't pretend that you do!" He bellowed, his hand withdrawing his wand from within the folds of his robe.

"Oh, I know more than you'd think, Snivellus." Orion continued with his taunts.

Severus Snape, Potion Master, Hogwarts Professor, went completely still. His knuckles were white from gripping his wand so tightly. "Where did you hear that name?" He asked with a furious calm.

"Father told me. I believe that was your nickname while you attended Hogwarts? Mothers cousin and his friends fondly called you that, right?" He didn't bother to wait for an answer before he continued. "It is a rather ingenious nickname." Orion praised and gracefully side-stepped the curse that had been flung at him. "Tsk, ts, ts. You still think my mothers skill is pathetic?" He smirked at the look that passed over the Professors face.

"I..." Severus was confused. The blood was pounding, fiercely, in his ears and he felt the urge nay need to curse the insolent boy in front of him.

Madam Pomfrey who had seen the Professor curse Orion came rushing out of her office. "What is the meaning of this, Professor Snape!" She bellowed, hands on her hips. Her eyes darted from the assembled group of boys towards the two adults and finally rested on the prone boy in the bed. "This is a place of healing not dueling! As for dueling, she turned her furious gaze to Snape. You are suppose to be preventing cursing out of class not participating! He's just a boy!" She motioned towards Orion who had a innocent look plastered on his face and was clutching his arm to his chest. "You injured him!" She rushed over to the boy and began fussing with his arm. "Right this way dear." She ushered him onto the bed next to Draven's. "You have a pretty nasty cut there." She glared at Snape then looked back to her new patient. "I have some dittany on stock that should heal that

right up and without much scarring.” She rushed off to find the plant in question and to report Severus’ attack of a student to the Headmaster.

Bella, who hadn’t moved, snorted. “That wasn’t very smart, Severus. Orion is very capable of taking care of himself in any situation. Maybe Lucius will have to speak to the Board of Governors about getting a new, less dangerous, Potions Professor.”

Ron moved over to Orion’s bed and peered at the bleeding cut. “That looks nasty, mate. Doesn’t it Draco?”

Draco nodded his head from beside his Aunt, his eyes never leaving his Godfather, he’d have to speak to his parents about that.

“Ok, out of the way.” Madam Pomfrey pushed Ron out of the way and began to treat the deep cut. “Attacking students!” She mumbled angrily. “Really!” Carefully, she eyed her work then nodded. “There you are dear. But I want to keep you over night to make sure it’s healing properly.” She turned towards the still unconscious Draven and sighed. “Hello Bellatrix.” She finally greeted. “You are here on behalf of the Malfoys?” She questioned.

“Madam Pomfrey.” Bella inclined her head in respect. “I am, Lucius will be along in a little while. Is there anything I can do?”

Madam Pomfrey nodded. “Actually, there is my dear. I’m sure you are aware that both your nephews have the Morbus Disease. I have treated young Draven as best I can. He is stable but he hasn’t regained consciousness since he’s been brought in. I was wondering if you know the Healer that usually treats them?”

“Of course. Healer Roberto Plorn is a specialist in Morbus. I believe he works out of the second floor of St. Mungos.” Bella informed her.

“Thank you, dear.” Madam Pomfrey started to rush off to her office but stopped and turned her shrewd gaze to the still present Severus. “The Headmaster wishes to see you about your...lapse in judgement.” She turned and continued on her way.

Severus stiffly turned and strode out of the Hospital Wing, never looking back not even when he heard the insane laughter of Bellatrix Lestrange echo down the hallway behind him.

Authors Note

I hope this chapter made up for my last short one, this one is my longest. Anyways, next chapter will have Draven in, I promise. He'll be awake and everything.

I have a couple questions for you all:

Should I do another flashback/memory?

Should Lily Potter be alive and being manipulated by Dumbledore?

Should the child Lily was carrying in Draven's memory have survived and if so what should it be, boy or girl?

Should Seamus be expelled and sent to Azkaban or should Dumbledore prevent it from happening?

Ok, that's all. Please give me some feedback in your wonderful reviews.

Draven, who had regained consciousness for a brief second, slipped back into the world of darkness. "This is getting old!" He yelled in frustration. "Where the bloody hell am I?" He growled as he began to pace back and forth in the darkness like a caged animal. With a lurch, the darkness dropped away and he suddenly found himself in the middle of a living room trying to regain his balance. "Now we're getting somewhere." He rubbed his hands together and surveyed the room. It was decorated in rich reds and golds and had a large fireplace that took up almost an entire wall. Its mantle was covered with moving photographs. Draven crossed the room to get a better look. Each photo, he noted, depicted happy events. As he had suspected, he was back in the Potter's house. He picked up one of the photo's and stared at the two happy faces waving at him. "I wish I could have known you. Maybe things would have been different." He sat the picture down, suddenly feeling like an intruder, and moved away from the fireplace. "I wonder what you two were like? Aunt Bella has told me stories but it isn't the same." He whispered to the seemingly empty room. Sighing, he turned towards the doorway just as Lily Potter entered.

Lily rushed into the living room looking for her wand. Her eldest child had taken to stealing and hiding it, and everything else within reach, whenever he got his hands on it. At first she had thought that it was cute but on days, like today, when she was running late for work, she found it more annoying than cute. After turning over every couch cushion in the room, she finally found it. With a sigh of relief she headed back the way she came only to realize that she hadn't see the little thief during her search of the house. She stopped and panic seized her chest. "Harry?" She called out. "Sweetie, where are you?" Green eyes darted around the room. "Tinky!" She called out and waited for the house-elf to appear. "Tinky, have you seen Harry?" All thoughts of being late had vanished.

The house-elf, obviously female, bowed her head. "Tinky last saw Master Harry playing with the little one." She promptly replied.

The elder Potter felt her panic triple. "Harry was playing with the baby?" She questioned, carefully. From the very moment she returned from St. Mungos with the baby, Harry had made his dislike, of the newest addition to the Potter family, known. James would have

laughed at his sons antics and brushed it off as simple sibling rivalry but Lily had caught the toddler, more than once, levitating the baby high above the floor. He wasn't even two yet but had an unusual amount of control over his magic. Control he shouldn't have.

Tinky nodded her head. "The young Master was enjoying himself!" She informed Lily, cheerfully. What nobody knew, or even suspected, was that Tinky had bound herself to the one with the strongest magic, Harry. So when Lily, or anyone for that matter, asked her a question she didn't have to answer truthfully or punish herself for lying. Harry was the only one she truly served and he was only a toddler.

Without bothering to dismiss the house-elf, Lily rushed from the room. And, not for the first time, wished that James was still with her. He had only been gone for little over a month but she still missed him terribly.

Once Lily had left, Tinky turned and stuck her head under the nearest couch. "Tinky make the young Master lunch now." And with a pop, she disappeared.

Harry, who had been under the red couch for most of the day, giggled at the silly house-elf. With a thump he crawled out from under, dragging his stuffed Padfoot with him. For the second time in his young life, Harry felt a familiar presence. Green eyes searched the room and landed on the figure standing near the fireplace. Using his previous hiding place for help, he pulled himself up and toddled, a little unsteadily, towards the person. Once he reached his destination, he held his arms up, expectedly. "Up! Up!" He added, in a squeal, for good measure.

Draven who had been watching with fascination looked down in surprise. "You can see me?" He inquired as he reached down and picked the toddler up. A jolt went up his spine and he shivered. "I guess you can. I wonder why?" While he had the boy, his younger self, this close, he decided to take advantage of the situation. He had no pictures from his childhood and the Dursley's never took any of him, so this was his only chance to see what he looked like as a baby. Balancing the boy on his hip, he used his free hand to brush back the toddlers black bangs. He almost dropped his previous cargo when he

saw the jagged lightening bolt scar etched, angrily, into the flesh of the boys forehead. "This isn't possible. Where did you get this? When?" He couldn't bring himself to look away from the scar that had marred his own forehead until he came into the care of the Malfoy's and the Dark Lord, who had removed it. Green eyes met their twin and Draven suddenly felt overwhelming sadness coming from the younger boy. "What's troubling you, little one?" It felt odd being able to interact with his younger self.

Little Harry snuggled close to the teenager. "Daddy gone." He tearfully whispered. "Daddy gone, baby bad!" He tried to explain. "Mummy love baby, no Harry." He sniffled and buried his face in the older boys neck. He felt safe with this boy. He reached his own hand up and traced the scar that had become a part of him on Halloween. "Tandy Day."

"I'm sure that isn't true, little serpent." Draven used the nickname he was so fond of and realized that this was probably why he was so fond of it; he had been called little serpent long before Bella had started using it. "I'm willing to bet my inheritance that your mummy loves you very much. And that's a pretty big bet coming from a Malfoy." He smiled and rubbed the toddlers back, comfortingly.

"Ma'foy?" Harry mumbled into the neck he was, currently, nuzzled into. He lifted his head and made a face. His daddy had used that name before and he hadn't like it very much.

"Oi, none of that now!" Draven chuckled. "We Malfoy's aren't that bad." He moved over to the couch and sat down. He knew this was all impossible but right now he was enjoying getting to know what he was like as a baby. He sat little Harry on his knee, facing him. "I'm Draven Malfoy and you..." He touched his nose. "...are Harry Potter." He offered his hand to the toddler.

Harry blinked and eyed the other boy, critically, which to Draven looked comical. "aven?" He questioned then smiled and took the offered hand, inspecting it for candy. He frowned when he came up empty. "Tandy!" He demanded.

Draven smiled and pulled his hand out of the toddlers grasp. "Sorry little serpent, I don't have any candy. Now what is this about your mummy not loving you?"

"Mummy no love Harry." Harry reached out to play with the red and gold tie that hung around Draven's neck. "Mummy love baby more. Mummy weft to get baby. Daddy here wiff Harry. Daddy go bye-byes cause snake come and take Daddy. Mummy no here, baby bad!" He shoved the end of the tie into his mouth.

Grimacing, Draven didn't even try to remove his tie from the slobbery mouth. "So you have a little brother?" He inquired. This was all surreal. He hadn't even known that he had a sibling, hell he didn't even know that his mother had survived that Halloween night so long ago. But according to Harry, his mother had left to have the baby and wasn't in the house when the Dark Lord attacked. James and Harry were the only ones here and James didn't make it through the attack. He tucked this new information away to review later.

Harry shook his head furiously. "Ister." He mumbled around the mouthful of tie.

"Ister? You mean sister? You have a little sister?" Draven blinked and frowned at the look on Harry's face. "I have a brother."

"Weally?" Harry blinked. "No like?" He questioned.

"His name is Draco and he's older than me. So that makes me the baby, just like your sister." Draven was quiet for a moment. "I'm very close to my brother, I love him. And he loves me."

"No like ister. Make fly!" Harry used his hand to simulate levitating.

"You make your sister fly?" Draven chuckled. "You should be nice to her, Harry." He said seriously. "You never know when you may never get to see her again. Or maybe won't even remember having a little sister." He smiled sadly and felt goosebumps form on his arms. "No more flying, alright?" He questioned, gently pulling the tie over his head and placing it over Harry's. "Keep this safe for me, you think you can do that?"

Harry frowned but nodded. "Awight, 'Aven. No fly." He promised. "You leave." He crawled down off his lap and sat on the floor, tie still in his mouth.

"Leave?" Draven tilted his head to the side and felt a shiver run up his spine again. "So that's what that feeling is? But how did you know?" He mumbled to himself. "You be a good boy for your mummy, ok?" He looked down at his hand which was beginning to fade.

Little Harry looked towards the doorway where his mother had reentered carrying the offending baby sister.

"Harry!" Lily breathed out a sigh of relief when she finally spotted her eldest child. "You scared mummy!" She walked over to her son and kneeled down. "Don't do that again, ok Harry?" She wrapped one arm around him and pulled him into a hug. She released him after she placed a kiss on his forehead, directly over the scar. "How about I stay home today and spend time with you and Sydney? I think a trip to the park is overdo." She just noticed the Hogwarts tie that her son was chewing on. "Where did you get this, Harry?" The colors marked it as belonging to a

Gryffindor but she was sure that her's and James' were packed away in the attic.

"'Aven. 'Aven Ma'foy" Harry looked back to his new friend and gave him a sad smile. He didn't know how or why, but he knew that he wouldn't see Draven Malfoy again. He looked back to his mother and little sister. "Pak? Go pak?" He clapped his hands together in glee, he loved the park.

Draven lifted his hand and waved before the darkness once again claimed him. The last thing he heard was the voice of Lily Potter asking young Harry who, exactly, Draven Malfoy was?

Opening his eyes, Draven blinked at the sudden brightness. "Erg!" He turned his head to the side. "Where?" He mumbled and licked his dry, cracked, lips. "Where am I?" This surely didn't look like the Hogwarts

Hospital Wing. And the person dotting over him was much too young to be Madam Pomfrey.

The woman jumped and her violet eyes darted to her patient who was now awake. "I'm Healer Rouée and you don't know how happy I am to hear your voice." She smiled. "You're in St. Mungos, were transferred from Hogwarts three weeks ago when your condition suddenly turned critical. Healer Plorn was very worried." She fussed over his pillows as she spoke. "I'm sure your parents will be very relieved to hear that your awake." She turned and rushed out of the room to floo the Malfoy's and tell them their son had finally regained consciousness.

Draven took in his new surroundings. He couldn't remember anything after Seamus beat him into unconsciousness. Well, that wasn't exactly true, he could remember, in vivid detail, two very odd dreams. After a few minutes his eye lids began to feel heavy. Sleep was calling to him and he finally surrendered to it's embrace.

That's how Healer Rouée found him half an hour later when she came in to check on him and tell him that his parents would be in to see him in a few hours, it was the middle of the night after all. She cast several spells to make sure he was ok and just sleeping. The Healer smiled as she watched the steady rise and fall of his chest. "Sweet dreams, Merlin knows you need the sleep." She turned and left the room, she had other patients that had to be tended to. The boy could sleep until his parents arrived.

“Promise me you’ll listen to the Healers, Draven.” Hermione implored as she pulled away from her friend. She had been alone with Draven for a couple of hours now, since the elder Malfoy’s had left for the day, and she had found out that the youngest Malfoy had refused to leave his room and move around. The Healers were getting frustrated with his antisocial, aloof, attitude and weren’t sure he was ready to return to Hogwarts. They needed him to interact with others so they could see if he was, indeed, well enough to leave and resume his normal activities. “Please?” She begged as she sat back down and gave him her best pleading look. “Fine!” She huffed and crossed her arms over her chest. “I’ll just have to tell Draco that you’re being a stubborn sod!” Draven was amongst a handful of people that was able to frustrate her so quickly. She glanced down at her watch then looked towards the door. Being the only one allowed to leave Hogwarts to visit Draven, she was on a tight schedule.

“Why should I?” Draven pouted. “What do Healers know anyways?” He grumbled and copied her by crossing his own arms over his chest. “I don’t want to play nice with the other, pathetic, people here!” He sneered in a manner representative of the Malfoy patriarch.. “If I want to spend my days in the confines of my room that is my choice!” His voice clipped and he was growing angry at his friend for not dropping the subject,

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Honestly! You’re acting like a baby! The Healers only have your well-being in mind, Draven! They need to see you interact with others to make sure you’re ready to be amongst the Hogwarts population!” She looked to the door when she heard a soft cough, standing, she hugged Draven again and headed for the door. “If you’re going to be stubborn then I won’t come see you until this weekend!” She called out then greeted her chaperone, Mr. Weasley, who had just arrived to take her back to Hogwarts. “I’m ready.” She started down the hall.

Arthur Weasley nodded and stuck his head into the room. “How you feelings, Draven?” He inquired, knowing that Ron, Draco, and Orion would bombard him, and Hermione, with questions once they reached Hogwarts. He still didn’t understand why Draco wasn’t allowed to visit his own brother or even Orion who was the boys

cousin. How Hermione was granted permission, before family, was beyond him.

"I'm alright. Tell everyone that I should be out of here in a day or two." Draven gave his friends father a small smile. "Or I'm making a break for it!" He grumped falling back into the bad mood Hermione had placed him in with her nagging.

"Good, good. Get some rest, Draven. I'll try to stop in from time to time to see how your doing." Arthur waved and ducked out of the room to catch up with his young charge.

Draven breathed a sigh of relief once he was finally alone. Ever since he woke up, two days ago, his room had been like a circus. His parents, especially his mother, had spent almost every waking moment with him. All the attention was starting to grate at his nerves. He wanted to be left alone but he had to admit that he was glad to see his parents and even his friend. He just wished that they were in smaller doses. Laying in bed, he stared at the ceiling. "Bloody hell!" He pulled his pillow over his head and soon he drifted off to sleep, all thoughts of Healers, Hermione, and his parents forgotten, replaced by nightmares he could never remember. When he opened his eyes again, sun was steaming into his room, he wasn't alone. A woman with auburn hair was sitting at his bedside clutching his hand. He observed for a moment before clearing his throat. "Hello." He greeted, softly, cautiously.

The woman, who had been staring out the window, started at the voice. She blinked and looked to the boy in the bed, giving him a warm smile that made her eyes sparkle. "Well, hello there. Have a good sleep?" She inquired, cheerfully. "I hate to be a bother but can I have my hand back now?"

"Hand?" Draven looked back to their connected hands and realized that his earlier observation had been incorrect. It wasn't her clutching his hand but rather him clutching her hand. He felt heat rising up his neck and into his cheeks. "Sorry." He mumbled and let up on his grip so she could reclaim her hand.

“Don’t worry about it.” The woman gave his hand a little squeeze before withdrawing her hand and flexing her sleeping fingers. “How are you feeling? That must have been some dream you were having.” She asked, in a motherly tone, once her hand had regained it’s feeling.

“Eh...” Draven trailed off unable to remember what he had dreamed about last night. “I’m fine.” He assured her. “If I may, who are you?” He eyed her again. “You’re not a Healer.” He stated, simply. She didn’t wear the white robes of a Healer.

“You’re right.” She inclined her head as she settled back in the chair, having no intentions of leaving as of yet. “I’m a patient here, same as you.” She motioned towards the door. “My room is the one across from yours.” She explained. “This isn’t going to sound too glamorous but I was on my way back from the loo when I heard what sounded like crying. I couldn’t find any of the Healers to check it out so I decided to investigate myself. Once I was inside your room I realized that it was coming from you. You were struggling with your covers and crying out in your sleep. I tried to wake you and that’s when my hand was captured and held prisoner.” She gave him a smile. “I didn’t mind since you seemed to calm down at the contact. So I pulled up a chair and decided to stay until you woke up.”

Draven felt his face burning. “I am truly sorry, Miss.” He mumbled again and felt the urge to crawl under his bed in embarrassment. “How long ago was that?” He asked, sheepishly.

“A couple of hours.” She answered, promptly. “But I really didn’t mind. My daughter used to have terrible nightmares when she was little so I’m used to sitting for hours in a chair at a bedside. And none of that Miss stuff.” She made a face. “My name is Lily.”

“Lily.” Draven repeated and nodded. “Well, I suppose you’ll want to be getting back to your room now?” He questioned trying to, subtly, tell her that she could leave.

“I’m in no hurry. I won’t have any visitors until later in the day.” Lily looked around the room, taking in the decor. Her green eyes fell upon a picture on the night stand beside the bed, she hadn’t noticed it

earlier. She reached over and picked it up. The two adults in the picture were dressed in what looked like, very expensive robes and were standing stiffly, barely moving. In front of the adults were two boys which closely resembled each other and were dressed the same as the adults. They, on the other hand, were moving, waving at the camera and pushing each other. She chuckled at their antics. "Is this your family?" She recognized the boy in front of the woman in the photograph to be the boy in the bed in front of her. Her eyes moved back to the man in the photo who looked very familiar but she couldn't place him.

Draven craned his head to try and see what she was looking at. He gave her the trademark Malfoy grin. "Yes." He pointed to the people in the photo, when she lowered it for him to see, and began identifying them. "That's my mum, dad and older brother."

"You come from a very prominent family." Lily spoke her observation out loud.

"I do." Draven confirmed, amused that she didn't know who he, or his family, was.

Lily eyed the blonde haired boy as if she was just seeing him for the first time. When she spoke again, her voice had lost all the warmth that it held earlier. "Pureblood?"

Narrowing his eyes, Draven nodded. "Yes, my family is one of the oldest pureblooded families around." His voice had taken on an arrogant tone. "And you're a muggleborn. What's your point?" He stated, simply.

It was Lily's turn to answer some questions. "I am." She sat the picture back onto the night stand. "Does that bother you?" Her voice was quiet but there was a hard edge to it.

Draven frowned and leaned back against his pillows. "You sound just like Dumbledore. He once asked me if my dad approved of my friends. And I'll tell you what I told him, my dad no say over who I'm friends with. I'm friends with a muggleborn, she was visiting yesterday, and she's the smartest witch in our year. So to answer your question,

no, it doesn't bother me. Purebloods are a rarity so if you don't expand your social circle then you'll going to lead a very lonely existence."

"You know Albus Dumbledore?" Lily inquired, suddenly, with a frown.

"Doesn't everyone?" Draven answered. "Being that he is the Headmaster of Hogwarts and that I am a student there..."

Lily blinked in confusion. "Hogwarts? Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry?"

Draven was seriously beginning to think that Lily was crazy. "Eh...yes. Unless there is another Hogwarts that I am unaware of."

"That's impossible. Hogwarts has been abandoned for twelve years!" Lily exclaimed. "It never reopened after Albus Dumbledore disappeared!"

"I can assure you that Hogwarts hasn't been abandoned for twelve years and Dumbledore isn't missing. My friend Ron Weasley has older brothers that attended Hogwarts." Draven explained to the clearly distraught Lily. "If you don't believe me, you can see for yourself when he comes to see me later."

Lily tilted her head to the side trying to determine if the blonde boy was lying. "Dumbledore is coming here? Does he visit all his students that end up in St. Mungos?" Her voice still held disbelief but she wasn't so distraught.

Draven shrugged. "I don't know. I do know that he visits when it's his fault that the student ended up in St. Mungos to begin with. Plus my dad is on the Board of Governors and they aren't too happy with me getting hurt at Hogwarts." He reasoned.

This seemed to grab Lily's interest and she focused on the boy. "You're here because of Albus?" She asked in disbelief. "You got hurt at Hogwarts?"

“Don’t look so surprised. Hogwarts is safe only as long as the Headmaster likes you.” Draven said with a frown.

Lily blinked. “The Headmaster hates you?” She didn’t know Albus Dumbledore was capable of hating anybody let alone one of his students.

“Hate might be a little harsh. I’d say he doesn’t care for me or my family. I think he’s still a little sore that the sorting hat put me in Gryffindor instead of Slytherin. I was the first in my family to be placed in Godric’s house rather than Salazar’s. Dumbledore may stress house relations but he’s rather protective of his former house. I guess he thinks I’ll corrupt all the good little gryphons with my snake-like ways.” He sneered, bitterly. “Not that I really care that he dislikes me. The feeling is, entirely, mutual.” He concluded.

Silence stretched between the two. Draven had spoke his piece and Lily didn’t know what to say to his words. Until a few minutes ago she thought Hogwarts was no more and Albus Dumbledore hadn’t been seen in years.

Clearing her throat, Lily shifted in her chair. “I didn’t mean to make you angry, child. It was just a surprise to hear that Hogwarts is still in operation. My daughter turned eleven last year and she never received her Hogwarts letter.” She explained.

Draven snorted. “I am not a child, Lily. If you wish to refer to me, I suggest you use my name, Draven. And did it ever occur to you that maybe your daughter never made it onto Hogwarts registry? Maybe she is a squib or without magic altogether.” He sneered feeling irritable and moody.

“No need to be rude.” Lily chided. “Draven?” She felt the oddest feeling of deja-vu as if she had heard that name before but couldn’t remember where.

“So why are you here?” Draven steered the conversation away from Hogwarts and Dumbledore.

Lily turned her head to the side and pointed to the horrible scars that covered the left side of her face, starting just below her eye and disappearing under the neck of her St. Mungo's pajama top.

Draven eyed the scars, he didn't notice them before, with interest. "Curse damage?" He questioned once he was satisfied with his observation.

"Correct. It's been almost twelve years now and the Healers are still puzzled by why the scars and tissue damage keeps coming back after they've healed it." Lily gave the blonde boy a sad smile.

"Twelve years and it keeps coming back?" Draven blinked. "Intriguing. May I inquire who cursed you?"

"I really don't know. I have my suspicions but I can't prove it." Seeing the boys quizzical look Lily hurried to explain. "I was attacked, in my home, by a Death Eater. Like I said it was almost twelve years ago. I had just come home from work and tucked my children in when I was attacked. The Ministry investigated, of course, and concluded that the Death Eater had been hiding in my house for hours. My children, who were being cared for by our house-elf, hadn't been harmed in all that time. I remember feeling the curse hit me and then nothing. When I woke up...my oldest child was gone." She got a faraway look in her eyes.

Draven listened to her explanation carefully then frowned. That didn't sound like something a Death Eater would do, besides the Death Eaters always worked in pairs or small groups. But the damage caused by the curse did look familiar. "Have the Healers tried Acromantula venom?" If he was right, the venom was the only treatment.

"Acromantula venom?" Lily looked at the boy as if he was crazy. "Why would they've tried that?"

"Eh, my brother and I were tutored by a Potion Master when we were younger in preparation for Hogwarts. He liked to work with exotic ingredients." Draven quickly threw out the first thing that popped into his mind. "It was just a suggestion."

Lily eyed the boy suspiciously. "Acromantula venom?" She seemed to consider his suggestion. "I'll speak with Healer Quinn about it later." During her conversation with Draven, she noticed that the boy acted much older than a third year. She opened her mouth to ask him about it but was stopped by a noise near the door. Her eyes turned away from the boy and landed on the eloquently dressed Narcissa Malfoy. "Can I help you?" She stood and faced the woman, placing herself between her and the boy.

Narcissa sniffed in distaste before a cool smile appeared on her thin lips. "Yes, you can tell me who you are and what you are doing in my sons room?" She sneered and entered the room with her nose held high. She stopped at the end of the bed and turned to address her son. "Has this person been bothering you, Draven?"

Frozen, Lily could only stare at the woman she had attended Hogwarts with. Her eyes darted to the photograph she had looked at earlier and sure enough, the woman in the photo was indeed Narcissa Black now Malfoy. She had been so focused on the father that she only glanced over the mother. "This is your son?" She finally managed to ask.

Draven spoke before his mother had a chance. "She isn't bothering me, mother. I was bored and she was kind enough to keep me company." He, smoothly, lied. "She's in the room across from mine." He added for good measure.

"Well then since I am here, she no longer needs to keep you company." Narcissa said firmly as she asserted herself as the boys mother. "And to answer your question, Miss, I am his mother."

Lily looked from the boy to the woman then back again. She see his resemblance to Narcissa. All this time she had been speaking to a member of the Malfoy family, one of the darkest families in the wizarding world, and enjoying it.

"Her name is Lily, mother." Draven soothed, trying to get his mother to back down in her assertiveness. "The Healers have been pushing me to interact with others." He pointed out in disgust.

Narcissa raised an eyebrow. "I believe they wished you to interact with boys and girls around your age. Not with someone...older."

Draven rolled his eyes. "Mother..." He growled and pinched the bridge of his nose. "I have not seen anyone my age. Dumbledore hasn't been considerate enough to send me a companion."

"Hermione was here, was she not?" Narcissa has softened slightly.

"You're Lucius Malfoy's son?" Lily knew that Narcissa had son but she was sure the boy wasn't named Draven.

Narcissa turned back to the woman whom she had dismissed but was still there. "I can assure that Draven is, indeed, Lucius' son. Do you care to question the paternity of my other son, Draco, as well?" She hissed.

"Lily, maybe it would be best that you leave." Draven gave the red head a small smile. "And yes, Lucius Malfoy is my father."

Lily seemed to hesitate before vacating the room, lost in thought, and returning to her own.

"St. Mungos seem to let anyone in these days." Narcissa moved around the bed and sat in the chair Lily had occupied.

Draven glared at his mother. "You could have been a little nicer. She wasn't harming anything." He grumped. "And yes, Hermione was here. But Dumbledore didn't give her a lot of time to visit. He still won't let Draco, Ron, or Orion visit?"

Narcissa sighed and relaxed into her mothering role. "No, he doesn't trust them apparently. But your father is working on it. The Board of Governors are already upset, he might be able to use their sympathy to get the boys permission." She waved a hand, boredly. "Now tell me about that woman." She calmly, demanded.

"There is nothing to tell!" Draven huffed and settled back against his pillows. This was going to be a very long day, he could feel it.

Authors Note

Finally! I'm sorry it took so long but this was the chapter that refused to be written!

I think I went through like five-six versions before I settled on this. It's basicly what I had in mind for the chapter. It's also my longest chapter for this story. I hope you like it.

As always, REVIEW!

Draven looked up from his Charms homework when he heard a familiar voice out in the hall. He rolled up his parchment and set it along with his Charms book and self-inking quill onto his bedside table. He knew, from experience, that if he wanted his homework to make it through this visit, it had to be out of the way.

With a loud bang, the door to Draven's room flew open and Bellatrix Lestranger stepped into the room. "Draven!" She rushed to his bed and gathered the teenager into her arms. Pushing him back slightly, she gave him a once over. "You're way too thin. Are they starving you?" She demanded to know then, not waiting for his answer, turned and headed for the door.

"Wait! Where are you going?" Draven questioned, head reeling from his Aunt's abrupt release from her arms.

"To give those inept Healers a piece of my mind. I shall enjoy cursing them for starving you!" Bella exclaimed while rubbing her hands together in insane glee at the thought of cursing someone so early in the day.

Draven smiled, fondly. "Bella, they are not starving me. I get three adequate meals a day. I choose not to consume the food provided." He explained. "I haven't been very hungry these days." He shrugged. "So no cursing the Healers. I would not enjoy having to arrange your escape...release from Azkaban." He stressed.

Bella seemed to consider his words before turning and sitting down in one of his visitor's chairs. "Really, little serpent, how are you doing? Cissa told me that she caught a woman, old enough to be your grandmother, sweet talking you." She raised a perfect eyebrow. "My wittle Draven is all grown up and being courted by the Hags." She sniffed and used the edge of her traveling cloak to dab her eyes.

"I'm fine, Bella." Draven frowned. "And Lily wasn't sweet talking me nor was there any courting going on!" He sighed. "You know how mother likes to exaggerate things. We were only talking and she left shortly after mother arrived. And I hardly think Lily is old enough to be my grandmother. I believe she is younger than mother." It was his

turn to raise an eyebrow. "Can you believe that she didn't know Dumbledore was Headmaster at Hogwarts?"

"Who? Your mother?" Bella intentionally misunderstood and corrected herself upon receiving a glare that the boy had to have learned from his father. "Lily?" She tilted her head to the side. "I thought everyone knew that the meddling old goat was Headmaster." She shrugged. "I suppose if someone lived under a rock..." She trailed off.

Draven rolled his eyes then smiled. "I have missed you, Bella." He whispered, suddenly. "This year had been a disaster." His voice sounded tired and strained. "I long for the days when you would take Draco and I out amongst the muggles and cause panic. Remember the riot of nineteen-eighty-eight?"

Bella smiled. "How could I forget?" An insane gleam appeared in her eyes at the memory. "They still don't know where all those elegants came from."

"Elephants." Draven automatically corrected. "That was a good day." He sighed.

"Are you sure you're alright?" Bella was worried for her surrogate son and nephew. He didn't seem like himself.

Draven shrugged. "I'm fine, Bella. You worry too much." He dismissed her concern.

Bella shook her head. "I worry because the others won't, little serpent."

"The others do not worry because they know I can take care of myself." Draven asserted firmly. "Enough of this. Tell me what is to become of Orion? Mother told me he is facing expulsion."

"He is." Bella wanted to argue but knew the subject of his health and well-being was closed. "He had a row with everyone's favorite traitor. That greasy git cursed my son and it is Orion who is facing punishment!" She snorted at the injustice of it

“What of Finnigan?” Draven inquired, calmly. He had nothing, as of yet, to say about Snape.

Bella sat back in her chair and smoothed the wrinkles from her robe. “They half-blood is being protected by Dumbledore, which was expected. But his influence isn’t what it used to be. He saved the little heathen from an Azkaban sentence but he has been, thus far, unsuccessful in getting the Board of Governors to reconsider their expulsion ruling. If all goes well, the boy will be out of Hogwarts by the weekend.” She happily reported.

“Dumbledore should have left him go to Azkaban, he would have been safe there.” Draven fell silent for a moment. “Once he is away from Hogwarts and Dumbledore’s protection, I want you to lead an attack against him and his family.” He spoke freely, knowing all rooms in St. Mungos were warded and charmed for privacy. “I want the entire Finnigan bloodline eliminated.” His voice was cold. “Severus will be taken care of as soon as I return to Hogwarts, is that understood?” He knew his Aunt well enough to know that she was probably planning revenge against the Potions Professor for attacking her son.

“I...” Bella didn’t know what to say. “I’d be honored!” She felt tears well up in her eyes. Draven was trusting her with an attack. He was basically showing the others that she held his favor. “The Finnigan’s will be destroyed, little serpent.” She was loyal to the boy more so than her other master, whom had been silent for far too long. “And Severus will not be harmed.” That was harder to say since she wanted the traitor to suffer but she did trust Draven to take care of his family and all those who threatened and opposed them.

Draven nodded his head and looked towards his door, lost in thought. “Lily told me her daughter turned eleven last year and never received her Hogwarts letter.” He began, working something out aloud. “She didn’t know Hogwarts was still an active school or that Dumbledore was still around.” He looked at Bella. “Someone lied to her then went to a lot of trouble to make sure she never found out the truth.” He tapped his chin with a finger. “I want to know who she is and why

someone would go to so much trouble to keep her in the dark about Dumbledore and Hogwarts.”

Bella nodded. “I’ll see to it immediately.” She rose and leaned down, kissing his forehead. “I’ll see to it.” She turned and exited his room heading towards the Healers room. She had some questions that needed answered and some unknowing Healer was going to tell her everything she wanted to know.

“You do that.” Draven spoke to the empty room and leaned back against his pillows. A genuine smile spread across his lips. He felt better than he had in days. Yes, this year was definitely looking up.

"Have you seen the Daily Prophet today?" Lucius asked as he sipped his morning tea.

Narcissa sat her tea cup down. "I thought you said the Daily Prophet was nothing but rubbish?"

Lucius sat his empty cup down and didn't even flinch when it disappeared from the table. "It usually is but on rare occasions they do print something of value." He folded the paper he had been reading and handed it to his wife. "Your sister made the front page."

"Bella?" Narcissa took the paper and glanced down at the folded paper, eyes scanning the story. "So this is what she's been busy with." She mumbled.

"It would appear that Draven isn't as...hesitant...as we first thought." Lucius replied. "He must have assigned Bella this task while he was still in St. Mungos. Why he would put her in charge of such a task is beyond me." He grumbled as he viciously bit into his toast.

Narcissa looked up from the paper and eyed her husband. "You're jealous of Bella!" She was amused by this revelation. "Whatever for?"

Lucius glared at his wife. "I am not jealous of your sister. I am just curious as to why he picked her over someone more...reliable."

"Someone like you, perhaps?" Narcissa gave her husband a understanding smile.

"No...not someone like me." Lucius sighed. "But why Bella of all people?"

Narcissa reached across the table and padded her husbands hand. " You are jealous!" She was silent for a moment before continuing. "Draven is very fond of Bella, you know that. She is the first mother he has memories of." She soothed. "Besides, my sister was perfect for this task. You know how she loves to torture and curse those she feels have insulted her or her family. And the Finnigan boy did almost kill her beloved nephew. The boy knew that she would not rest until her mission had been successful." She motioned towards the paper.

“And her mission has been successful. It says here that the entire Finnigan family has been wiped out, even those abroad. It may have taken her two months but she succeeded where others might have failed.” She pointed out.

Lucius seemed to consider Narcissa’s words, very carefully, before sighing. “You are right as usual, love.” He gave her a fond smile. “

“Of course I am.” Narcissa handed him back the paper. “Now, on to business. How are the boys lessons coming along?”

Grateful for the change in subject, Lucius sat back in her chair and popped the last of his toast into his mouth. “Their lessons are proceeding nicely. Tutor Dobbs was more than happy to finish their third year schooling. He thought it was a great injustice that Orion was expelled for the remainder of the year and that Draven wasn’t allowed to return until next term. Dumbledore apparently sent him a request for his tutoring records on the boys. He viewed that as a great insult and was more than thrilled to do this favor for us. He also thought it was very noble of the three Weasley boys and Draco to protest Orion and Draven’s unfair treatment and to refuse to return to Hogwarts until their friends and family were allowed to return as well.”

Narcissa frowned. “It was very noble of them but I can’t help but feel slighted. Hogwarts is a very prestigious magical school and this absence will be noted on their records. Records that will follow them into their adult lives. Draven and Orion didn’t have a choice was Draco and the others did...”

Lucius cut her off. “They did what was right, love. They are protesting Dumbledore. By doing this they have opened the Wizarding Worlds eyes to what is really going on within Hogwarts walls and that Dumbledore isn’t as...noble or righteous as they all think. You cannot fault them for doing the right thing, Narcissa. If you do, you are no better than Dumbledore.”

With a sigh, Narcissa stood. “I am a mother, it is not unreasonable that I worry for them. All of them.” She turned and left the room in search of her two children, nephew, and their friends.

“As do I.” Lucius stood and followed her out of the dinning room. He had business to attend to at the Ministry.

“What aren’t you tell me, Bella?” Draven questioned. Bella had returned the previous day from her two month long hunt and since she had time to rest Draven had asked her for a full report. But he could tell, as she spoke, that she was holding something back. Something she was hesitant to tell him. “Did something happen with the Finnigan’s?” He wagered a guess.

“No, of course not. They didn’t even put up a fight.” Bella hurried to assure him. “It’s about the woman from St. Mungos. The one you asked me to gather information on.”

Draven sat back on the couch and waited for her to continue. “What about her?” He prompted when she didn’t immediately speak.

Bella sighed knowing that she had to tell him. She copied his, relaxed, posture. “Lily Evans is a muggleborn witch. Her parents were as normal as muggles could be. She has one sister and no brothers. Minerva McGonagall was her mentor during her seven years at Hogwarts which isn’t odd since she was in Gryffindor. She was prefect in her fifth year and Headgirl in her seventh.” She hesitated to tell him the next part. “She married the Headboy shortly after graduating and they had two children. According to her, her elder child, a son, was kidnaped by Death Eaters. Her daughter is twelve and is currently being taught at home, which is in London, since she did not receive a Hogwarts acceptance letter. She was there when ‘Cissa and I were but we didn’t associate since we were Slytherins.” She felt proud of herself for so cleverly skipping over some of the information.

“I detest guessing games, Bella.” Draven’s voice was cold. If this had been anyone else, he would have cursed them by now.

“Fine! You want to act all grown up? She’s your mother, Draven!” Bella hissed out in anger. “I thought as much when ‘Cissa told me about her but I thought it impossible until I found out her surname.” She was angry at him for being short with her.

Draven raised an eyebrow and gave her a fond smile. “Put the claws away, Bella, I only wanted you to tell me the truth. I rely on you for honesty since others sugar coat things because of my age. Now, are

you feeling alright? I thought you just said that she's my mother? I am your nephew by your sister who is my mother. You do know that, right?" He was worried that maybe the Finnigan's had hit her with a curse.

Bella growled in frustration. "I know 'Cissa is your mother, Draven." She pinched the bridge of her nose. "Lily Evans married James Potter right out of Hogwarts. She's your biological mother."

"That's not possible." Draven quickly denied. "The Potters were destroyed by my father." He felt something tugging at the back of his mind but he pushed it away to concentrate on Bella and what she was telling him.

"I am not lying, little serpent." Bella's voice softened. "I made sure my suspicions were confirmed. She is Lily Potter or Evans, as she goes by now. I don't know how it's possible but it is."

Draven got a faraway look in his green eyes as the tugging increased and he was assaulted by forgotten memories. "She wasn't home on Halloween night. That's the night she gave birth to her daughter. James and I were the only ones home."

Bella blinked then blinked again. "How do you know that?"

"A little snake told me." Draven blinked to clear his head and sighed. "So she's my birth mother? Does this new development cause us problems?"

"Only if she finds out who you are." Bella was surprised that he was taking this so well.

Draven looked at his Aunt. "She can challenge the adoption?" He asked.

Bella shook her head. "No, the Ministry passed a law when the Dark Lord first started to gather followers. It was enacted to protect the children of convicted and suspected Death Eaters. Back then children were taken away from families if a member was convicted of being a loyal follower of the Dark Lord or even if there was suspicions of

where their loyalties lay. The children were adopted by neutral families and the Ministry wanted to make sure that their biological parents could never get custody of them. Lily could never challenge the adoption but she could demand parental rights and the right to be legally known as your birth mother. If that were to happen then everyone would know who you are and that would cause you, us, problems.”

“Yes, it would.” Draven tapped a finger against his chin, thinking. “But maybe it’s time for us to stir up a few waves. She thinks that Death Eaters kidnaped her son but obviously...” He spread his arms out. “Obviously I was not taken by Death Eaters because I ended up with the Dursley’s and they are as muggle as one could get without being...cruel. So she was lied to but by who?” He was speaking to himself, now, more than Bella. “By the same person that told her Hogwarts had closed and that Dumbledore had disappeared?”

“It’s possible but why would anyone want her to think that Death Eaters kidnaped her son? What was there to gain by that?” Bella questioned.

Draven tilted his head to the side. “Because if she thought Death Eaters took her son then there would be no way for her to search for him. She would have had to just accept that he probably would never be seen again. It was a brilliant deception.” He frowned. “And who do we know that is brilliant at lying, deceiving, and meddling?”

Bella sneered. “Dumbledore.” She hissed. “The old fool kidnaped you and placed you with a family that he knew would abuse and neglect you. He was controlling your life, molding you into what he wanted. But the old goat failed and the Dursley’s abandoned you.”

“Exactly.” Draven looked towards the living room fireplace as it filled with green flames and someone stepped out. “Father.” He greeted as Lucius Malfoy brushed the soot off his robe. “Have you been successful?” His eyes filled with childish anticipation.

Lucius sniffed. “Of course I have been successful.” He brushed the last of the soot off then removed his traveling cloak. “I was able to

arrange the misplacement of the item. But it was difficult, you'd be surprised at how many Ministry officials are still loyal to Dumbledore." He sat down in a large green chair.

Draven inclined his head. "That will be all Bella. We will continue this later." He waited until she left the room before speaking again. "Who did you...?"

"Who did I get to misplace the item?" Lucius interrupted his youngest son. "Surprisingly, it was an Auror that agreed to assist me."

"Auror? How did you manage that?" Draven couldn't remember any Auror's who was loyal to him.

Lucius smirked. "I didn't have to manage anything. She's family and apparently wishes to be known as such."

Draven blinked. "Family? Who in the family..." He trailed off as it dawned on him who his father was talking about. "Aunt Andromeda's daughter? What's her name? Dora? Adora?" He really couldn't remember his estranged cousins name.

"You're being too nice with the names. I believe her name is Nymphadora but she likes to be called by her surname." Lucius explained.

"Why would she help us? I thought Aunt Andromeda is loyal to Dumbledore?" Draven questioned.

Lucius made a face. "The girl would not shut up during our meeting and from her babbling I was able to gather that she had a falling out with her mother and father. She hasn't spoken to either of them since she finished her Auror training, three months ago. Dobby should be in the dungeons with your item. His magic isn't traceable so it was easier to have him transport it." He wasn't surprised to see the boy race from the room like Father Christmas had just visited.

Draven jumped off the couch and raced out of the living room and towards the dungeons. He felt like a kid at Christmas. He descended the dark, moss covered stairs, that lead into the dungeons, two at a time. Once he was in the dungeon, he briefly thought that he should have inquired which of the rooms his precious item was being kept in. With a frown, he began to make his way down the, dark, damp, corridor. He stopped at each room, taking his time to survey the space before moving on to the next. He didn't have to go very far before he came upon the correct room. Taking a deep breath, he opened the door and stepped inside. The room was lit by a single torch and looked to be empty except for a pile of rags in the corner. He moved, carefully, towards the rags and stopped a safe distance away. "Hello Mister Black or is it Sirius? May I call you Sirius?" He didn't wait for an answer before continuing. "Do you know where you are, Sirius?"

The pile of rags moved and a shaggy head of black head poked out. "No." His voice was gruff from years of non-use. Gray, fathomless, eyes peered out of matted black bangs. "You look familiar." He wheezed.

"I suppose I do. We are family." Draven cheerfully told the older man. "I was able to arrange your misplacement and you're currently at Malfoy Manor. It is very safe, I can assure you."

"Malfoy Manor?" Sirius narrowed his eyes. "Lucius..." He began but was cut off by the boy.

Draven gave him a small smile. "Is my father and Narcissa, your cousin, is my mother."

Sirius shifted until his back was against the wall. "Why?" Was all he could ask.

"Because I wasn't about to let an innocent man be taken back to Azkaban." Draven sighed and moved a little closer.

"How do you...know...that I am innocent?" Sirius rested his head against the wall, eyes staring at the ceiling. "No one else thinks I am." His voice was full of sadness.

Draven kneeled beside Sirius, ignoring the stench that was emanating from the other man. "You were James Potters closest friend, his surrogate brother, I don't, can't, believe that you sold him and his family out to the Dark Lord. You were young Harry's Godfather, weren't you?"

Sirius let out a howl of sadness at the mention of little Harry. "So innocent." He sniffled as tears ran down his waxy skin.

"You didn't hurt them. They were your family too." Draven gave him a sad smile. "What if I were to tell you that Harry survived that night?"

The tears stopped and Sirius looked at the boy. "Why should I believe you, a Malfoy?" Sirius hissed in anger. "Your family is as dark as they come!" He roared.

Draven just waited, calmly, for Sirius to finish his tirade. "Perhaps but it wasn't my family that arranged your incarceration in Azkaban for a crime you did not commit. That honor goes to Dumbledore, not once but twice!" He was silent for a moment before standing and heading back towards the door. "I'll be back in a couple of days to speak with you again. That will give you time to think about what I have said." He threw over his shoulder as he pulled the door open and stepped out, checking to make sure it locked behind him. He strode out of the dungeon, stopping only briefly to tell Dobby that he needed to feed and bath their guest. This encounter had left him more shook up than he appeared and he needed time to himself to sort out all his thoughts and feelings.

Dobby moved around the kitchen, filling a platter with a variety of food. Once he was satisfied, he disappeared with a pop and reappeared in the only occupied dungeon room. "Dobby come with food for guest!" He said cheerfully as he set the platter on a small table he had been allowed to bring into the room. "Guest must eat or Master Draven will be very disappointed." He chided when the man in the corner didn't move.

Sirius ignored the little house-elf, hoping he'd go away. "Why must you always keep coming back?" He finally asked seeing that the house-elf wasn't leaving.

"Dobby tells you everyday but will tell again. Master Draven has asked Dobby to look after his guest. Dobby is a good house-elf and listens to Master Draven." Dobby explained. It had been a week since Draven had given him his instructions and everyday for the week the man had asked him the same question. "Now will you eat?"

Sighing, Sirius reached over and took a small cake from the tray and waved it at the house-elf. "Happy now, mother?" He grumbled as he took a bite.

Dobby gave the man a large smile. "Dobby is." He nodded his head. "Master Draven will be pleased."

"I take it that Master Draven is the boy that visited me when I first arrived?" Sirius asked, sarcastically.

"Master Draven visited guest when Dobby brought him here." Dobby confirmed.

Sirius took another bite and silently observed the little creature. "My family had a house-elf but I don't recall him being so fond of one of his younger masters. You do serve the entire Malfoy family, don't you? You carry-out all their dark commands? Punish yourself when you show one iota of independence?"

Dobby narrowed his eyes, insulted. "Dobby is good house-elf. Serve Malfoy family for many years. Dobby's family is good to Dobby."

Master Draven no allow Dobby to punish self. Master Draven good Master!" He turned away from the man, intent on leaving.

"Wait!" Sirius sighed. "I didn't mean to...offend you. Tell me about Draven?"

A smile almost split Dobby's face in half. "Master Draven is good to Dobby. Dobby is happy to serve Master Draven."

Sirius tilted his head to the side. "Ok, I get it. You adore Draven. But what about the others?" He inquired, innocently. This was his way of getting information.

Dobby seemed to seriously consider the question. "Mistress Bella dislikes Dobby." He finally said.

"Mistress Bella?" Sirius inquired. "You can't mean that Bellatrix Lestrange is one of your Masters."

"Dobby serves all residents of the Manor including Mistress Bella, hers husband, and son." Dobby replied, innocently.

Sirius felt his world screech to a halt. "Son? Bella has a son? That isn't possible." He was positive that Bella couldn't have children.

Dobby eyed the man. "Guest has been in the dark prison for along time. Mistress Bella has one son, Dobby knows. Dobby serves the youngest Lestrange by order of Master Draven."

"What's his name?" Sirius asked in a small voice.

"Dobby should go." Dobby disappeared with a pop, leaving Sirius alone once again.

Healer Edmond Rouez paced the tiled floor, waiting for his one o'clock appointment to arrive. This was his first dealings with one of St. Mungos biggest contributors, the Malfoys. He wiped his sweaty palms on his white robe and willed himself to calm down and relax. A

clearing of a throat behind him, caused him to jerk and slam his leg into a nearby bench. With a wince, he turned towards the source of the cough, retort failing to leave his lips. "Young Master, you're early." He plastered a rather weak, fake, smile onto his lips and ignored the throbbing in his injured limb.

Draven had stood, silently, observing the young Healer for several before making his presence known. "It is better to be early than late, Healer." His voice was silky and smooth. "Have you done as I asked?" He inquired as he started down the hallway, not waiting for the Healer.

"I must say that your request was rather odd but it was carried out." The Healer rushed after the young Malfoy, limping painfully. "Her family wasn't too happy about being barred from her room but we made sure that they stayed out. Do you have it?"

"I would not have agreed to bring it if I didn't have it." Draven asked as he removed a small vile from the folds of his robe and handed it to the Healer. "Acromantula venom as promised. It's the purest form I was able to procure. And rather expensive, so don't drop it." He slowed his strides when he came upon the room in question. "You will use it to treat her, against her wishes if need be, understood?" He asked once they stopped in front of the door.

Healer Rouez nodded and entered the room without another word. He was just happy to get away from the youngest Malfoy, he was rather...intimidating for a child.

Draven rolled his eyes and turned towards the occupied bench. Cool eyes scanned over the two seated figures. "Professor." He greeted when he identified the adult as Remus Lupin, Hogwarts Defense Against the Dark Arts Professor. "Fancy seeing you here."

"Professor?" The other figure, a girl, had turned towards her adult companion. "You, a teacher?" She snorted then turned to address the blonde boy. "I think you are mistaken. Uncle Remus is far from Professor material. I'm Roslin, by the way. I don't believe I caught your name." She held out her hand.

His emerald green eyes turned to the girl and he tilted his head to the side, sneer sliding onto his lips. "You're under the mistaken impression that I have given my name." Draven eyed the outstretched hand with cool disdain. "And I am not mistaken about your Uncle." He crossed his arms over his chest and turned away from the girl.

The girl, Roslin, dropped her hand and gave her Uncle a confused look. "How can one boy be so rude?" She inquired in a stage whisper.

Remus Lupin bit his tongue to keep from lashing out against the boy who had brushed his Goddaughter off. "Rosi, I'd like to introduce you to Draven Malfoy. Draven, this is Roslin Evans. This is her mothers room."

Draven turned back around. "Lily spoke of a daughter." Was all he said in reply and didn't even flinch when a scream tore from the closed room.

Roslin jumped up and darted to the door and tugged but the door didn't budge. "Mum!" She yelled and turned wild eyes on the boy. "What are they doing to her! Why are you here?" She demanded to know.

One, perfect, eyebrow raised. "They are healing her, I imagine. That is what Healers do." Draven said, sarcastically. His cold eyes turned to his Professor. "I suggest you control her, sir."

"That's enough, Rosi." Remus glared at the boy that looked and smelled familiar. "Why are you here?"

Draven turned his nose in the air and for a moment considered not answering but thought otherwise. "I am here to repay a debt. She helped me and now I am returning the favor. A Malfoy always repays a debt." He glanced towards the door when another scream tore through the privacy wards on the door. "The curse damage on her face was caused by very dark magic so the treatment is equally painful but she will be fine."

Remus sagged against the bench, tiredly. "Why do you care, you're a Malfoy. They don't help others unless there is something in it for them." He mumbled in an equally tired voice.

Anger blazed in his green orbs. "I told you, I had a debt to repay!" Draven hissed in anger. "You're one to talk, you didn't even try to help me when Finnigan attacked! There must have been nothing in it for you, werewolf, like there was nothing in it for you to try and stop one of your best friends from going to Azkaban for something he didn't do! You should take a nice long look in the mirror someday. See if you like what you see."

Remus froze and his eyes darted to Roslin then back to Draven. "You don't know what you're talking about." He lowered his voice to just above a whisper.

Draven rolled his eyes. "I know enough, wolf. Oh yes, I know what you are. It wasn't hard to figure out." He smirked.

"What are you going to do?" Remus inquired, his attention focused, solely, on the boy.

"That is the question, isn't it?" Draven tapped his chin. "Obviously, it wouldn't do any good to tell Dumbledore. My family does have influence within the Ministry. There is a vote coming up, I believe. A vote on what to do with the alarming number of dark creatures living amongst us. I don't know if you knew this or not but Fenrir Greyback is a close family friend. Our vote has always gone to him and his causes. I would hate to have to tell him that it was you that caused our vote to be...misplaced. I don't think you have anything to worry about, he loves children." His eyes darted to Roslin and he grinned rather devilishly.

Remus paled considerably. "Leave her out of this, Malfoy! She has nothing to do with any of this!"

Draven locked eyes with the older man. "Why should I? You apparently think life is expendable or is that just my life? The life of brother? Cousin?" He raised an eyebrow. "Ah, I see. You're willing to sacrifice the lives of those children you view as the enemy. Loyalty to

Dumbledore is no different than loyalty to the Dark Lord. Each side is blindly fighting for their leaders.” He shook his head. “I can assure you that Dumbledore is willing to sacrifice everyone for his cause, even her.” He pointed to Roslin. Right now he didn’t care who heard him, he wasn’t saying anything incriminating. “As for her having nothing to do with any of this...she has everything to do with it or Dumbledore wouldn’t have gone to so much trouble to keep her out of he wouldn’t have staged the kidnaping of her brother only to place him with his muggle relatives!” He turned on his heels and stalked down the hallway, away from the small family. His hatred for Dumbledore had tripled.

Roslin stuck her head out the door and surveyed the Acoven courtyard recovery area, brown eyes searching for the strange boy that had upset her uncle so. Having located her target, she stepped outside and onto the lush green grass and strode over to a large oak tree that stood in the very center of the outdoor area. "I thought I'd find you here." She said cheerfully once she was in earshot.

Draven, having been lost in thought startled at being addressed. "Stalking is a crime, you know?" He growled out but never moved from his place against the tree.

"I'm not stalking you." Roslin questioned, innocently. "I just came out here to get a little fresh air and happened to run into the boy that seems to have taken over my mum's care." She raised an eyebrow. "Why are you out here? I thought just patients and their families are allowed in the Acoven? The Healers told me that they aren't even allowed to come here."

"If you must know." Draven began, with a sniff, and pointed to a plaque that was directly behind him on the tree. "My father donated the galleons to create this courtyard. I might not have a loved one here but we Malfoy's are big contributors so that means I could close this courtyard down and throw the biggest party known to the Wizarding World and there isn't anyone here that's going to even attempt to stop me."

Roslin blinked not believing him. "No one, especially a kid, has that much power." She began, warily.

Draven frowned and crossed his arms, defensively, over his chest. "No? And you would know, right half blood?" He sneered. "The name Acoven wasn't just picked out of thin air, you prat. Acoven is a mix of my name, Draven, and my brothers name, Draco. It's the last three letters of our first names put together. Draco's is first because he is the eldest and mine second."

"You have a older brother?" Roslin, not knowing that she had been insulted, asked.

“Yes, I have a elder brother. Isn’t that what I just said?” Draven rolled his eyes. “He’s older by an entire minute.” Seeing the girls confused look he sighed. “We’re twins.” It had been decided to tell people, if they didn’t know the situation, that the boys were twins. It was easier to explain than going into detail about the adoption ritual. It also saved on bothersome questions.

Roslin tilted her head to the side. “A twin brother? That has got to be wicked! I don’t have any siblings.” She frowned. “I wish I did.”

Draven eyed the girl. “Surely you know about Harry?”

“I do but mum doesn’t talk about him and neither does anyone else. I asked once, when I was little, but it made mum cry so I never asked again.” Roslin looked down at her sneakers. “Uncle Remus told me that Harry isn’t ever coming back so I never tell people about him.”

“Then you do him a great injustice.” Draven shook his head. “By not speaking of him or asking questions, you are doing exactly what the person who took him wants. What if he’s still out there? Would you like to know him?” He questioned, curious as to the answer.

Roslin looked up. “Of course I would! He is my brother! But it’s been years and the chances of him being found are nonexistent!”

Draven was growing angry. “Of course the chances are nonexistent because noone is looking! No one has ever looked or they would have found him! They would have saved him from the pitiful excuse of a life he was leading!” He growled.

“What are you talking about?” Roslin was confused. If she didn’t know better, she could have sworn that this boy actually knew her brother.

For the first time in his life, Draven felt tired. How had his life gotten so complicated in such a short period of time? “Harry was a small boy, with sad green eyes, that never knew the love or warmth of a family. He was six years old when his Aunt and Uncle, that’s who he lived with, decided it was time to...dispose...of their freak of a nephew.” He fell silent.

Roslin was in shock. "Aunt and Uncle?" She seemed to think for a moment. "Mum has a sister but they haven't spoken for years. Why would a Death Eater take him there?" She was confused as much as she was in shock.

Draven snorted. "Harry was not taken by Death Eaters." He stated calmly. "Voldemort was gone so there was no one to order the kidnaping. Death Eaters never do anything unless they are told to. They are notoriously simple minded, well most of them anyway."

"Don't say his name!" Roslin hissed. "Are you calling my mum a liar? She saw the person and it was a Death Eater!" She stomped her foot.

"Did it never occur to anyone to ask if the Ministry or Dumbledore have spies within the Death Eater ranks? Your brother could have been taken by either. But I'm willing to bet Dumbledore, after all, your mum seems to think he's been missing since young Harry disappeared." Draven easily explained.

Roslin opened her mouth to retort but it snapped shut as she considered his words. "Death Eaters didn't take Harry?" She asked in wonder. "Why Dumbledore?"

Draven shrugged. "He likes to be in control. He isn't very different from Voldemort." He paused when she hissed at the name. "Fear of a name only increases the fear of the person. It's rather foolish really when he can't hurt you or anyone for that matter." He looked up when a loud chime sounded. "Ah, looks like your mum's treatment is complete." He turned and walked away from the girl and towards the doors.

"Wait!" Roslin rushed after Draven. "What do you mean he can't hurt me or anyone? He killed my father and tried to do the same to my brother!" She grabbed his arm to make him stop. "I read about the attack at the Quidditch cup last year, a lot of people got hurt. So how can you be so...sure?" She felt a chill creep up her spine.

Green eyes darted to the hand holding onto his arm. "I don't like to be touched." He said in a whisper. Draven looked up into brown eyes

when the hand was quickly removed. "The Dark Lord is no more." He said quietly and moved closer to the girl, a glint in his eyes. "You see, my dear Sydney, he got some blood that didn't quite agree with him." With that said he turned and stepped inside before she could stop him again.

Roslin stood there in stunned shock. The first question that popped into her mind wasn't how he knew that he-who-must-not-be-named was gone but rather how he knew her real name. No one called her Sydney anymore and she was sure that her Uncle had introduced her as Roslin, her middle name. She stared at the open door and felt a sudden urge to find out all she could about the strange boy. With a surge of determination, she stepped inside and headed back to her mothers room. Draven Malfoy had some serious questions to answer and she wasn't going to leave him alone until she got her answers.

Draven didn't say a word to the Healer or Remus as he entered Lily's room, locking the door behind him. It took only a moment for his eyes to adjust to the darkness. Keeping to the shadows, he moved closer to the bed and woman that laid within it. "Hello Lily." He whispered.

Lily, who was still in a considerable amount of a pain, turned her head towards the shadows. "Who's there?" Her voice was raspy from screaming.

"I'm hurt." Draven shifted over to a chair and sat down. "I'm hurt that you don't know your only son. Your wittle bitty boy." He was vaguely aware of sounding like Bella.

"Is this some kind of a sick joke?" Lily tried to turn her head towards the chair but the pain was overwhelming and she was forced to cease her movement. "My son is dead." She gritted out.

Draven clicked his tongue. "That is what you're suppose to think. But I can assure you that I am alive and well."

Lily felt a tear run from her eye. "H...Harry?" She choked back a sob.

"Yes, I was once known by that name but no longer. I have a new name. A new family." Draven sat back in the chair.

"I don't understand." Lily whispered. "Why won't you let me see you if you are indeed my son?"

Draven gave a sad little sigh. "It's complicated. The repercussions would effect more than just you or I."

Lily took a shaky breath and let it out. "Then why make me suffer?"

"Because I want my story told." Draven stated, simply. "I want you to know the hell I went through while you were blissfully, unaware, living out your life with your daughter." He spat. "All I ask is that you save any questions until I have finished."

"Why should I believe you? How am I to know that your words are true and not some...some ruse? Some sick joke?" Lily asked.

Draven leaned forward towards the bed. "Your just going to have to trust me. Most of what I tell you can be verified, if you wish to do so later." He sat back, getting comfortable. "Let me start out by saying, until a few months ago, I didn't have any memory of you or James Potter. Now we'll move onto a childhood I wish I could forget." He was silent for a moment. "I was raised by my Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon. They told me my parents were drunks and died in a car crash. I was punished for a month for even asking about them." His eyes glazed over as the horrible memories of his early childhood assaulted him. "I stayed with them until I was almost six, that's when they decided to...dispose...of their freak of a nephew. They hated anything abnormal so they hated me. I never even knew why until I was rescued from the abandoned building where they had left me to starve. Everything was explained to me and on that day...on that day Harry Potter ceased to exist and I was reborn from his ashes."

Lily felt herself growing sleepy. "You were with Petunia?" She whispered as her eyelids drooped. "But I saw the Death Eater..."

Draven snorted. "You saw exactly what you were suppose to see. You should start questioning Albus Dumbledore, Lily. Because I am fairly certain that it was he that staged Harry's kidnaping. He had spies within the Dark Lords' ranks. He had easy access to the robe and mask." He stood. "This conversation will be but a distant memory when you awaken again. You'll have to push your sister into admitting that she ever cared for your son, for me." He leaned down and kissed her forehead. "I wish I could have known you...mum." With that said he turned and left the room as if nothing had happened.

"Wait..." Lily felt so tired and soon she was wrapped in the warm blanket of sleep. Her dreams were filled with her little boy, now a teenager, and the need to talk to her estranged sister and Albus Dumbledore.

Authors Note

Ok, I know alot of you are confused so I'm here to try and unconfuse you.

Voldemort is gone. Draven unknowingly destroyed him without ever knowing about the prophecy. It was his blood, taken by his beloved father, that did him in. I had to get rid of him, there was no room for two Dark Lords in my story and Draven is well on his way to becoming one.

Draven dislikes half-bloods more than muggleborns. It's a personal thing. He's friends with Hermione because her magical abilities make up for her lack of blood status. That's also why the Malfoy's treat her the same as their sons' pureblooded friends.

And his parents don't have any say over whom he or Draco is friends with. He's the next Dark Lord after all, you try telling him who he can or can't be friends with. As for Draco, he's spoiled and gets his way 99.9 percent of the time. For example, if he wanted a hungarian horntail for a pet, his parents would smile and get him one.

I hope I've helped to unconfuse some of you out there. And as always, REVIEW!

Lily stepped out of the fireplace, brushing the soot off her sweater and jeans. "Rosy, are you here?" She called out as she exited their moderate size living room and headed towards the freshly remodeled kitchen. "Rosy?" She entered the bright, cheerful, kitchen and stopped. "What's wrong?" She rushed to her, immobile, daughters side.

Roslin, who had been sitting at the kitchen table staring at a letter for over an hour, blinked at hearing her mothers voice. "Fine. I'm...eh...fine." She mumbled as the letter fell to the table top from her numb fingers.

"What is this?" Lily questioned as she picked up the letter and scanned the contents. Green eyes widened in surprise. "This is a Hogwarts acceptance letter!" She exclaimed and looked at her daughter. "When did you get this?" She demanded to know.

"An owl came this morning. I thought it was from Uncle Remus and it did have my name on it so I opened it." Roslin blinked. "I'm going to Hogwarts." She whispered. "I'm going to Hogwarts!" She squealed and launched herself into her mothers waiting arms.

Lily laughed and hugged her daughter. "About bloody time you got what you deserved." She whispered into Roslin's fiery red hair that matched her own. "Your father would be proud." She bit her lower lip to stop the tears from falling.

Roslin smiled and pulled back, slightly. "Daddy?" It was a real treat to hear about her father since her mother never spoke of him. "You think so?" She asked in a whisper.

"I know so." Lily placed a kiss on her forehead and sat down at the table.

"How'd it go with Aunt Petunia?" Roslin almost forgot that her mother had spent the day, visiting, with her elder sister. "Did you get to talk to her about Harry?"

Lily nodded her head. "You bet I got to talk to Petty. And a nice long talk it was." She was quiet for a moment trying to decide how much

she should tell Roslin. "After I proved to her that I was really her sister, she invited me in for tea." She snorted. "It took me two whole hours to get her to admit that she took care of Harry and to get her to tell me the story of how he came into her care." She looked at her folded hands that were resting on the table top. "A man came to her door one morning claiming to be James and I's lawyer, he had Harry with him. According to Petty, the man told her that her sister and brother-in-law had been murdered and that young Harry, her nephew, was the only one to survive. She took him in because he was family. But Vernon, her husband, found him nothing more than a bother. The big oaf had no time for Petty's family, never did. They didn't even know he could talk until one day, out of the blue, he asked about me and James." She started to tear up. "Your brother had a very difficult life, Rosy." She sniffled. "He was just a scared little boy and they treated him only slightly better than a house-elf." Tears were running freely down her cheeks. "When the boys, Harry and Dudley, Petty's son, were nearing school age, Vernon decided that Harry had over stayed his welcome." She looked at her daughter. "It's all my fault." She choked out and buried her face in her hands.

Roslin felt tears well up in her own eyes. "You can't blame yourself, mum. You had no way of knowing." She whispered, stood, and wrapped her mother in a comforting hug.

"I'm his mother, I should have known!" Lily sobbed.

"How?" Roslin demanded to know. "How could you have known? You saw someone, dressed as a Death Eater, in the house. Then when you woke up, Harry was gone. How could you have known that it wasn't one of he-who-must-not-be-named followers? You couldn't have. You could only know what you saw." She soothed her distraught mother.

Lily sniffed and pulled away from her daughter. "You're right." She whispered. "But it's hard to accept that Harry was right under our noses for so many years." She sighed and sat back.

Roslin sat back down. "What do we do now?"

"What is there to do?" Lily asked.

"From what you told me, my brother is out there somewhere!" Roslin waved a arm towards the window. "We have to find him! That's what we have to do."

Lily shook her head. "It's not that easy. He said he had a new name. A new family. That can only mean that he was adopted. I have no means to find him. Nor do I have any rights if he is located."

Roslin frowned. "Doesn't the wizarding world keep records of adoptions like the muggle world?" She inquired, confused.

"No. Adoption in our world is much more complicated than in the muggle world." Lily was silent for a moment. "When a family adopts a child in our world, the child becomes apart of the adopting family in more than just name. He or she takes on the traits and features of his or her new parents. The child loses almost all of his or her looks that came from the biological parents. Though in some cases, if the adopted child is the last of a family line, he or she can petition for the rights and honors of his or her biological family. Basically the only way to tell a biological child from an adopted one is by admission. And admissions are rare since an adopted child is immediately integrated into the new family. He or she doesn't think of themselves any differently than a biological child would."

"That is complicated." Roslin's head was starting to ache. "What about Draven?" She asked, suddenly.

Lily blinked. "Draven who?"

Roslin rolled her eyes. "Draven Malfoy. The boy that brought the stuff that healed your face, remember? I talked to him briefly and I got the feeling that he knew more than everyone else about Harry. Maybe he could help?"

"He's a Malfoy, Rosy." Lily felt herself giving in to her daughters pleading look. "Alright, get Athena and send a letter to him but do not get your hopes up. Malfoy's are notoriously arrogant and controlling. Especially the children."

"I don't understand, mum. Sure, he was a bit rude and maybe a little arrogant, but that's all." Roslin really wasn't versed in the wizarding world.

Lily gave her daughter a sad look. "The Malfoy's have been servants of Dark Lords for centuries, love. Not a single one of them have turned out good. And it was said that Lucius Malfoy, Draven's father, was apart of the Dark Lords inner circle. A place of honor reserved for the cruelest of beings. In pureblooded families children, especially sons, always follow in their fathers footsteps. I have no doubt in my mind that the Malfoy children are dark. So we shall limit our contact with the boy. And I do not want you speaking to him again without either Remus or I present, understood?"

Roslin rolled her eyes as she left the room to fetch her owl, Athena. "Alright, mum." She hated to be treated like a child. Several minutes later she returned with Athena and a freshly penned letter. She attached the letter to the owls letter and opened the kitchen window. "Take this to Draven Malfoy." She watched as the owl disappeared into the fading light of the afternoon.

"Now, shall I make us a cuppa or something for dinner?" Lily inquired after the owl had been dispatched.

"I think a cuppa would be brilliant." Roslin sat back at the table and folded her hands in front of her. Her mother may have told her not to get her hopes up but she couldn't help it. Her brother was out there somewhere and she couldn't help but hope that she would get to meet him someday soon.

"It was a delicious, meal mother." Draven said after he placed his napkin, fork, and knife into his empty plate. "May I be excused?"

"Thank you, Draven." Narcissa gave her youngest son a smile. "I'm glad to see our galleons weren't wasted on all those etiquette tutors." She placed the last bite of Shepard pie, from her own plate, into her mouth and chewed. Once she swallowed, she addressed her son again. "Since you asked politely, you may be excused."

Lucius wiped his mouth on his napkin and laid it beside his half empty plate. "Have you finished your assignments, Draven?"

Draven stopped halfway to the door and turned to face his father. "Draco and I finished all the assignments three days ago. Tutor Dobbs has already turned our passing marks into Dumbledore. He said that we should be getting our Hogwarts book lists any day now."

"Very good." Lucius sat back in his chair and eyed his children. "What are your plans for this evening?" He inquired.

Draco grimaced and pushed his barely touched plate away. "Pansy and I have...plans."

Narcissa gave Draco a scolding look. "Pansy is one of your closest friends, Draco. You should be grateful that you're so close to your betroved. Many do not have such a luxury."

"I also have plans." Draven gave his brother a sympathetic look. "Good evening, mother, father. And good luck, Draco." He bowed his head slightly and left the dining room, heading for the study.

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Twenty-Five Minutes Later

When the fire within the fireplace burned green, Draven placed the book he had been studying aside. One glance at the mantle clock told him that his guests were right on time. "Welcome." He greeted when two figures stepped out of the flames, one after another. "You are very punctual."

Roslin coughed and brushed the soot off her sweater sleeves. "We are?" She looked at her mother.

Lily blinked and shrugged. "We are." She confirmed and took a moment to look around the room. It wasn't what she had expected.

"I must say that I was surprised to receive an owl from you." Draven motioned towards a nearby couch. "Please, have a seat."

"Nice place." Roslin complimented as she sat on the couch, nearest to Draven's chair.

Taking note of the many books that lined the walls, Lily spoke as she sat beside her daughter. "We are in the library?"

Draven snapped his fingers and when Dobby appeared, he ordered him to bring tea. "Study, actually. The library is on the second floor. Father was gracious enough to allow me use of his private study for our meeting." Which wasn't entirely true. Lucius did use the study much more than any of the others but it was still open to all members of the family.

"We're in your house?" Roslin asked with wide eyes. "Wicked!" Her eyes greedily took in the sights around her.

"Yes, well." Draven rolled his eyes. "I'll inform my parents that their choice in housing is...wicked. Mother shall be thrilled." He said, dryly.

Roslin stuck out her tongue. "Snob." She mumbled under her breath.

"Enough!" Lily scolded her daughter. "You have to forgive her, she has forgotten her manners today."

"Dobby has brought tea just as Master Draven asked." Dobby cheerfully interrupted when he appeared with a tray full of tea which he sat on a small table. He bowed his head towards Draven and left with a pop.

Draven raised a perfect, blonde, eyebrow. "Manners should not be so easily forgotten if they are taught properly. But we are not here to discuss etiquette training, are we?" He offered a cup of tea to both his guests.

Lily accepted the tea with a polite nod. "Thank you." She took a sip and sat back on the couch. "No, we are here because my daughter thinks you can help us."

"Really? You think I can help you?" Draven took a sip of his own tea as he lips curved into the trademark Malfoy smirk. "What's in it for me?" He asked.

"What's in it for you!" Roslin exclaimed in anger but quieted when her mother glared at her.

"We don't have much money but I'm sure we could come to some kind of an arrangement." Lily answered, honestly.

Draven snorted. "I don't think you have anything I want. And I highly doubt you could afford to pay me with galleons, my time and services are not cheap. " He sat his tea cup onto the table beside his chair. "Unless..." He trailed off.

Lily's lips tightened into a line. "We have nothing else." She was beginning to feel as if this had been a bad idea. A very bad idea.

"Perhaps." Draven steeped his fingers. "You do have something I want." He was silent for a moment. "I want the Potter family ring."

"Excuse me?" Lily thought she had misheard him.

Draven sat forward in his chair. "You heard me correctly. It's a fair price since you wish me to give up my time to help you find your son."

Roslin tilted her head to the side. "How'd you know that's what we wanted your help for?" She continued to stir her untouched cup of tea.

"Why else would you have owled me? To have a nice chat? I think not." Draven smirked. "So do we have an accord?"

Lily chewed on her bottom lip. "Why would you want the Potter family ring? Don't you have a family ring of your own?" She didn't want to part with the last thing she had of her husbands.

Draven looked insulted as he stood and stalked over to the fireplace. "Don't be silly, of course I do. I'm a Malfoy, after all." He sneered. "Only the best for us. Now, I think you've wasted enough of my time."

"Mum!" Roslin gave her mother a pleading look. It was just a ring, after all.

"Roslin." Lily warned but felt herself caving. "The ring for your help?" She asked the teenager.

"Yes." Draven turned away from the fireplace and faced his two guests. "The ring for my help."

Lily reached around her neck and pulled out a silver chain. She yanked the chain and let the ring hanging from it drop into her hand. Green eyes scanned over the ruby and rune symbols before she reached out and handed the youngest Malfoy the Potter family ring. "We have ourselves an accord." She whispered, willing herself not to cry.

Draven took the ring and felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. The magic emanating from the ring was unbelievable. He couldn't help but feel that this was his heritage. His birthright. After several seconds he slipped the ring into his trouser pocket. "Yes, we do."

Roslin couldn't but feel guilty. "I'm sorry." She whispered to her mother as she placed a hand on her arm in comfort. "It was just a silly ring, wasn't it?"

"Yes, love. Just a silly old ring." Lily squeezed Roslin's hand. "So when do we start?" She addressed Draven.

"How about now?" Draven stood and walked over to his fathers writing desk where he picked up a dusty old book that was laying on

it.. "Harry wasn't a happy boy. He only had a vague memory of his parents and none of his sister." He was quiet for a moment. "I was able to acquire this book at a rather hefty price sometime ago. It's Harry's journal and I suggest you read it before you start this quest." He turned and walked back over to the couch. "It's a detailed description of his life starting at the Dursley's and ending about six months ago." He handed it to Lily and sat back down in his chair. "You may stay if you wish to read it now or you can come back at a later date if you fear what he has written."

Lily didn't even hesitate when she answered. "I'll stay. It's about time I get to know my son."

"Me too." Roslin said as she curled up against her mother. She had confidence that once her mother was finished with the journal, she'd tell her everything she had read.

Lily ran her hand over the old leather bound volumes that resided on the shelves of the Malfoy library, Draven had granted her access three days before when she had finished reading the heart wrenching journal of her son. Being within this room made her think of her own home, her own library. A home she was forced to give up to protect her remaining child. James had stocked their library with any and all books he could get his hands on. A wedding present, he had told his young wife. She had loved the gesture but loved the man even more. She would have gladly given up her prized library if it would have brought her beloved husband back. She was so lost in thought that she hadn't realized that she was no longer alone.

"Finding everything?" Narcissa drawled from the door way, where she stood, arms crossed, observing her sons guest.

Startling, Lily spun around and placed a hand to her rapidly beating heart. "Yes, thank you." She really couldn't compare this woman to the girl she had gone to school with. Narcissa Black, as she was known as back then, was a sullen girl who spoke to no one except her house mates. "I don't know if you remember or not but we went to school together. I was..." She was interrupted.

Narcissa moved, silently, eloquently, into the library. "You were in Gryffindor. As I recall you were friends with Severus Snape until James Potter and his band of merry prats turned their attentions to you. I was rather shocked to read of your engagement. A pureblood marrying a mud...muggleborn was unheard of back then."

Lily stiffened at the poorly disguised insult. "James' family was never big on all that pureblood rubbish. He was taught to respect everyone not just those with the proper blood purity." She clenched her teeth.

"I meant no insult, of course." Narcissa smoothly lied as she left her eyes roam over the birth mother of her youngest son. "Draven was always big on charity." She sniffed and looked away. "He gets that from his father."

"None was taken, Mrs. Malfoy." Lily gave her hosts mother a strained smile. "Where is Draven? I had hoped to speak with him today."

Narcissa moved over to a bookshelf and pretended to study the titles. "Both of my children are off with their cousin and friend doing whatever children their ages do." She dismissed with the wave of her hand.

Lily moved over to the table that held several books she had been previously studying. "Oh? And what do pureblooded children do to entertain themselves?" She was only being polite by making small talk.

"I suspect the same thing other children do. Getting into trouble, causing mischief, that sort of thing." Narcissa turned to look at Lily. "You have a child, don't you? A daughter? What does she do for fun? Having James Potter as a father should have...oh dear. James never knew his daughter did he? Or vice versa?" She plastered a false sympathetic look onto her. "It must have been hard for her, growing up without a father. Especially when her father would have been the one to teach her our ways." She tsked. "Poor dear. I had hoped for a daughter myself but Merlin saw fit to bless me with two sons. And I wouldn't give them up for anything."

"Roslin has grown up rather well, thank you very much." Lily tightened her hands into fists. "She has plenty of friends in the muggle world and I'm sure once she starts Hogwarts, she'll make some in the magical world." She defended.

Narcissa moved towards the door but stopped. "Hogwarts? So Draven and his father were able to get her name on this year's roster? Draven's such a good boy. A good son." She continued out the door and before she exited into the hallway, called over her shoulder, one last comment. "If you need anything, summon Dobby. He'll be thrilled to serve you." She then disappeared down the hall towards her private chamber.

Lily glared towards the door long after Narcissa had exited. Being married to Lucius hadn't made her any nicer. "Snob." She grumbled as she sat down at table to continue looking through the books piled upon it. Halfway through a paragraph she stopped. Something Narcissa had said just sunk in. "Draven and Lucius were responsible for Rosy going to Hogwarts this year?" She asked the empty room.

Her reply was silence. A part of her was grateful but another part wondered what the payment for such an act would be. Because when it came to the Malfoys, nothing was free.

Elsewhere

“Ron, take the left flank and engage the order!” Draven ordered as he ducked a flying curse. “Draco, take your flank and fall back, make sure none of their numbers escape! We’re going to end this now!” He rolled out from behind the tree he had been using as a shield and cast the Crucio curse at the first order member he saw. “Orion, you’re with me!” He took off running across the street, seeker reflexes enabled him to dodge the curses hurled at him with ease.

Ron broke away from his friend and leader and crossed the stone walkway in silence. “We fight!” He yelled at the assembled Death Eaters. He turned and ordered his men into the fight. “For our Lord!” He yelled as he pointed his wand at the nearest red robe. “Avada Kedavra!” He yelled out without so much as stopping.

Draco motioned for his flank to follow him as he weaved between buildings. His face, which was covered by a charcoal grey serpent mask, lit up in delight when he reached his targeted location. “Pathetic.” He sneered at the assembled order members trying to escape via portkey. “You should have stayed and fought because now...now you die.” He pointed his wand at the pudgy witch holding an old boot. “I’ll give you three seconds to drop the portkey and run. Maybe I’ll spare your miserable life.” He taunted and grey eyes filled with sadistic glee when the boot was dropped and the witch took off running. “Gets them every bloody time.” He lazily leveled his wand and without any emotion fired off the curse that would end her life. “Avada Kedavra!” He didn’t so much as blink as the green light of the killing curse hit her in the back and caused her to drop to the ground like a stone.

Orion followed his cousin, making sure no curse, spell, or jinx hit him. “Duck!” He cried out as a order member appeared out of nowhere, wand aimed at Draven’s back. “Crucio!” He screamed out just in time. The man dropped to the ground in pain and Orion rushed passed him, never removing the Cruciatus Curse. He would be dead anyways,

whether it was by his curse or someone else's. In his mind, he was doing the man a favor.

Draven looked back in time to see his cousin cast the Cruciatus Curse. "Good work!" He turned and continued towards his destination. He rounded The Three Broomsticks and skidded to a stop. He watched as Bella battled a red robe. Forcing his legs to move once again, he crept closer. A sneer appeared on his lips when he saw just who his Aunt was fighting. "Shacklebolt, why don't you pick on someone your own size!" He yelled and pointed his wand at the black man.

Bella turned her head quickly when a new voice joined the attack. She let out a sigh of relief and steadied her quivering hand. She had been battling Kingsley Shacklebolt for over an hour and was growing fatigued. "About time you got here!" She directed towards the emerald green serpent mask that she knew belonged to her nephew.

Kingsley growled in annoyance. He was so close to capturing Bellatrix and now all chances of that went out the window with this new arrival. He turned towards the voice and froze, his wand lowered just a bit. "Glad to see you like to get your hands dirty, Your Highness." His voice was deep and slow. He mentally kicked himself for not foreseeing and planning for the arrival of the newest Dark Lord. "Shall we dance?" He questioned, turning his sights, completely, on the young dark wizard that had picked up the Dark Lord mantle.

Retreating several steps, Bella stopped her son from joining the fray. This was between Kingsley and Draven. "Leave it." She hissed out and dragged the boy back several steps.

Draven tilted his head to the side. "I never did like dancing but if you insists..." He rolled out of the way of a stunner and grinned. Oh yes, he was going to enjoy breaking and then destroying this man.

Five minutes later he was looking down into the lifeless eyes of Kingsley Shacklebolt. "Pity, I expected more from you." He turned towards Bella and Orion. "Sound the retreat, this battle goes to us."

Meanwhile

Ron was engaged in a battle of his own. A battle he wasn't fairing well in. He grunted he threw himself to the ground, holding his injured arm. His breathing was coming out in labored puffs and his teeth were clenched from the pain. "Bloody hell." He felt sweat beading on his forehead and his charcoal grey serpents mask began to feel suffocating. He rolled out of the way of a nearly perfectly aimed stunner. With a growl, he stumbled to his feet and stopped. There, standing just several feet away from him was none other than his father. He had to bite his bottom lip, hard, to refrain from saying dad, which would have given away his identity. Instead, he tightened his grip on his wand and reminded himself that this was war.

Arthur Weasley felt a pang of sympathy for the man, nay child by the looks of it, in front of him. Severus had rather good aim and he could see that the boy was hurt. He raised his wand when he saw the youth tighten his grip on his own. "You can end this now, you know?" He kept his voice soft and non-threatening. "I don't want to hurt you."

"F...unny...way...of...s...showing...it." Ron felt his teeth chattering and knew his body was trying to shut down to avoid the pain. "I wi...ll neve...r sur...surrender!" He willed his hand to stop shaking. The red head looked from side to side, his men were winning so he wasn't about to give up now. Taking a deep breath, he stood up straighter. "You can end this now." He parroted. "Your side is losing. Surrender now and your life may be spared!" He felt part of his strength return. "I don't want to hurt you but I will. I...I will."

"I don't think you will." Arthur whispered as he took a step closer. When they had been told that most of the commanders under the newest Dark Lord were children, he had scoffed it off. And when they had been told that the newest Dark Lord was a mere child himself, he had felt an odd sense of dread. Now, he was face to face with one of the Dark Lords commanders and he wouldn't feel anything except pity.

Ron took a step back. "You don't know me!" He yelled out in anger. "Don't pretend that you do!" He felt all his rage and anger for his parents bubble to the surface. This was the perfect time to take his revenge. To show his father that he wasn't a child anymore. "Crucio!

Crucio! CRUCIO!" He screamed and left his darkest feelings take over. With a perverse sense of joy, he watched his father wither on the ground in pain. A sneer turned his lips upward and he removed the Cruciatus Curse. "Pathetic." He spat at the still withering man on the ground and turned his head to the side when a sound caught his attention. It was the sound signaling the battle was over and the victory was theirs. "I'm going to spare your life on this day so you may take a message back to your master. Tell him that he can't ignore us any longer. We are here and we intend to stay for a very very long time." He turned and began to walk away from the now, prone, man. "I will not be so generous next time. Next time I'll kill you." He threw over his shoulder. "It's over!" He yelled and smiled as his men all cheered. "This day is ours!" He pointed his wand at the sky. "Morsmordre!" He watched in grim satisfaction as a giant green snake appeared in the sky, fangs bared. With one last look at his father, he apparated away with the others.

Draven removed his mask and wiped his forehead on his robe sleeve. Taking several breaths of cool, fresh, air, he turned to face the assembled group of his followers. "Because of you, we are one step closer to our goal." He spoke with a firm, yet tired, voice. "Go home to your families and celebrate this day." He dismissed and sunk into the soft cushions of his black marble throne-like chair. He watched the Death Eaters file out until only he and his commanders remained. "Not bad for a days work?" He spoke after several minutes of silence.

Draco dropped his mask to the floor and sat beside it. "Not bad at all, brother." He whispered.

Orion, who had long since removed his own hot, stuffy, mask sat down beside Draco. "How many did we get?"

Ron snorted and leaned against Draven's chair, mask dangling from his uninjured hand. "Not enough, I suspect. You would think Dumbledore would train his order a bit better, we shouldn't have gotten any of them. We outnumbered them three to one, not bad odds. But the logical thing for them to do would have been to retreat but they stayed and fought."

"Not everyone has the luxury to have you on their side, Ron. Your our strategic advisor, after all." Draven gave his friend a smile. "Go have Bella look at that arm." He gave Ron a gentle push towards the door.

"Only if you have her look at the gash on your head." Ron motioned towards Draven's forehead.

"I think we all need to pay a visit Aunt Bella." Draco mumbled with half closed eyelids. He was sporting a large gash across his cheek that was still trickling blood.

"Mother should be in the kitchen." Orion replied and massaged his shoulder where he had taken the tail end of a stray stunner. He could tell it was brushing because it was growing stiff and sore. "You know how she likes to feast after a victory." He replied, seeing Draco's raised eyebrow.

Draven tilted his head to the side and sighed. "To the kitchen then." He stood and barely avoided falling when his knees gave out. "Bloody Order." He hissed and braced himself against Ron until he got his footing back. "Thanks." He grumbled, straightened his robe, and lead the small group out of the meeting chamber and towards the kitchen.

Draco eyed his brother. "Are you alright?" He asked as they moved through the darkened hallway.

Orion also turned his gaze to Draven. "I think we all need a good nights rest." He looked away and replied. "Today was very tiresome." Which was an understatement. Today was the first day they all got a taste of war. The first day they all got to fight and it was a very draining experience. He could tell by looking at his companions faces that they were as fatigued as he felt.

"Ori is right. I'll be fine after I get some sleep." Draven gave the other boys a reassuring grin. "Stop worrying, Draco. Being a mother hen doesn't suit you, brother." He smirked.

"Prat." Draco fondly insulted. "Aunt Bella says not enough people worry about you."

Draven shrugged. "I can take care of myself. Everyone except Bella seems to know this." Was all he said as he stepped into the large, surprisingly modern, kitchen. Delicious smells assaulted his nose and he smiled. "Are we feeding an army, Bella?" He asked as he sat down beside her at the food laden table. It was covered with a wide variety of meats ranging from rack of lamb and pork tender loin to a large selection of cakes and puddings.

Bella glared at her nephew and popped a piece of lamb into her mouth and chewed. "A good fight always makes me hungry." She eyed the group of disheveled boys. "Who's first?" She pushed her plate away, intent upon finishing her meal after she treated the injuries.

"I just need a potion for bruising, mother." Orion spoke as he stepped towards his mother.

With a critical eye, Bella surveyed her son then nodded. "You know where I keep the potions. Use what you need then put it back." She turned her gaze to the young Weasley who looked the worst of the group. "Do you know what you were hit with?"

Ron watched Orion leave the kitchen then turned his attention to Bella. "No, but I'm pretty sure whatever curse it was came from Snape."

Draven growled. "Severus is quickly becoming a thorn in my side." He drummed his fingers on the, wooden, table top. "Why have I kept him alive this long?"

Draco, who had seated himself beside his brother, shrugged. "Because you enjoy seeing his misery at not being able to tell Dumbledore anything of value from the meetings?" He broke off a piece of cake and popped it into his mouth.

Bella ripped Ron's robe sleeve to better access his arm and frowned. "This does look like Severus' handy work." She took hold of the arm and moved it several different directions, ignoring the boys hiss of pain. "Clearly broken." She mumbled and picked a napkin up off the table and used it to wipe away some of the blood. "He used the Sectumsempra spell." Tapping her chin with her finger, she removed her wand and summoned several items she needed to treat the injured youth. First she rubbed a salve made of crushed dittany onto the numerous deep cuts. Then she wrapped the arm tightly with some cloth bandages and placed it in a crude sling she had fashioned out of left over bandages. Sitting back, she admired her work. "That'll have to do. We can't risk going to St. Mungos and I'm out of bone mending potion." She gave Ron an apologetic look and turned towards Draven to assess his head wound.

"I'll see to it that Severus brews a new batch." Draven mumbled as his Aunt began to poke and prod the gash running almost the entire length of his hair line. "Well?"

"I think I'm going to turn in." Ron was beginning to feel the tell-tale throbbing of a broken bone. "Night." He threw over his shoulder as he

exited the kitchen and headed up the stairs to the room he shared with Orion.

Dipping her fingers into the dittany salve once more, Bella slathered it onto Draven's forehead. "It doesn't look too bad. You probably got it from a flying piece of debris. I noticed that a lot of the Order were just flinging curses, hitting buildings more than human targets." She motioned for Draco to come closer and she placed some of the salve onto his cheek. "There. It'll heal within a couple days and there shouldn't be a scar." She patted the eldest Malfoy boy on the shoulder and turned back to the table full of food. "Care to join me?"

"Sure." Draco grabbed a plate and moved back to seat where we began to fill it up with all kinds of goodies.

A growling stomach was Draven's answer. He accepted a plate from Bella and placed several pieces of lamb on it. He took a bit and moaned in pleasure. "Mother has gotten better." He mumbled around a mouthful of delicious lamb.

Bella raised an eyebrow. "Cissa made this? I thought it was one of those infernal house-elves."

Draco grinned. "Mother has been learning to cook. She said it'll take her mind off us being gone when we go back to school. She is rather good. The house-elves have even complimented her." He bragged. "Maybe you should try it? Uncle Roddy might find it intriguing."

Draven rolled his eyes. "Bella learning to cook?" He looked at his Aunt out of the corner of his eye. "Not likely."

"Bugger off, you two." Bella grumbled, good naturely. "So, are you ready to go back to Hogwarts?"

"Not really. I think I've learned more from Tutor Dobbs these last few months than all the Professors combined." Draco crammed another piece of cake into his mouth and chewed, happily.

"I think I'm ready." Draven answered after he sat down his goblet of pumpkin juice he had been drinking from. "Don't get me wrong, I love

being home. But there's something to be said for being away from your parents. Mother means well but honestly. Teaching me to play the violin?"

Draco seemed to consider his brothers words. "Maybe I am ready for this term. Mother has been after me to learn the piano. I've managed to avoid her this long but I don't want to press my luck."

Bella chuckled. "I know how to play both the violin and the piano. As does 'Cissa. It's a very old pureblooded tradition passed down in our family. It normally only applies to girls but since she was blessed with two boys...I guess she figured teaching each of you to play one of the two instruments would suffice."

Draven pushed his empty plate away and yawned. "The hour is late so I think I'll turn in." He stood and leaned over to kiss his Aunt on the cheek. "Goodnight Bella. Go to bed, you deserve a good nights rest." He turned and headed out of the kitchen.

Following Draven's lead, Draco also stood and kissed Bella on the cheek. "Goodnight." He trudged after his brother and once they reached their room, threw himself down onto his bed, fully dressed, and was asleep before his head hit the pillow.

"Sleep well, Draco." Draven whispered from his side of the room. He quickly changed into his pajamas, mentally reminding himself to shower in the morning. Laying down he stared at ceiling, which was charmed to replay several Quidditch matches, for several minutes. Soon his eyes closed and he drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

The sun rose to Bella still sitting in the kitchen. She was so lost in thought she never realized that morning had dawned. Her thoughts were focused on the boys upstairs in bed. Boys that lived a double life. In one life they were normal teenage boys going into their fourth year at Hogwarts and in the other they were the most feared dark wizards in all of England. With a sigh, tired eyes blinked at the sunlight streaming in the windows. She couldn't help but fear for them. Fear for their safety in the battles and fear for their sanity if they were ever caught and sent to Azkaban. For the first time in her life, Bella was unsure of what she believed in. Because no matter what life they

were leading, they were still only boys. Boys that she cared for a great deal.

Dumbledore looked around the room. Tension hung in the air and moods were grim. Clearing his throat, he stopped stroking Fawkes and began to address his Order. "Can anyone tell me what has happened on this day?" His voice was quiet, almost resigned.

The room broke out in chaos as everyone began to speak at the same time. Accusations were thrown back and forth.

"SILENCE!" Dumbledore stood, leaning heavily against his desk. His eyes, which held no sparkle, moved across every single person present in his office. "Arthur, tell me what has transpired." He sat back down.

Arthur, who hadn't really been paying attention, startled when his wife elbowed him in the ribs. Blinking, he looked towards the patiently waiting Dumbledore. "We engaged the Death Eaters at Hogsmeade. Everything was going according to plan until..." He trailed off as a spasm of pain shuttered through his body. Taking a deep breath, he continued. "We hadn't counted on the Serpent or his fangs showing up." He used the names that the Daily Prophet had dubbed the new Dark Lord and his closest followers. "Whatever upper hand we had gained while fighting the Death Eaters was lost."

Dumbledore absorbed the new information in silence. "Do you still have no idea as to the identity of our newest foe, Severus?" He addressed the man sitting beside him.

"As I have told you before, Headmaster, I am in the dark." Severus grimaced at the bold face lie but knew there was nothing he could do about it. "I am not as trusted as I had been. All I know is that he rose to power rather quickly and without protest. I do not know of any Death Eater, beside myself, that opposes the Serpent or his fangs." He said, sarcastically.

A frown etched its way across Dumbledore's withered and worn face. "None oppose him? That is not possible. Where there is a dictatorship there is always rebels." He steepled his fingered and leaned back in his chair. "What has he offered them, Severus?"

Severus Snape felt himself growing impatient with the Headmaster and his questions. "As I said at the last meeting, he is offering them a chance to fight for their world. A chance to be free of an incompetent government and a meddling old fool. I believe he calls it the grey tactic."

"Grey tactic?" Molly piped up seeing as her husband was staring off into space again. "What does it mean?"

"I will try to explain it in small words, Molly." Severus sneered at the pudgy witch. "It means exactly what it says. He isn't white or light as he refers to the Order and he isn't black or dark as he refers to Lord Voldemort. He's somewhere in between."

Dumbledore sat forward, abruptly. "Why did you not bring this to our attention sooner, Severus? There is still a chance that the Serpent can be swayed."

Minerva eyed Dumbledore as if he had lost his mind. "Albus, I highly doubt that the Serpent will be swayed by anyone on our side. He maybe a boy but he's a boy with an army at his beck and call. Power such as that is not easily forfeited, you, of all people, should know."

"That is in the past, Minerva." Dumbledore dismissed. "What was the count from this battle?" He looked towards Nymphadora Tonks who had sat out this battle because of a broken hand. "

Tonks popped the bubble she had been making with her gum and looked at the Headmaster, boredly. "Well, I know we lost Kingsley, serves him right for going up against the Dark Prince without backup." She scrunched up her nose and changed her hair from blonde to a vibrant shade of purple. "Does purple look good on me?" She asked the person beside her which happened to be Remus Lupin.

Remus gave the young witch a confused look. "Are you feeling alright, Nymphadora?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" Tonks wasn't even paying any attention to Dumbledore now. "Is there something wrong with my hair?" She looked upwards at her bangs then back at the werewolf. "What?"

“Pro...Albus asked you a question.” Remus was looking at her strangely.

Tonks blinked and looked at the Headmaster. She then tilted her head to the side and looked back to Remus. “So?”

Dumbledore eyed the purple haired witch, suspiciously. “Should I summon Madam Pomfrey?”

Remus was growing annoyed with Tonks childish behavior. “What’s gotten into you? You’re acting like a bloody prat!”

Rolling her eyes, Tonks rose from her chair. She looked around the room, memorizing all the faces. “Nothing has gotten into me, Remus.” She all but sneered. “Well, nothing except a little common sense.” She weaved through all the people and stopped at the window. Her eyes scanned the darkness, searching, before turning to face the room. “You all could use some.” She leaned against the open window frame. “You people don’t get it, do you? You’ve already lost!”

Realization filled Dumbledore’s eyes. “It’s not too late, Nymphadora.” He just couldn’t believe it.

Tonks focused on Dumbledore. “Don’t call me Nymphadora! And it is. You’ve always thought you were one step ahead of people. Well guess what? You’ve finally met your match because he’s two steps ahead of you! You’re not very clever, Dumbledore. Not very clever at all. You didn’t even see this coming, did you?” With a salute, she leaned backward and left herself tumble out of the window. Within moments, she came into contact with a broom. Looking back towards the window she had just purposely fallen from, she sneered; a sneer worthy of a Black. “Oh, one more thing. I resign!” She steered the broom away from Hogwarts and flew out of sight.

The room was silent. Everyone was shocked into silence.

“Albus?” Minerva was the first to break the stretching silence. “What...?”

Dumbledore turned to look at the shocked faces. "She." He paused. "She was a spy." He hurt him to say it.

Molly gasped and covered her mouth. "A spy!" She couldn't believe it. "But her father is a muggleborn!" She argued.

"But her mother is a pureblood." Remus spoke. Out of everyone in the room, he was the one that felt the most betrayed. "Tonks is a Black by blood. Her mother told me that they had a falling out and that her daughter hadn't spoken to her since. I imagine, feeling alone and isolated, she went to the only other family she has. And being family, they would have taken her in and not held the choices her mother made against her."

"But's she's an Auror!" Molly continued to argue. Tonks was such a nice girl, a little clumsy but nice.

"Was an Auror, Molly." Dumbledore sighed, heavily. "She resigned several weeks ago to be more involved with the Order. She was correct, I didn't see this coming. There was no way for me to foresee a reconciliation between Andromeda's daughter and her Aunts. I didn't even think it was possible."

Severus raised an eyebrow. "I told you not to underestimate the Serpent. He may be young but that doesn't mean he's stupid. And neither are his closest followers. It was only logical that there was a spy or spies amongst us. Since we have spies amongst them. This isn't a silly game, this is war."

"We will discuss this further tomorrow." Dumbledore dismissed. He was so lost in thought that he didn't notice that not everyone had left.

Remus stood and walked towards Dumbledores' desk, stopping in front. "I need to speak to you."

Dumbledore looked up and sighed. "What is it, Remus?"

"I didn't want to say this in front of the others but Lily knows." Remus replied.

“How does she know, Remus?” Dumbledore suddenly felt tired.

Remus sunk down into a nearby chair. “Roslin knows the Malfoys or at least Draven. She implored her mother, against my advise, to ask the boy for a favor.”

Dumbledore removed his half moon glasses and rubbed his eyes. “And what was the favor?”

“Draven has been helping them search for Harry. He gave Lily some sort of journal to read that had entries dated up till six months ago. She swears that it was written by her son.” Remus explained. “I am concerned for their safety.”

“So Harry isn’t as lost as I had assumed? Interesting.” Dumbledore couldn’t help but wonder how many more pieces of the puzzle there was. “Have you spoken to her about your fears and concerns?”

Remus nodded and sat back in the chair. “I have. But she refuses to listen to my warnings. And now that Roslin is attending Hogwarts...I just don’t know what to do.”

Dumbledore looked up sharply. “The youngest Potter is attending Hogwarts? How is that possible?”

“Lucius brought the case to the Board of Governors. They ruled in favor of Roslin attending. Lily isn’t happy with you, Albus. She’s slowly leaning towards the Malfoys for the truth because she doesn’t trust me. Not since Draven told Roslin, who told her mother, that I teach at a school I’ve been telling them has been closed for years. A school being Headmastered by a man Lily thought disappeared searching for her kidnaped son! I warned you!” Remus was angry now. “I warned you the lies would come back to bit, not only you, but me in the arse! But you refused to listen! And now I may very well lose my family!” He stood, spun on his heels and stormed out of the office, slamming the door behind him.

“Merlin help us all.” Dumbledore whispered and began to stroke his familiar once again. “Or is it just me that will need help?” He whispered to the snoozing phoenix. His reply was a muffled snore.

Draco moved his chess piece and sat back in his chair. He glanced over at his brother, who was lounging in front of the fireplace, while waiting for Ron to make his next move. "You've been quiet this evening." He glanced back to the chess board then back to his green-eyed sibling.

Draven looked up from the book he had been reading and regarded his brother. "Just tired, I suppose." He hadn't really recovered from the attack on Hogsmeade more than a week ago but he wasn't going to admit that to anyone except himself.

"Check." Draco looked back to Draven. "Maybe you should rest." He suggested. "You don't want to be exhausted for your first day back at school, do you?"

Ron, who had been focused purely on the chess game, grinned and moved in for the kill. "Check and mate!" He watched as the board reset itself. "Good show, mate." He couldn't help but smirk at Draco, who had yet to beat him in a game of chess. "Maybe next time, aye?" Sitting back, he rested his good arm behind his head and eyed Draven. "You do look like crap, mate." He felt the need to add.

"Why thank you, Ron. I love you too." Draven stuck his tongue out at his friend and rolled his eyes. "Bloody insolent wankers." He mumbled, good-naturely, as he looked back to his book and turned the page. "I can't go to bed now. First off, it's only three in the bloody afternoon and secondly, I have an appointment to keep." He turned the page again. "Plus I have a feeling this year is going to be rather bland compared to all the other years. So I should be well rested by the end of term."

Draco rolled his grey eyes and snorted. "Appointment you say?" He smirked. "It wouldn't happened to be with the Evan's, would it?" He looked over at Ron. "Should I be jealous of all the time he's spending with his new acquaintances?"

Shrugging, Ron fiddled with his sling. He was still a bit uncomfortable talking about Lily and Roslin. After all, he was still digesting the fact that his friend used to be Harry bloody Potter.

Draven looked up when Ron didn't answer Draco. "I'm still me." He closed his book and leaned back against a nearby chair. Ron had taken the news of his former identity rather well in the beginning but over the following days, he had grown more and more uncomfortable with the jokes that were made about it. "I haven't been that boy since I was a toddler, Ron." He said, quietly.

Ron sighed. "I know that!" He huffed then scratched his temple. "How can you be around the Evan's and not feel uncomfortable?"

"Like I said, I haven't been Harry Potter for a very long time. I'm not uncomfortable because I think of myself as a Malfoy. I'm not Lily's son nor am I Roslin's brother. I'm just a boy helping them search for a ghost. They just don't know it yet."

"Are you going to tell them?" Draco inquired, suddenly interested in the conversation.

Draven blinked and tilted his head to the side. "If the time is right, I may tell them." He fiddled with the Potter family ring which sat on the finger beside the Malfoy family ring. "Telling them now would be a mistake. So for the moment I will stay Draven Alexander Malfoy and nothing more."

"I don't think I could keep it a secret if I were in your shoes." Ron shrugged. "But it's your life and your choices. I just hope you don't regret it in the end."

"I won't." Draven didn't even hesitate. "But that doesn't mean I can't get to know them during our time spent together researching and investigating. Maybe it'll help me understand myself a little better." He pushed himself up off the floor, eyes skimming the mantle clock, and moved over to his brother and friend. "Nothing has changed or is going to change. Remember that, ok?" He squeezed both their shoulders and left the room to get ready for his appointment.

Ron watched his friend leave before turning back to Draco. The moment for seriousness had passed. "So...how about another game?"

Draco smirked and cracked his fingers. "Your arse is mine Weasley." He cackled, insanely.

"Bring it on, Malfoy." Ron smirked and settled in his chair, ready to beat the Malfoy heir for the thirty-sixth time.

Draven was correct, fourth year was rather boring compared to the other three.

Sydney Roslin Potter, Lily had decided that it was safe enough to use the Potter last name once again, started Hogwarts as a second year, thanks to the Board of Governors who had decided she was skilled enough in magic to enter the year she would have been had she not been denied acceptance. The Hat didn't even need to touch her head, just like one Draco Malfoy, before it was screaming out her rightful house, Gryffindor.

The Triwizard Tournament, which Hogwarts hosted, was won by Cedric Diggory, a Hufflepuff.

Alastor Moody was removed as Defense Against the Dark Arts Professor after accusing the entire Slytherin house and half of Gryffindor of being Dark Wizards in training. Remus Lupin, who had resigned at the beginning of the year, replaced him, much to Roslin's chagrin. Moody hadn't even lasted five months.

The Death Eater attacks slowed and the Serpent nor his Fangs were seen that entire school year. The Wizarding World breathed a sigh of relief.

Little did they know that their relief would be short lived. The Dark Prince and his closest friends may have been at Hogwarts, too busy worrying about exams and finals to plan attacks or cause general chaos and mayhem. But the end of the term was drawing near and the summer would be the bloodiest one known to the Wizarding World.

Draven rubbed his temples as he listened to his brother and cousin argue over the loss of an entire squadron of Death Eaters. "Enough."

Draco snapped his head up, sharply, to look at his brother. "But it's his fault!" He jabbed a finger towards Orion. "If he had listened to me to begin with, a third of our men wouldn't be sitting in Azkaban as we speak! He disobeyed a direct order!"

Orion sighed, heavily, and shook his head. "If I had listened to you, cousin, we would have lost over half instead of just a third. I picked the lesser of the two evils." He had no need to raise his voice since he knew he was right.

"We shouldn't have lost any." Draven spoke, quietly. "Explain to me what went wrong." He sat back and folded his hands on the large table that they were sitting at.

Clearing his throat, Orion began to speak. "It was an ambush, as we expected. Everything was going fine until Aurors began apparating in, Dumbledore must have them in his robe pocket. We out numbered them but where the Order lacked in skill, the Aurors more than made up for it. Draco ordered us to fall back, regroup, and attack them head on. By then we were being driven back so I sounded retreat and ordered half of my men to cover us."

Draven glanced to his brother. "Do you wish to add anything?" He could tell Draco was fuming.

"He disobeyed me!" Draco growled, his grey eyes flashing in anger. "He could have lost us both squadrons!" Taking a calming breath, he began to explain. "I had already ordered my squadron to regroup and attack when he sounded retreat. It was nothing but confusion after that! The men didn't know what to do! Or who to listen to! That left them wide open to attack and capture!" He was now shaking with barely contained rage.

Raising an eyebrow, Draven focused on his cousin. "This is not the first time you have disobeyed an order, Ori." He chided. "Ron has also complained about your inability to follow orders." He sat back in his chair. "In that raid you refused to lend aid when it was requested.

We could have captured more than half of the Order if you would have ordered your men to attack. But you refused. Why?" He asked, coolly.

Draco nodded his head, feverishly. "That's what I want to know!"

Orion didn't look phased by the rising anger and he ignored the dark magic that was making the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. "We could have captured half the Order while losing half of our ranks." He stated, calmly. "That was an unacceptable loss. We need each and every man, woman, and child that serve in this army if we are expected to win. The battle at Diagon Alley at the beginning of the summer cost us dearly, if you have already forgotten. Too many were lost on that day for us to be careless." Now his voice had cooled to match Draven's.

Draven seemed to consider his words. "Your behavior is still unacceptable. Either start following orders or I will pull you from the front line and take command of your squadron, myself." He was silent for a moment. "But you do have a point. The Battle of Diagon Alley did cost us. I am truly sorry that your father was amongst the fallen, Ori. He died honorably." He sat up straighter, having come to a decision. "You will report to Ron and help him come up with a new strategy. Obviously, our old one is too well known by the enemy to continue to use. Dismissed." He waved his hand towards the door. "Draco, please stay."

Settling back in his chair, Draco watched Orion leave the room. "Uncle Roddy's death really hit him hard."

"I think it hit us all hard." Draven motioned towards the door with his chin. "I want you to keep an eye on him. The Order isn't blind nor are they deaf. Their spies will have told them that Ori is preoccupied and they might target him in one of the next raids. He'd be very valuable to them being one of my Fangs and all." He chuckled, dryly, at the term the Daily Prophet had dubbed his closest followers.

Draco nodded. "I'll be on him like white on rice." He was proud of himself for using a muggle saying. Hermione had been teaching them

all about muggle culture since the start of summer, two weeks ago. "How's Hermione doing?" He questioned, off-handedly.

Draven blinked and shook his head. "She's still adjusting to it all but I think she'll be alright. Millicent and Pansy have taken her under their wing for the time being. By the time fifth year starts, she should be a model Slytherin, if those two have any say in it."

"That's good to hear. She was a bit hysterical the last time I saw her." Draco was referring to the day that Draven told her exactly who he was. Hermione had gone postal and had to be given a very powerful calming draught. He was glad she was ok since he knew for a fact that his brother fancied the frizzy haired witch.

"Mother was very helpful in calming her down." Draven smiled slightly. "I think she's just glad to have a girl in the house for once."

Draco nodded. "She was thrilled when she found out that I had invited Pansy for the summer." He made a face. "They'll probably plan the entire bloody wedding." He really didn't mind Pansy as a friend. But he couldn't bear the thought of having to marry her and produce an heir. He glared at Draven then smirked. "Mother is in negotiations, did you know that?"

Draven tilted his head to the side. "Negotiations for what?"

"Why, for a wife for you, of course." Draco raised an eyebrow. "You didn't think you'd be free and clear, did you? You maybe the Dark Prince, or Serpent, but you are still a Malfoy and Malfoy sons are required to be betroved before their sixteenth birthday." He let out a little chuckle.

A groan escaped from Draven's mouth. "You've got to be kidding me?" He pinched the bridge of his nose. "A wife? Me?" He snorted. "Like I have time!" He threw his hands in the air and huffed. "Taking over the world is a full-time job." He grumbled.

Draco was howling with laughter now. He wiped a tear of mirth from his eye and cleared his throat. "No need to worry, brother. Malfoy's

are always in demand so mother will have a decent amount of girls to choose from.” He was chuckling again.

Draven glared at his brother. “Ya, laugh it up, you bloody wanker.” He crossed his arms over his chest, defensively. “I’ll probably get stuck with Millicent.” He grumbled. “I don’t think I could handle being married to Ms. Large-and-in-charge.”

Clutching his side, Draco slide from his chair and onto the floor. Wave after wave of laugh spilled from his lips. Tears were running down his pale face. “Merlin help you.” He howled.

Cracking a smile, Draven found humor in the situation. Here he was, the Dark Prince, talking about marriage with his brother. He began to chuckle. The irony of it all was too much and soon he joined his brother on the floor. And that is where their father found them half an hour later, still rolling around laughing.

Bella rocked back and forth, eyes glazed and unseeing. Her knees were drawn up to her chest and a noise, sounding akin to a wounded animal, was coming from her mouth. Dirt smudges were smeared across her face and her hair looked unwashed and unkept.

Draven continued to watch his Aunt from his position at the door. "What has happened to you?" He whispered and choked back tears. Bella needed help but they couldn't take her to St. Mungo's, the Aurors would surely be waiting and they couldn't bring a Healer to the manor. The guilt of the situation was weighing heavily on him, causing the stress he was feeling to triple. "This is my fault." He left the tears run, unchecked, down his cheeks. "I ordered Uncle Roddy to lead the raid. I got him killed." He looked up towards the ceiling. "Did you hear that? If you must punish someone, punish me!" He slammed his fist into the wall, welcoming the pain. "I'm so so sorry, Bella." He whispered, hoarsely, as he backed out of the room and stumbled down the hallway.

Blank eyes turned towards the door and for a second nothing happened. But soon wave after wave of insane laughter spilled from Bella's lips. Showing just how far gone she really was.

"I'm sorry." Draven whispered over and over again as he stumbled through the dark. Finally his legs gave out and he fell to his knees. "Merlin, what have I done?" He felt sick and he emptied his breakfast onto the stone floor. A shaky hand pressed against the stone wall and green eyes closed. There, in the dark underbelly of Malfoy Manor, Draven left himself cry. He cried for the boy he had been and for the boy that he had become. Taking several deep, shaky breaths, Draven composed himself. He wiped his eyes on his sweater sleeve and pushed himself to his feet. Bloodshot eyes peered through the darkness trying to gauge where, exactly, he was. "Maybe I should pay my houseguest a visit." He strode to a door, not far from him, and yanked it open. Stepping in, he pulled it shut. "Hello Sirius."

Sirius Black looked up from the book he had been reading. "Draven." He greeted and looked back to the book. Sighing, he laid the book down and swung his legs over the edge of his cot. "What lies are you here to tell me today?" He cocked an eyebrow.

Draven had to admit that he enjoyed his little sessions with Sirius. Frankly put, the man was interesting. "The usual." He moved further into the room and sat down on the only chair. "Your godson is alive, your best friends wife is alive and she has a daughter. Like I said, the usual." He waved his hand.

Rolling his eyes, Sirius scrubbed a hand over his face. He had to admit that over the last few weeks, he was beginning to believe the young Malfoy's words. "What's her name?"

"What's who's name?" Draven tilted his head to the side and rubbed his tired eyes.

Sirius eyed the boy, with concern, for a moment. He seemed distracted. "James' daughter. What's her name?"

Draven locked eyes with Sirius and was pleased to see that the other man was the first to look away. "Sydney Roslin Potter but everyone calls her Roslin, I don't know why." He shrugged. "She'll be a third year this term at Hogwarts and she's in Gryffindor. Does that prove that I am not lying or that I am very good at it?"

Frowning, Sirius leaned back against the wall. "It proves that you are a Malfoy." He stated, simply. "But for now, lets just say I believe you." He was silent for a moment. "So you've been alive all this time, Lils?" He mumbled. "Then why in the name of Merlin did you leave me to rot in Azkaban?"

"I'm assuming she didn't know that you had been placed in Azkaban. Dumbledore did a very good job at isolating her from the Wizarding World. He probably just told her that you left, unable to cope with the loss of your best friend. She would have believed him, though I am working on breaking her of that habit." Draven answered, knowing the question hadn't been directed at him.

Sirius sighed. "Dumbledore? What do you have against him?"

Draven raised an eyebrow. "He's a meddling old fool who just so happened to stage the kidnaping of your godson. He likes to be in control, Sirius." He stood and began to pace. "He stole Harry away

from his mother and placed him with the Dursley's. He erased or altered his memories so he couldn't remember anything except for that Halloween night!" He growled.

"How do you know so much about Harry!" Sirius demanded, not for the first time. He had his suspicions but Draven had been successful at keeping whatever link he had with Harry a complete secret.

Feeling tired and much older than he should, Draven stopped his pacing and turned to face Sirius. "Because..." He sighed and shoved his hands into his trouser pockets. He couldn't help but think about the brief conversation he had with Ron. "Because I used to be Harry Potter." He finally managed to say.

Sirius was on his feet in an instance. He felt anger towards the boy for playing with him but one look at Draven caused his anger to retreat and him to sit back down. "You're a Malfoy." He stated, simply. Knowing the boy would explain, if given the right prompt.

Draven nodded. "I am. But I used to be a Potter." He fingered the Potter family ring that he wore proudly. "My father saved me." He started. "I was six almost seven when the Dursley's had enough of me. Lucius Malfoy found me and took care of me. Harry James Potter disappeared on that day to be replaced with Draven Alexander Malfoy. At first it was said that I was the son of Marcus Malfoy, Lucius's elder brother. I wasn't adopted until later. So that's how I know so much."

"Harry?" Sirius tried to find a glimmer of his godson in the boy standing before him. Gray eyes locked with green and he finally realized where he had seen those emerald orbs before. "You have your mother's eyes." He whispered in awe, wondering how he could have missed it before.

"I have Lily's eyes, yes. Sadly, the adoption ritual is not one hundred percent. There is a small margin of error. It mostly effects the hair color but there is recorded cases of the eye color not being effected by the ancient magic. Lucky for me, I received both mother and father's looks. The hair changing was a bonus. Though black hair could have been explained away as recessive genes from the Black

family.” Draven moved his eyes up to Sirius’ hair then back to his face. “Green eyes has been a bit of a problem since Draco and I are suppose to be twins. Luckily, father’s mother had green eyes.”

Sirius really didn’t know what to say. “I...” He didn’t get to complete his sentence since he pulled into the arms of the abyss.

Draven rolled his eyes and stepped back as the man slide to the floor in a heap. He sighed. “At least Ron didn’t faint.” He couldn’t help but chuckle as he left the room. His mood was improving. Thoughts of his Aunt had been pushed aside for now. “Dobby, please see to Mr. Black. When he has joined us once again, call me. I’ll be in the study.” He didn’t even slow his climb of the stairs that lead back into the main part of the manor, knowing that the small house-elf would hear him and follow his instructions.

Dobby entered the study as quietly as he could. Being the good house-elf that he was, he didn't want to disturb his young master if he was busy. Large eyes landed on Draven, who was staring out the study window. "Master Draven!" He squeaked, happily. "Black is awake and asking for you!" He reported the waited for his next orders.

"Are my parents still gone for the day?" Draven asked, never turning away from the window.

"Yes, Master Draven, sir." Dobby replied and scampered over to Draven's side.

Draven blinked and looked down at his faithful servant. "Have Sirius properly bathed and clothed then bring him to me." He looked back to the window, a subtle gesture of dismissal.

Dobby nodded his head and disappeared with a pop, intent on carrying out his Masters wishes. Twenty minutes later he returned to the study only long enough to drop Black off then disappear again. He had household duties to attend to before Master Lucius and Mistress Narcissa got home.

"Please sit." Draven motioned towards a cluster of green leather chairs sitting in front of the large fireplace. He moved over to one and sat down.

Sirius, still in shock, did as he was requested. Blinking, he picked at the red silk shirt and brushed a hand over the black trousers he now wore. It was a long way from the rags of Azkaban or even the simple garment he had worn since his arrival at Malfoy Manor. He shook his head and looked around the room, eyes finally landing on Draven, nay, Harry.

Draven smiled a genuine smile and brushed a hand over the leather on the armrests. "Comfortable?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Y..." Sirius cleared his throat. "Yes." He gave the boy a small smile. "So this is Malfoy Manor?" He was impressed and this was only one room of Merlin only knew how many.

"I'm sorry I did not award you the comforts, of civilized human beings earlier, cousin. But I'll be honest, I did not trust you." Draven honestly told the older man.

Sirius grimaced at being referred to as cousin. "What makes you trust me now? Who is there to say that I won't try to escape or harm you?"

Draven smirked. "One simple thing, actually. You're curious."

"Curious? Curious about what?" Sirius asked.

"About me of course." Draven sat back in the chair and studied his perfectly manicured finger-nails. "My parents won't be home for several hours, I'll give you that long to ask me any question you wish. After that, I will decided if you are ready to be given a room in the Manor instead of the dungeon. How does that sound?"

Sirius opened and closed his mouth several times, doing a perfect imitation of a guppy, before any words would come out. "That sounds...fine." He managed to gather the last shred of his dignity. "So I can ask anything and you'll answer?" Suspicion came easily to him, he was a Black after all.

Draven nodded his head. "But I reserve the right to not answer if I feel the question is out of line." His voice had taken on a serious edge, one that meant business. "You may start when you're ready." He shifted in the chair, getting comfortable.

"Alright." Sirius rubbed his hands together, trying to think of a question to ask. After several minutes of silence, he jumped to his feet and began to pace. "Bloody hell." He mumbled, not being able to think of one single thing to ask the boy.

"How about I start you off?" Draven gave the older man a understanding smile. "Well, my name is Draven Alexander Malfoy and I was born on July thirty-first. I'm going to be a fifth year Gryffindor this term at Hogwarts. How was that?"

Sirius stopped his pacing and stared at Draven. "You're in Gryffindor?" He asked, quietly.

"Lucius and Narcissa weren't my parents back then. I still had the blood of Lily and James Potter. The hat placed me in the house of the birth parents. Can't say I was thrilled about it but there was nothing I could do." Draven lied, smoothly. "It doesn't really matter, anyways. I'm friends with a good portion of Gryffindor and almost all of Slytherin."

"So you had no memories of your childhood?" Sirius asked, sitting down once again.

Draven shrugged. "I had no memories from my early childhood, no. Until quite recently, that is."

Sirius blinked. "Recently?"

"I was injured at Hogwarts. One of my house mates attacked me. Dumbledore left the boy beat me to a bloody pulp. They thought I wasn't going to make it." Draven looked down at his hands. "During the time I was unconscious, I had flashes of memories. One right after I said my first word, Padfoot. And one shortly after Sydney had been born." He looked up, green eyes locking with grey. "Do you know Sydney was born on Halloween night? James' was at home with me while Lily was at St. Mungos. That's why she lived and James didn't." He spoke, lost in thought. "Lucky for me, memories of that night are not forthcoming." He gave Sirius a sad smile.

"I don't even remember Lily being pregnant again." Sirius whispered, wondering why he had no memories of something that important.

Draven stood and walked over to the large desk that sat off to one side. "Dumbledore erased a portion of your memories." He shuffled through several papers for finding the right one. He then walked back over to the chairs and handed Sirius the paper before sitting back down. "My father had you checked out before you were transferred here. Those are the results." He motioned towards the paper with his chin. "It says that several memory charms were detected. The magical signature matches the ones they detected in me. Dumbledore's magical signature."

Sirius looked down at the paper, grey eyes scanned over the information on the page. His sense of loss was overpowered by anger. Anger at Dumbledore for all that he had done. "Why?" He whispered, looking up.

"Because he has to be in control." Draven stated, simply. "He had to control the-boy-who-lived."

Crumpling the paper up, Sirius threw it into the fireplace. "Meddling old fool!" He hissed. "We trusted him!" His hands tightened into fists. "We did everything he said to protect you!" He was boiling now. "And look what happened!"

Draven watched Sirius, calmly. "I'm happy, Sirius. I have a family that loves me, something I didn't have at the Dursley's. Don't feel sorry for me because I have very few memories of what I lost."

Sirius deflated and sighed. "But it shouldn't have turned out like this." He whispered. "James should have gotten a chance to see his son and daughter grow up. It's not fair."

"No, it isn't." Draven agreed. "But you're here now. I may not be Harry anymore but by magic, you are still my godfather. Merlin has given you a second chance. Don't throw that away."

"You want me to be your godfather?" Sirius seemed to brighten at this.

Draven nodded. "Sure, why not? I've never really had a godfather before. And it would give us a chance to get to know each other." He was quiet for a moment. "We can't let Dumbledore win, Sirius."

Sirius sighed and looked down at his hands. "Padfoot." He whispered then looked up. "You used to call me Padfoot."

"Really? Padfoot? I wondered where that name came from." Draven chuckled. "Wait..." His eyes widened. "You're were a Marauder!" He exclaimed. "My friends twin brothers gave me a map that belonged to the Marauders."

A grin lit up Sirius' face. "The Marauder's Map? I helped make it along with James, Remus, and Peter." He sneered out the last name. "James was Prongs, Moony was Remus, and Peter was called Wormtail. A name that fit him, the little traitor." He hissed. "He sold your mum and dad out to Voldemort!"

Draven froze. "Wormtail?" He whispered. "He's dead." He added in a steadier voice. "He took his own life when the Dark Lord died."

Sirius stopped and locked eyes with Draven. "Voldemort is dead?" He asked, unbelievably.

"He's been gone for several years now. Bad blood, you see." Draven smirked at irony of it all.

"So it's over?" Sirius breathed a sigh of relief. "The war is finally over?"

Draven shook his head. "A new Dark Lord took his place. The Daily Prophet calls him Serpent and his closest followers Fangs. They say he's just a kid and so are his Fangs, if you believe the rubbish the Daily Prophet prints. Enough talk about that, there is more than enough time for you to catch up on the goings on in the Wizarding World. Will you tell me about your days as a Marauder?"

Sirius shook his head at the quick change in subject but nodded. "Sure. This one time..."

Sitting back, Draven listened to Sirius regale him with tales of the Marauder's pranks and all the mischief they caused. Yes, Sirius was definitely someone Draven wanted on his side and he would do anything in his power to turn him completely away from Dumbledore and the old fools beliefs.

Narcissa passed the bowl of mashed potatoes to her husband, after placing a spoonful on her own plate. Clearing her throat, she picked up her spoon. "So Sirius, are you pleased with your room?" She felt odd talking to her cousin, a cousin she hadn't really spoken to since she was a child. Sure they attended Hogwarts together but Sirius had been sorted into Gryffindor, a blow to the Black family, and she and her sisters had been forbidden to associate with him.

Sirius looked up from his plate. "Eh, it's alright." He mumbled and shoved a spoonful of casserole into his mouth.

Draven frowned and nudged Sirius with his shoulder. Seeing that his godfather wasn't going to say anything else, he looked at his mother. "Sirius loves the room, mother. Isn't that right?"

"Ya, ya that's right. It's a nice room." Sirius felt uncomfortable sitting at the Malfoy dinner table. His whole entire life had been spent hating dark wizards and now he was sharing a meal with one of the most notorious, darkest, wizards of them all, Lucius Malfoy.

"It's right beside the boys, correct?" Years of etiquette training demanded that Narcissa make idle conversation with her cousin.

Sirius nodded his head and shoved another spoonful of casserole into her mouth. He had to admit, the food was rather good. But then again anything would taste better than the bread and water he received in Azkaban. While he chewed, he left his eyes roam around the table. Doing so caused him to notice that several place settings were empty. "Are you expecting company?" He asked, finally looking to the head of the table.

Lucius sat his cup of pumpkin juice down and wiped his mouth on a napkin. "No, I believe we are all here. Why do you ask?"

"There are three empty place settings on the table." Sirius motioned towards them with his chin then took a long drink of his own pumpkin juice.

Draco, who had been silently observing Sirius, chose this time to speak. "They are for Ron, Ori, and Bella." He was silent for a moment.

“Ron had to go home, Ori is held up in his room, and Aunt Bella is...away.”

Sirius looked away from Lucius and focused on the boy sitting across from him. He immediately noticed the similarities between this boy and Draven. This had to be Draco. “Who are Ron and Ori?” He inquired.

“Ronald Weasley is a dear friend and Orion is Aunt Bella’s son, our cousin.” Draco explained.

“Weasley? Arthur’s boy?” Sirius really felt behind on the times.

“One of Arthur and Molly’s sons.” Draven piped in. “Ron has five older brothers and one younger sister.” He explained once Sirius had refocused his attention on him. “Bill is the eldest then comes Charlie, Percy, Fred and George, who are twins, Ron and his little sister Ginny. You’ll see a lot of Ron, he spends most of his summers and Holidays with us. And you’ll see quite a bit of Fred and George as well. They’re fans of yours. They’ll go mental when they find out that you were a Marauder.” He grinned. “I have yet to see two better pranksters than them.”

Sirius raised an eyebrow. “Arthur always talked about having a load of kids but I never thought Molly would accommodate him.” He shook his head. “Seven kids? Bloody hell.” He chuckled then sobered. “So Orion is Bella and Rodolphus’ son?”

“Orion is indeed a Lestrangle.” Lucius replied, leaving no room for argument.

“So where is Bella and old Rodo?” Sirius asked, having known, and disliked, Rodolphus since they were children. He blinked when the table went quiet. “What?”

Draven felt the guilt begin to rise but ruthlessly quashed it down. “Uncle Rodolphus was killed at the start of the summer holiday.” He said, quietly.

Sirius felt like a giant arse. "How?" He asked, just as quietly. His heart went out to Bella.

"Ministry raid." Draven, smoothly, lied. "They've taken to raiding Diagon Alley establishments. They say they're looking for supporters of the Serpent but no one ever makes it out of one of those raids alive. Nobody except the Aurors." He took a deep breath fighting back the tears that were pooling in the corners of his eyes. "Twenty-three innocent people lost their lives that day, all because Fudge is an incompetent idiot." He pushed his plate away, having lost his appetite. "Three of them were children." What he failed to mention was that the raid was of a back alley pub that was frequently used, by him and his Fangs, to launch attacks on Diagon Alley and the surrounding areas. He had put Rodolphus in charge of the attack.

"I'm sorry." Sirius looked down at his plate wondering how in Merlin's name the Wizarding World had fallen into such a state of chaos. "Did you know them? The kids I mean?" He asked, never looking up.

Draco nodded. "We both did. Two of them were Slytherins and one was from Gryffindor. All were going to be third years. They were there doing early school shopping." Which was a lie. The entire group was there preparing a small scale attack on Diagon Alley. The three children were loyal to Draven and died fighting the Aurors along with the twenty adults.

Sirius pushed his own plate away. "How's Bella taking it?" He remembered how emotional Bella was as a child. She'd get upset over the tiniest thing and would have to be admitted to St. Mungos until she calmed down. He could recall being forced to visit her every couple of months. Regulus had visited on his own since he was such a good son while Sirius fought tooth and nail against going.

Draven winced. "Not very well." He decided not to lie to Sirius about Bella since they were family, no matter how much Bella had stressed otherwise.

"She's in St. Mungos then?" Sirius inquired.

"I didn't say that." Draven avoided.

Sirius raised an eyebrow. "And why isn't she in St. Mungos?"

Lucius decided to help his youngest son out. "Because the Aurors would surely be waiting to arrest her. Dumbledore has convinced the Aurors that Bella is working with the Serpent. I've had to go to Fudge himself to keep the Aurors from going after this entire family. It's getting rather bothersome. We can't even go out in public without fearing for our safety. We've had to rely on a select few loyal house-elves to keep us sustained. Luckily for us the ancient wards on the Manor keep us safe from intrusion or I fear Dumbledore would have us raided and arrested. Everyone knows that he is slowly taking over the Ministry. Soon he'll be declaring himself Minister and when that time comes, many of the pureblooded families will have to flee." He was rather good at lying.

"Boy, I would sure like to know what happened to Dumbledore to make him so...so...so power hungry." Sirius mumbled. "So if Bella isn't at St. Mungos where is she?"

Draven fiddled with his napkin. "We had to place her in the dungeon with twenty-four hour guard. She tried three times, after she found out about Uncle Roddy, to off herself. There is always a house-elf with her making sure she doesn't try it again." He assured. "It's the best we can do, Sirius. It's not safe for us to take her to St. Mungos and it isn't safe to bring a healer here. Our private healer has been checking up on her but he isn't qualified to treat her."

Sirius frowned. "Can I see here?" He didn't know why he asked but he felt the need to see his cousin.

Looking towards his parents for approval, Draven nodded. "Dobby." He waited for loyal house-elf to appear. "Take Sirius to Bella's room then stay and make sure Bella doesn't do anything stupid."

"Dobby understands, sir. This way Black." Dobby darted out of the kitchen.

"Hey!" Sirius jumped to his feet and chased after the quick moving Dobby.

Narcissa, who had been silent for most of the dinner, raised an eyebrow. "That was...odd. Sirius has never shown any concern for our family except for maybe Andromeda."

"Azkaban changes people, dear." Lucius sipped his juice. "Maybe his time was well spent?"

Draven shrugged. "Come on Draco, we have some planning to do." He started to push his chair back then stopped. "Can we be excused?" He asked his mother.

"Of course, love." Narcissa smiled at her two children. "Another attack?" She asked.

"That's what we're trying to plan." Draco replied as he pushed his chair back and stood. He stopped at his mother's side and placed a kiss on her cheek.

"We're thinking muggle London this time, what do you think?" Draven asked as he moved around the table and placed a kiss on his mother's cheek as well.

Lucius raised an eyebrow. "That's a big step but one I'm sure we're ready for." He gave both boys an encouraging smile. "I do love a good muggle hunt." He rubbed his hands together.

Grinning, the boys rushed up the stairs to their room, where papers of all kind were scattered about. Plopping down on their respective beds, they began to gather information, plot and plan.

“So, how is Sirius doing?” Ron asked as he stretched his hands over his head. He was sure glad to be back at Malfoy Manor and away from his family. It wouldn’t have been so bad if they hadn’t tried, the entire time he was there, to get him to see Dumbledore. His constant refusals had fallen on deaf ears which caused him to cut his time with his family short. He hadn’t been the only one annoyed with his parents. Fred and George had returned to Malfoy Manor three days before Ron, having had enough of their mothers constant nagging.

“I think he’s adjusting rather well.” Draven looked up from the map he had been studying. “He’s been down to see Bella every night this week and I think he’s actually helping her. I mean, just yesterday she left Dobby feed her without causing him injury. If that isn’t progress, I don’t know what is.” He folded the map up and pushed it to the side.

Ron shifted in his chair to look at Draven. “How’s he handling the fact that you used to be Harry Potter?” He asked, bluntly.

Draven shrugged and jotted something down on a nearby piece of parchment that was covered with numbers and addresses. “We haven’t spoken about it since the day I told him. Every once in a while he’ll refer to James and Lily as my mum and dad but other than that...nothing. We’ll discuss it more in-depth when he is ready, not before.” He stressed knowing that his friend would try to help and only make matters more complicated and awkward.

“So that should be the twelfth of never, right?” Ron asked, sarcastically, then waved his hand to dismiss his question. “So have you decided where the Fangs are going to attack next?” He changed the topic.

“Draco has made some interesting suggestions.” Draven left his friend change the subject. He looked back to his piece of parchment. “I considered each of his suggestions before dismissing them. They weren’t places that would make an impact.” He was quiet for a moment then pulled out a neatly folded map, one he had drawn himself. Unfolding it, he smoothed it out and motioned Ron over.

Ron stood and walked over to the desk that Draven was sitting at and leaned over his shoulder to get a closer look at the map. His

eyebrows hiked higher and higher on his forehead with each name and location that he read. "This is going to be our biggest attack yet." He whispered wondering if they were ready, or even prepared, for something this big.

Draven nodded his head. "It is. This attack will let the Minister and Dumbledore know that we are not to be scoffed at. This will let them know what kind of a threat we really are." Cold green eyes moved over the map. "You will lead your Death Eaters in an attack here." He pointed to Wales. "Recruitment has been good this year." He explained which was his way of saying that each Fang was getting more members added to their teams. "Draco will lead his men into London and Orion has agreed to take his flank to Westminster. Any questions?"

"Wales?" Ron asked in a small voice. He suddenly felt overwhelmed. "Do you really think we should be split up like that? What about you?" He searched the map for Draven's target but found nothing. But he knew his friend well enough to know that he would be involved with the fighting. "Where are you going to be?"

"I will lead a small group to Little Whinging, Surrey." Draven's voice suddenly chilled. "We've been preparing for this day for years, Ron. All the attacks and raids have been leading up to this point and I have faith in you. So have faith in yourself!"

Ron chewed on his lower lip and dropped down into a chair near the desk. "This is suicide." He whispered. "There isn't enough Death Eaters for this attack!" His voice suddenly grew strong. "We'll be stretched too thin!" He was the strategist, after all.

Draven sighed and pinched the top of his nose. "As I have said before, recruitment has been good this year and last year and the year before. We have enough men or I wouldn't have laid it out like this." He waved a hand over the map. "You can't back out now, Ron. You're in too deep. You can't just quiet because you've chosen this point in time to grow a bloody conscious!" He snarled, green eyes flashing with anger.

"I'm not backing out!" Ron hissed, growing defensive. "I was just pointing out that this is insane! That's my job, isn't it? To tell you what attack will be successful and what attack won't? Which raid will bring us the most supplies and which will lose us men? Oh I forgot, you know what's best right? That worked out well for Rodolphus didn't it." Before he even closed his mouth, he knew he had crossed an unspoken line and wasn't surprised to find himself on the floor, thrashing around in unbearable pain.

Clutching his wand, Draven watched as his friend slid to the floor as his Cruciatus Curse hit him. For several moments he watched in grim satisfaction as Ron flailed around like a fish out of water. Then, as if snapping out of a daze, he cancelled the curse and sat back in his chair. "Where there is war, there must be punishment." He said, quietly. "Next time I will not be so lenient."

Ron laid on the floor, panting, trying to catch his breath. Finally, he pushed himself up and gingerly sat back onto the chair he had previously occupied. "I didn't mean...I shouldn't have said...I'm sorry." He whispered. "I do trust you, Draven." He took a deep breath. "So if you want me to lead an attack against Wales then I shall." He agreed.

Draven finally brought his eyes back to his friend. "I did not like doing that." He frowned. "But I would do it again. You were out of line!" He bellowed then his anger deflated slightly. "You will have more than enough men to successfully launch an attack against Wales." He waved his hand. "Leave me."

Nodding, Ron stood, shakily, and walked out of the study. Once the door was closed, he slumped against the wall, his legs, which felt like jelly, refusing to hold him up. "Bloody hell." He mumbled. "Note to self, never piss off the future conqueror of the Wizarding World." Pushing himself up, he used the wall for support and made his way up to the room he shared with Orion. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that the room was empty. He plopped down on his bed and tried to relax his screaming muscles. And that's how Orion found him, three hours later.

"We got one!" Charles Charlie Weasley shouted as soon as he exited the fireplace. He brushed the soot off his robe and looked up into the twinkling eyes of Albus Dumbledore.

"Got one what?" Albus asked. He pushed the parchment, that he had been reading, aside and folded his hands in front of him on the desk.

Charlie took a moment to catch his breath. "A Fang! We caught one of the Serpents Fangs!" He grinned. "Our intelligence was right. He was leading an attack against Surrey. It took only moments for us to overwhelm and capture him and six Death Eaters."

Albus was on his feet and already moving around his desk. He grasped Charlie by the shoulders and searched his eyes. "Has the Ministry been informed?" He demanded.

"Of course not." Charlie blinked. "We have them at one of our safe houses in London. Dad sent me to get you."

"Good. Good." Albus grabbed a handful of floo powder and threw it into the fireplace. "After you, dear boy." He motioned with his hand.

Charlie nodded "Safe House Three, London!" He and the Headmaster stepped into the green flames and were gone in a flash. Several seconds later they stepped out of another fireplace located somewhere in London. "I got him, dad!" Charlie rushed off to get his father.

Albus looked around the richly decorated living room and wondered who exactly owned this safe house. He was pulled from his musings when Charlie returned with Arthur. "Ah, I'm told you've accomplished the impossible?" His eyes were sparkling madly.

Arthur nodded, grimly. "Go help your mother, Charlie." He dismissed his son. "Right this way, Albus." He motioned towards where he had just come from.

Grumbling, Charlie left his father and former Headmaster alone. He hated it when he was treated like a child. After all, it was his team that had captured the Fang.

The Headmaster followed Arthur out of the living room, down a long hallway, and into what looked like a spare bedroom. His eyes automatically searched the room for its occupant. "Where...?"

"He's been keeping to the shadows since he was brought here." Arthur motioned towards the darkest corner of the room. Clearing his throat, Arthur moved towards the corner and grabbed hold of something in the darkness. With a yank, he pulled a figure from the shadows by the arm.

Albus watched in fascination as a tall figure appeared from the darkness. Blue eyes narrowed when he saw that the youth still wore the grey serpent mask that marked him as a Fang. "Why is he still masked?"

Arthur steered the youth towards the bed and forced him to sit. "Because we have been unable to remove the mask. It seems to be...eh...stuck." He moved back to the Headmasters side.

"Stuck?" Albus moved closer to the bed and peered into the black snake eyes. He straightened up. "It's been charmed to be removed only by the wearer." He had to admit that the magic used on the mask was rather unique. "We seem to be in a dilemma, young man." He addressed the seated boy. "Are we going to do this the easy way or the hard way?" His voice had taken on a serious edge.

"Ohh, I've never tried the hard way. Lets go with that." Came the muffled, flippant answer from the youth sitting on the bed.

Albus sighed and waved his hand, dismissing Arthur. He turned back to the boy, expecting Arthur to comply without question. Once he heard the door open and close, he conjured up a chair and sat down, right in front of the bed. It took a moment to study the boy. "It's not too late." He finally spoke. "If you tell me what I want to know, I'll leave you go. The Ministry, your family and friends, never have to know that you betrayed them. You can have a fresh start. Has does that sound, hm?"

The boy snorted. "Sounds like a load of codswallop to me." He was silent for a moment. "I will never betray the Dark Prince so you may torture me now." He crossed his arms over his chest.

"So you don't serve Lord Voldemort?" Albus inquired, ignoring the boy's last comment.

"Voldemort is dead." The boy said, quietly. "Everyone knows that."

Albus reached out and pulled up the boy's robe sleeve. His lips formed a straight line when he saw the dark mark on the pale flesh of the boy's arm. "If he is dead, why are you marked with his mark?"

The boy refused to answer for several seconds. "Why does Snape still bear his mark when he is your lapdog?" He inquired, innocently.

"What?" Albus went very still. "I do not know what you are talking about. Severus is not my, how did you put it, Lapdog?"

"The Dark Prince has known for a long time that Snape is loyal to you. He hasn't killed him yet because he finds him amusing." The boy said.

Albus tilted his head to the side. "Why did you attack Surrey?" He changed the line of questions.

The boy copied the Headmaster and tilted his head to the side. "I was ordered to."

"You're not being very forthcoming." Albus felt his patience wearing thin.

"And you're a giant arse. Shall we move on to the less the obvious?" The boy questioned with complete sincerity.

Albus gave the boy a grim smile. "Tell me your name."

The boy shook his head. "Tell me yours first." He countered.

"You already know my name!" The Headmaster all but growled. "Take off your mask."

"Yours first." The boy was starting to enjoy this little tennis match of words. "No, wait. Forget it. I wouldn't want to lose my breakfast." He waved a hand in dismissal. "Leave yours on."

Albus leaned back in the chair and with movements not normal for a man his age, he ripped the mask from the boy's face, after muttered several Latin words under his breath. He sat back, prize in hand.

The boy hissed in pain as his charms were neutralized and the mask forcibly removed from his face. Green eyes locked with sparkling blue. "You will pay for that." His face was burning, and he could feel something sticky running down his chin, and he knew that some of the skin on his face had been pulled off with the mask.

To say Albus was shocked would have been an understatement. "Draven Malfoy." He looked at the mask in his hand then back to the bleeding boy. "What a surprise." From what his spies within the Serpents ranks had told him, Draven Malfoy was more than just an underling but the facts didn't lie. And here was Draven sitting before him, wearing the mask and uniform, he noted, of a Fang. "So you serve Lord Voldemort and his heir?"

"Get your ears checked old man. I have already told you that the Dark Lord is dead. I serve the true one." Draven stated, calmly. In his mind, he was mentally congratulating himself on a very convincing acting job. He just hoped the others were fairing as well as he was.

Albus shook his head. "So young. I had never really truly believed that this new Dark Lord had convinced young Wizards and Witches to join his cause. I have failed you and the others. I thought that through Hogwarts, I could protect you from the evil. I am sorry."

Draven rolled his eyes. "Save it, Dumbledore. I'm not buying whatever you're selling." He had darted to the door when it was suddenly opened and they were joined by another. His eyebrow went up when his green eyes met shocked golden ones. "Hello werewolf." He greeted.

Remus froze as soon as he entered the room. The news that he had been bringing Dumbledore escaped him. "You!" He felt his hands curl into fists. "You...you..." He sputtered out in anger.

"I'm glad to see that you still have a way with words, Professor." Draven yawned and winced as the movement caused the wounds on his face to begin bleeding again. "Did you need something?" He asked the new arrival. "I was rather enjoying my conversation with Dumbledork before you interrupted."

"I knew you were no good!" Remus finally managed to grit out. "I told Lily that all Malfoy's were no good but she refused to listen!" He took a step closer to the boy. "Did you bewitch them? Tell me!" He reached out and grabbed the boy by his collar, shaking him.

Draven's eyes grew cold as his was rough handled. "Unless you wish to die, I suggest you get your filthy hands off of me." He hissed out and when the man didn't comply, he used his nails to dig into the soft flesh of his hands. He looked up from his place on the floor, where he had been dropped, and sneered. "Never touch me again." Pushing himself to his feet, he moved back to the bed and sat down. "I will enjoy killing you all." He added, matter-of-factly.

Sighing, Albus looked at Remus. "How can I help you?" He could feel the dark magic flowing off of the boy and he knew that it was in every ones best interest if he got Remus out of the room as quickly as possible.

Remus took his eyes off his injured hands and looked at Dumbledore, only now remembering why he had come to this room to begin with. "The Serpent has been spotted leading an attack against London. Plus we are getting intelligence that says Wales and Westminster are also being hit." He look back to the boy. "I would say that he was an distraction. Most of our resources were diverted to capturing him and the small group of Death Eaters. Now the Ministry is requesting assistance and we are unable to provide it."

Albus sat back in his chair and eyed Draven. "How many march on Wales, London, and Westminster?" His question was directed at Remus because he knew the boy wouldn't honestly answer him.

"Last count? Thousands." Remus whispered, hardly believing the number himself.

"Actually, hundreds of thousands." Draven chimed in with a wicked grin. "Recruitment has been good these past few years." He bragged. "Oh, they aren't all British. Oh no. The Dark Princes' army contains witches and wizards from all over the world. Not to mention giants, trolls, vampires, and werewolves." He looked at Remus and smirked. "Seems like your kind has picked the winning side while your stuck here." He tsked.

Blue eyes widened and he searched emerald green eyes for lies; he found none. "Merlin help us." Dumbledore whispered. "Where are the attacks focused, Remus?"

Remus narrowed his eyes at the boy and answered the Headmaster. "Muggle's are being targeted. From what I have been told, the small magical communities in Wales and Westminster are being left alone, as is Diagon Alley."

Albus felt old. "The Ministry will be unable to stop the backlash from the muggles." He whispered. "That was the plan, wasn't it?" He asked, Draven.

Draven shrugged. "I'm just a simple Fang. How am I to know what the Dark Prince intended?" He looked back to Remus. "I didn't have to bewitch them, werewolf. They came to me willingly because I told them the truth." He smirked. "I think they were tired of pretending to play house with you." He smirk grew. "Lily Potter falling in love with you?" He snorted. "Her heart still belongs to James. Why do you think Roslin calls you Uncle instead of Dad, hm? You did help raise her, didn't you? You did hope that Lily would grow to love you as a husband instead of brother, right?" He was enjoying himself. "How very pathetic. Wait until Sirius finds out what you've been trying to woo your dead best friends wife."

"Sirius? He's in Azkaban." Remus whispered, looking to Dumbledore for confirmation.

"He was in Azkaban. He broke out months ago. Dumbledore has been doing a good job keeping it quiet, hasn't he?" Draven stretched his hands over his head. "Now, I would really love to stay and chat but you have ceased to amuse me so I'll just be going now." He stood.

Refusing to meet Remus' eyes, Dumbledore pointed his wand at the boy. "I can't allow that. You're our only hope in defeating the Serpent."

Draven eyed the wand with cool, disinterest. "You actually think I'd let myself get captured without a way out?" He questioned with a raised eyebrow. "You have no hope, Dumbledork. None at all." He pulled a silver pendent out from under his robe and rubbed it between his forefinger and thumb. "I'll be sure to say hello to Lily and Roslin for you. Until we meet again." He gave a salute and disappeared with a quiet pop.

Both Albus and Remus stared at the spot where Draven had been. "Merlin." Remus collapsed onto the bed. "What do we do, Albus? He's just a boy and already more powerful than most of us in the Order."

Albus sighed, sadly. "I am not sure there is anything we can do, Remus. We can assume that since Draven is serving this new Dark Lord then so are his parents, brother and cousin. And as painful as this is to say, I would bet all my socks that Ronald Weasley, Hermione Granger, all of Slytherin house and almost all of Gryffindor are also serving in the Serpents ranks." Standing, he moved passed Remus and out of the room. "All we can really do now is pray to Merlin for help and guidance.

Remus watched the elderly Headmaster leave the room. He looked down at his hands where small half moon shaped indents shone red with seeping blood. For the first time in his life he truly felt alone. "Merlin protect Lily and Roslin, because you are the only one that can." He whispered, stood, and exited the empty room. He would pray for a swift end to the war later, now he just needed to be around people. So his destination was the kitchen where Molly would be cooking, unaware that her youngest son was a dark wizard, and the entire Order would be gathered for a quick meal before going back

out and trying to help stop the deaths of innocent muggles by an army lead by children.

Wales

Ron watched in dazed horror as his brother took a spell to the back and went down about twenty feet from him. "Fred!" He screamed and darted away from the four Death Eaters assigned, by Draven, to protect him. "Fred!" His voice took on a frantic edge when he noticed a red robe moving towards his unmoving brother. With a last burst of energy he skidded to a halt in front of his brother and turned to face the approaching Order member. His wand, which hadn't moved from his hand for the last three hours of fighting, leveled on the enemy. "Not another step closer!" He hissed out. Once the roar faded in his ears, he noticed who, exactly, had taken Fred down. Not more than six feet away stood the unmistakable figure of his father, Arthur.

Arthur stopped his approach of the fallen enemy soldier when a Fang appeared, protecting his fallen comrade. "Alright, easy there." He raised his hands in a non-threatening manner but never left go of his wand.

Keeping one eye on the red robe, identified as his father, Ron turned his head, slightly, towards his fallen brother. "Come on, Fred. You gotta wake up!" He implored but his brother didn't move. Cold, angry, eyes focused on Arthur. "I warned you!" He was seething. "I told you I would kill you if we met again, dad." It wouldn't hurt anything if Arthur knew who he was since he was about to end his life. "I didn't want to make mum a widow, I really didn't. But it really isn't my fault is it?" He left an insane chuckle escape from his lips. "Dumbledore did this, not me." He reasoned. "He sent you here, didn't he? He forfeited your life." Shifting, he moved his body until he was standing in front of Fred's still form. He just prayed to Merlin that he was still alive.

Fred? Dad? Arthur blinked and took a good hard look at the Fang standing in front of him then the figure laying on the ground. "Merlin..." He whispered and took a step back. "Ron?" He whispered out in shock. "No, this is a trick. A bloody trick." He took another step back.

Ron smirked knowing his father couldn't see it. "I told you that you didn't know me and I was right. You were always so busy with work or Dumbledore that you didn't even notice that three of your sons

were all but strangers to you. How does it feel, Dad, knowing that you could have possibly killed one of your own children? Do you even know what you are fighting for anymore?" He questioned. "Do you even care?"

Arthur's eyes widened. "Th...three?" He blinked and shook his head. His son was right. He had been so busy with his own life that he didn't even notice that three of his children had gone to the dark side, for a lack of a better term. "When...?" He managed to ask.

"I've been loyal to the Dark Prince for a number of years now as has Fred and George." Ron left blue eyes scan the surrounding area. "You've lost." He said, quietly. "Most of your men have either been captured or killed." Taking a deep breath, he looked back to his father and for the first time in his life he didn't feel any remorse.

"There's still time!" Arthur felt panic well up in his chest as he watched his son's eyes. "No one has to know. You can walk away now and I won't tell a soul." He was begging now. "You can be saved."

Ron snorted. "I don't need to be saved, you muggle loving fool! I am not the one who is blindly following a leader. I know what my leader has planned, I even helped plan it! So don't tell me that I need to be saved!" He was silent for a moment, letting his words sink in. "I am not the one about to die for an unjust cause and an unfair leader." He added, coldly.

Arthur swallowed hard. "Come on Ron, I'm your father for Merlin's sake. What I do is to protect you, your mother, and brothers and sister. What I fight for is just. So do what you must." He straightened up, praying to Merlin that his son was bluffing.

"So you do have a backbone? I had wondered." Ron sneered and twirled his wand between his fingers. "You don't believe that I'll do it, do you?" He chuckled. "Want to know how many I've killed? Tortured?" He tapped his wand against his cloth covered chin, thinking. "Well, the names and faces are too numerous to count." He concluded. "So what's one more?" He pointed his wand at his father's chest. "Any last words?"

“Ron, please.” Arthur felt panic grip him when he realized Ron wasn’t bluffing. “I’m your father.” He desperately searched his mind for something, anything, to say. “You’ll regret this for the rest of your life.”

Ron shrugged. “I’ll manage. Goodbye, Dad.” And with a strangely calm voice he said the words that would end his father’s life. “Avada Kedavra!” With an odd feeling of peace, he watched the green light hit his father.

Arthur was shocked and that was the look his lifeless eyes held once his body crumpled to the ground.

Without a backward glance, he turned towards his brother and placed a hand on his chest. He sighed in relief when he felt Fred breathing. “That’s a boy.” He looked around and spotted three of his four guards just a few feet away. They were giving him a look akin to respect, they had seen the entire exchange between the two Weasleys. “Has this day gone to us?” He asked in a whisper and motioned for the nearest man to pick Fred up and follow him.

“It has, milord.” One of the Death Eaters, a sixteen year old Ravenclaw, Clyde Davison, replied. “We were just waiting for your signal.” He took point and led the small group back to the rendezvous point. He nodded his head to several of the gathered Death Eaters, who then started passing out portkeys. He looked to the sky.

Ron followed silently and once the group reached the others, he cleared his throat. “Wales is ours. You have all fought well. Our Lord will be pleased.” With that said he took hold of a dusty old book “Morsmordre!” He disappeared as the portkey was activated. He knew the others would follow.

Westminster

Orion grimaced as he felt the spell rip through his arm from behind. Spinning, he cursed when he caught sight of an Order member, wand trained on him. “Bloody hell.” He threw himself to the ground and began to crawl towards an overturned automobile. Once he was safely behind it, he surveyed his arm. “I should have listened.” He

mumbled to himself and wished he had stayed with the four senior Death Eaters that had been assigned to his care and protection. "Stupid Ori, real stupid!" He looked from side to side trying to formulate an escape plan and he only, just barely, dodged a curse flung over the top of the automobile. "Bloody..." He flung himself to the ground once again, ignoring the pain coming from his shredded arm, and began to crawl away from his hiding place. His black robe, along with the black smoke from several burning houses and businesses, served to cover his escape. Coughing, he stumbled to his feet, once he was a safe distance away, and began to run. The attack had been going well until several Order members and a third of the Auror department showed up. His men were holding their own but it was difficult. "Yazak!" He caught sight of one of his guards, who was pinned down by two Aurors. "Avada Kedavra!" He took down one of the Aurors before being spotted.

Thirty-five year old Thomas Yazak, saw his chance. "Avada Kedavra!" He took down the second Auror while he was distracted by his fallen friend. "Milord!" He called out and squinted through the thick smoke. "We thought you lost!" He breathed a sigh of relief when he spotted Orion. "The Ministry is retreating." He called out.

Not believing his ears, Orion moved closer. "The Ministry is retreating?" He questioned.

"Aye. Most of the Order members have already gone." Thomas grinned behind his mask. "Westminster is ours!"

Orion blinked. "Westminster is ours?" He grinned. "Westminster is ours!" He whooped and pumped his hand in the air. "Sound retreat, Yazak. We go home now." He stumbled down the street and didn't say a word when Yazak wrapped his arm around his exhausted frame, helping him walk. Once they reached the designated portkey spot, he took hold of a rusty old umbrella. "Morsmordre!" He felt a pull at his navel as the portkey whisked him away.

London

The green mask of the Serpent stood out amongst the white masks of the Death Eaters. Barking, he ordered his men to retreat. "Bloody

hell!" Now Draco knew what Draven felt like when he put on the mask of the Serpent. Every single witch and wizard that had appeared was firing curse after curse at him. "You so owe me, Draven." He mumbled under his breath. At first it was exhilarating wearing the mask of the Serpent but now it was just a pain in the arse. "Where in the name of Merlin did they all come from?" What he didn't know was that most of the Aurors and Order members had been sent to London while just a small portion had been sent to Wales and Westminster. Everywhere he looked, he saw Death Eaters being struck down. His own protection detail had been reduced to just one. "Sound the retreat! London is lost to us!" He took off in a run as retreat was sounded. "Come on! Come on!" He called out to still fighting Death Eaters as he passed them. Skidding to a stop, he searched the deserted alley for the portkey's that had been brought with them and left until needed. "Ah!" He grabbed a hold of a rusty old can. Turning, he waited until a good portion of his men had joined him in the alley and had also grabbed hold of their portkeys. Pointing his wand up, he prayed that the others had been successful. "Morsmordre!" He left out a sigh of relief when the familiar feeling of a portkey took hold of him. Soon he'd be home, safe and sound. And Draven could go back to being the Serpent and he just a lowly fang. He couldn't help but wonder if his brothers plan to be captured by the Order had worked. And if they truly believed that Draven was nothing more than a Fang instead of the Serpent, or as he liked to be called, Dark Prince.

Malfoy Manor

Draven waited in the foyer for his Fangs to return. If his intel was correct then both Wales and Westminster were his but London still remained to be seen. Pacing, he blinked as three rather dirty figures appeared. "Draco, Ron, Orion!" He was happy to see that they were all ok. "How did it go?"

Orion winced at his rather unceremonious landing. "Westminster is ours."

Ron nodded. "As is Wales."

Draco ripped his mask off and wiped his forehead on the arm of his robe. "I was not able to get London."

“No hard feelings.” Draven said, cheerfully. “We’ll use our combined forces on London next time.” He smirked. “All has gone according to plan.” He surveyed the boys in front of him. “Ori, have mother see to your arm. Draco, get some rest. Ron...it had to be done.” With that said, he turned and headed up the stairs. He had some celebrating to do and he knew his friends and family would join him later.

“So, is it true?” Hermione asked as she stepped into Draven and Draco’s room. She smiled, faintly, when she passed the, peacefully, slumbering Draco. She stopped once she reached Draven’s bed.

“Is what true?” Draven asked and motioned for Hermione to sit down on the bed. He picked up a bottle of butterbeer, off his bedside table, and offered it to her.

Hermione sat down and took the offered bottle. “Don’t act stupid, Draven. It does not befit you.” She mumbled as she unscrewed the cap and took a sip of the chilled liquid. She sighed seeing that he was, indeed, going to act stupid. “Is it true that Mr. Weasley was killed?” She spoke slowly, as if speaking to a small child or someone with the IQ of Crabbe or Goyle.

Draven discarded his empty bottle and leaned back against his pillows. “Where did you hear that?” He inquired.

“Pansy told me.” Hermione took another sip out of the bottle. “She was in the infirmary when Fred was brought in.” She looked up, brown eyes locking with green. “Ron had to be given a calming draught.” She whispered. “Do you even care?” She asked without hesitation or fear.

Sighing, Draven swung his legs over the bed, breaking eye contact with Hermione, sitting on the edge. “Of course I care. How could you even ask me that?” The hurt he was feeling shone through his voice.

Hermione snorted. “If you care so much, why did you order Ron to kill his own father!” Her voice started to rise until she was all but yelling at Draven. “How could you!” She hissed out in anger and pain for her friend.

Draven stood and glared at Hermione. “I didn’t order Ron to murder his father!” He growled. “That was Ron’s choice. He had a run in with Arthur before and warned him that he’d kill him if they met again.” He began to pace. “When Arthur took down Fred, Ron just reacted. He reacted like any good soldier would. When he realized who he was facing, he had to make good on his threat. If he didn’t...he would have been seen as a weakness not only by the Order but by his men as

well.” He stopped pacing and looked at Hermione. “This is war, Hermione. Those not with us are against us. They have killed and captured just as much as we have. So don’t you dare try to lay all the blame on me because I’m trying to keep these men, women, and children alive!” He hissed. By now he was shaking with rage. “And if you doubt that then I really need to re-evaluate just who my real friends are.” Turning, he crossed his arms over his chest and stared out of his window at the darken grounds below.

“Draven...” Hermione’s voice softened and she stood, setting her half empty bottle onto the floor. She stepped up behind him, hugging him from behind. “I’m sorry.” She whispered and laid her head against his back. “I guess I’m still getting used to this whole war thing.” She was silent for a moment. “I don’t doubt that you’re trying to save our world and it’s people. I’m just trying to understand why there has to be so much killing to accomplish that goal. Ron is my friend too. Just like you, Draco, Orion, and all the others. Is it so wrong of me to worry?”

“You sound like Bella.” Draven uncrossed his arms and pulled Hermione around so he could hug her. He buried his face in her curly brown hair. After a moment, he pulled away and rested his hands on her shoulders. “I wish there didn’t have to be so much death but that is the only way the Ministry and Dumbledore takes us seriously. Before the raids and attacks, they just ignored us. And there can’t be change if nobody will listen. So if ten muggles have to die in order for just one witch or wizard to live, I find that to be an acceptable loss. War isn’t pretty, ‘Mione. It never has been nor do I think it ever will be. But I want you to remember that I don’t order attacks just for the hell of it. Every attack, every raid, has a purpose.”

Hermione gave him a soft smile. “I’ll remember, I promise.” She wrapped her arms around his waist for another hug and left a comfortable silence fall over them. With a sigh, she snuggled into his embrace. “Your mother spoke to me earlier.” She broke the silence but didn’t move away from him.

Draven tightened his arms in support, knowing his mother could be cruel without even trying. “Really? What did she have to say?”

“She had a lot to say, actually.” Hermione pulled out of the hug and sat on the edge of the bed. “We talked about me getting a new wardrobe and spending the holidays with you guys.” She was silent for a moment. “Then we talked about...girl...things.” She frowned. “I don’t know if your mother is scarier when she’s being nice or being mean.”

A single blonde eyebrow raised. “Mother was nice?” Draven sat down beside Hermione. “What did she want?” He was a Malfoy after all, he knew how his mother operated.

Hermione glanced at the boy beside her. “Actually, she already got what she wanted. Apparently, she’s been very busy these last few weeks. She’s already spoken to my parents.”

Draven blinked. “She spoke to your parents? Your muggle parents? About what?” He was confused.

“Well, they settled on a...eh...price.” Hermione blushed, picked her still chilled butterbeer up off the floor and took a long swing.

“Price for what?” Draven was really confused. But once he saw Hermione’s blush, he knew exactly what the price was for. He hopped to his feet. “And your parents went along with it?” He squeaked. “But they’re muggles!”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Well, that would be why I’m a muggleborn then, wouldn’t it?” She asked, sarcastically. “And muggles used to do the same thing. My grandparents on my fathers side for instance. They never even met each other until their wedding day.”

Draven tilted his head to the side. “Muggles used to do it?” This seemed to interest him. “Your grandparents were...” He glanced over at his brother’s bed to make sure he was still asleep before continuing. “...Betroved?”

“Well, not all muggles. The well-to-do ones did. They wanted to make sure their money stayed in their family. And the only way to do that was to make sure their offspring married into a family that either had the same amount of wealth or slightly more. They couldn’t risk their

sons or daughters falling in love with a popper, getting married, and then the marriage failing. What would happen to their hard earned fortunes then?" Hermione snorted. "I've always found the idea simply barbaric."

"I'm glad I'm not the only one that thinks so." Draven mumbled. "Did Mother tell you why she chose you?"

Hermione smiled, slightly. "She said that I have proven myself worthy of her baby. The fact that I'm a muggleborn can be easily overlooked because of my skills as a witch. And that our union would produce children worthy of the Malfoy name."

Draven placed his hand over his eyes and moaned. "Mottther." He hissed out through clenched teeth.

"Is the thought of someday marrying me so...undesirable to you?" Hermione asked out of pure curiosity. She had to admit that she did have feelings for her best friend

"Of course not!" Draven looked up, sharply. "But I don't want you forced into this just because my Mother sees fit to control my life as she has Draco's." He glared at his, now, snoring brother. "Besides, I'm too busy to be in a relationship. I'm trying to take over the world, you know?"

Hermione chuckled. "You won't be doing that forever, Draven. Someday this war will end and what then? Don't you want a wife? Children? A home to come home to after a hard day at work or whatever you'll be doing in the new world?"

Draven shrugged his shoulders. "How did we get on this subject anyways? I thought we were talking about Ron not our futures?" He grumbled.

"You didn't answer my question, Draven." Hermione wasn't backing down until she had her answer.

"Of course I'd like to have a family. And I do like you Hermione. You're my best friend. But do you understand what this will do to

you? Once the announcement has been made, there is no going back. Everyone will know and I have a feeling you'll be targeted by the Order and Ministry. Can you handle that?" Draven wanted to know.

Hermione shrugged. "Then the Order and Ministry will be wasting their time. I'm loyal to you Draven. I love your family as if it was my own. And all I would ask in return is that my parents be protected."

Draven shook his head. "They are already protected, I have seen to it. So you're positive then? Being the wife of a Malfoy will be...difficult. Pansy has been raised to be Draco's wife so she is prepared for what lies ahead. But you...you'll only have two maybe three years to learn. You think you can handle it?"

"Draven, this is me you're asking. Of course I can handle it. I love to learn." Hermione smiled and kissed him on the cheek. "So shall I inform your mother that she won't have to see her youngest son turn into an old maid?"

"Go ahead and tell her. But I will warn you, she wants lots of grandchildren." Draven smiled, wickedly.

Hermione pssted and waved her hand. "I've heard the act of reproducing is a rather...enjoyable experience. Giving her grandchild won't be a problem." She stood and marched out of bedroom in search of her future mother-in-law.

Draven shook his head still not believing what had just happened. "Bloody hell."

Draco, who had been awake for almost the entire conversation couldn't hold back a chuckle.

Green eyes narrowed and darted over to his brothers bed. "Prat." Draven sighed. "What's so bloody funny, huh?"

"Mother sure has picked a spitfire for you." Draco rolled over to face his brother. "Met your match in that one, you have."

Draven yanked his covers down and crawled under them. "At least my children won't look like blonde pugs."

Draco rolled his eyes and propped his head up on his hand, ignoring his brother's insult of his future children. "I never thought I'd see the day where my brother, the Dark Prince, would consider settling down. I must mark the calendar." He teased.

"Laugh it up, Draco." Draven's eyes flashed with mischief. "Being the eldest, you'll be expected to produce the first grandson. So that means you and Pansy will be spending all your spare time doing the wild thing." He smirked when he heard his brother whimper.

"You're cruel, Draven. Very cruel." Draco turned over and pulled his covers up over his head.

Draven's smirk grew. "Why, thank you very much, brother." He laid back and pulled his own covers up. Tomorrow's celebration would not only be for their victories at Wales and Westminster but also the engagement of Draven Alexander Malfoy and Hermione Jane Granger. He didn't even dare think about all the people his mother was going to invite and the circus the day was going to turn into. Soon, he followed his brother into Morpheus' embrace.

Draven hated it when he was right. Plastering a fake smile on his lips, he began to move through the many invited guests that packed Malfoy Manor. He even stopped to exchange pleasantries with one or two of them; like the McDaniels, for instance. He was surprised to see the two familiar faces amongst the crowd and he greeted them with sincerity. "Edward, Elizabeth, how are you?" He shook Edwards hand and left Elizabeth place a kiss on each of his cheeks.

Edward, a tall man with salt and pepper hair, smiled and gave the boy a healthy hand shake. "We are well, my boy. Well indeed. And yourself, if I even dare to ask?"

"I am also well, sir." Draven released the older mans hand and plucked a glass of champagne from a passing servers tray. "But I must say that I am surprised to see you here. Last I heard, you were in hiding." He raised a blonde eyebrow and took a sip of the sparkling liquid.

Elizabeth waved her hand. "Hiding? The McDaniels do not hide." She sniffed. "We've been spending our time in France at our summer home. It has been a dream of ours to sell our house here and move to France. We are in the process of doing just that."

Draven took another sip from his glass. "I see. So the fact that the Ministry has a warrant out for you both has nothing to do with your relocation?"

Laughing, Edward slapped the boy on the back. "You're a Malfoy, alright! You're way too clever to be Lucius' son. Are you sure that he is your father?" He questioned with sparkling blue eyes.

"He is." Draven waited a beat before adding. "Sadly." He grinned. "So why risk being caught to come to my boring party?" He inquired as the grin slid from his face.

"We figured that this was the safest place in England to be, young Malfoy." Elizabeth gave the boy a fond look. "And your engagement party is far from boring." She raised an eyebrow. "Do you actually think we'd let that bumbling fool, Fudge, stop us, any of us, from attending the engagement of the youngest Malfoy? We were there

when it was your brother and now we are here for you.” Her voice left no room for argument. “We owed it to Johnny.” She added in a whisper. “He looked up to you and Draco. We can never repay the kindness you showed him.”

Draven looked around the room and noted that more than half the guests were wanted by the Ministry for questioning and such. “I’m honored.” He brought his eyes back to the couple before him and cleared his throat. “I’m sorry about Jon. I meant to write but things have been so hectic lately.” He shook his head. “No, that is no excuse. I just couldn’t...” He trailed off and picked at the sleeve of his emerald green and silver robe. “Jon was one of the good ones, Mr. McDaniels. I was honored to call him friend.”

Edward wrapped an arm around his wife and kissed her forehead. “I have just one favor to ask of you, Draven.” He took a deep breath and schooled his face. “Get the bastards that took away our son.”

“I will, sir. I swear to it on the name of Merlin.” Draven promised and gave them a small smile. “Some party, eh?” He was trying to change the subject. This was suppose to be a day of happiness not sorrow.

Elizabeth dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief that she had removed from her handbag and gave Draven a watery smile. “Go mingle with your guests.” She was giving him an opening to take his leave.

Draven gave her a grateful smile. “I hope to talk to you again before the night is over.” He bowed his head and moved away from the McDaniels. Taking a deep breath, he fought to control his emotions. This was not the place to show weakness. He nodded his head to several familiar guests as he moved passed them. He smiled when he spotted Hermione and changed direction.

Hermione looked up from her glass of champagne when she felt an arm wrap around her waist. “Hello Draven.” She spoke quietly since she had maneuvered herself into a dark corner away from the many guests and their questions.

“Hello to you too.” Draven smiled and kissed her temple. “Lovely hiding spot you have here.” This was the distraction he needed. He

grinned and pushed aside a leaf of a large potted plant sitting beside Hermione. "How you holding up?"

"It's a disaster, Draven." Tears welled up in Hermione's eyes. "There are so many people." She whispered, brown eyes darting away from Draven and towards the crowd.

Draven tightened his hold. "I did warn you that it would be a bit overwhelming." He pointed out.

Hermione brought her gaze back to Draven and looked down. "I don't think I can do this." Her bottom lip began to tremble. "They want to know everything!" She exclaimed. "I've never...nosey...old bats..." She sputtered.

"Of course you can do this. You thrive on pressure." Draven smiled. "I'll teach you a little trick that I use to deal with the masses." He searched the crowd and pointed to a woman wearing a large, ghastly, hat. "That's Mrs. Ellen Dawkes. She's the bloody gossip Queen. Mother dislikes her with a passion." He glanced down to see if Hermione was paying attention and continued when he noticed that she was. "Now, if she corners you all you have to do is ask her about Frederic."

"Who's Frederic?" Hermione inquired, her insecurities forgotten for now.

Draven's smile turned into a smirk. "Her butler." He lowered his voice. "She's been sleeping with him for years."

Hermione blink and tilted her head to the side. "How will bringing him up, help me?"

"Frederic is the help." Draven explained knowing that Hermione was new to this world, his world, the world of the rich and snobby. "Everyone knows that she is sleeping with him, he's told everyone who'll listen, but she refuses to acknowledge it. So if you bring him up, she'll get all flustered and excuse herself."

“Oh.” Hermione eyed the woman in question. “So it’s taboo to sleep with the help?”

Draven’s eyes began to twinkle. “It’s taboo to sleep with someone who is not your husband.” He motioned to the small, weasely man beside Mrs. Dawkes.

Hermione’s eyes widened. “Oh! So she’s having an affair and everyone knows about it?”

“I knew you were smart. Shall I continue?” Draven inquired already knowing what her answer would be.

“Please do.” Hermione smiled, feeling much better. “I thought most witches and wizards had house-elves. Why does she had a human servant?” Now she was curious.

Draven shrugged. “She inherited Frederic’s family a number of years ago. A small number of witches and wizards have human servants because they despise house-elves. They view them as nothing more than rodents, unfit to serve them. And since they won’t do anything for themselves, they have to revert to the only other option.” He explained as he searched the crowd again. “Ah!” He pointed to a tall, thin man, with wirerim glasses. “That’s Mr. Reynolds. He’ll corner you before the night is over, I guarantee it.”

Hermione nodded and looked at the man being pointed out to her. She shivered when the man looked her way and grinned. “I don’t think I like him.”

“He’s the owner of the Daily Prophet and several over lesser known papers.” Draven glared at the man and smiled in satisfaction when he looked away from Hermione. “He thinks he’s Merlin’s gift to women. At Draco and Pansy’s engagement party, he cornered Pansy and tried to save her from making the biggest mistake of her life by marrying into the Malfoy family. He likes them young, Hermione.” He whispered. “He’s not a nice man.” He cringed at the memory.

“What did he do to Pansy?” Hermione asked, never taking her eyes off Mr. Reynolds.

Draven shook his head. "He had pinned against the wall, trying to get her to agree to break the marriage contract. It took both Draco and I to pull him off her. But I must say that Pansy gave him a knee to the family jewels. I doubt that he's able to reproduce now. A blessing to a number of women, I'm sure." He mumbled. "If he corners you, Hermione, ask if how his son is doing, the boy serves in my army. Then ask him if he has another son to replace this one if anything ill should befall the boy."

Hermione frowned. "You would do that? Harm the boy because of something his father did?"

"Probably not but he doesn't need know that." Draven motioned towards the man with his chin. "I'm a Malfoy, I'm suppose to be cruel. You'll find that most of the pureblooded world is made up of lies, threats, compromises, gains, and losses."

"Strange world." Hermione commented, dryly.

Draven grinned. "You'll learn." He stated.

Hermione snorted. "I'm sure I will."

"That's my girl." Draven pushed off the wall he had been leaning against. "Now, I think it's time for us to make an appearance." He offered her his hand.

"Why do you say that?" Hermione sat her glass of champagne down on a nearby table and took his offered hand.

Draven pulled her out of their hiding place and started through the crowd. "Because both of my parents are giving us evil looks." He weaved through the crowd and climbed up onto a small stage, helping Hermione up as well, that had been built for just this event. He looked out at the crowd and placed a bored look on his face. "Welcome."

Hermione just followed him, having no idea what was happening. She schooled her face to match Draven's. "Eh, Hi?" She felt her awkwardness seep away as a few of the guests chuckled.

"Well for those of you that are here for the free food, help yourselves." Draven motioned to the large buffet that had been prepared by the house-elves. "Hermione and myself wish to thank each and everyone of you for attending this...sudden...yet joyous occasion." He smiled and pulled Hermione closer to his side. "I'm sure my mother has had a ball telling each and everyone of you that I will not be joining the ranks of old maid anytime soon. While I've been trying to take over the world." He paused for the laughter that he knew would follow his statement. "My mother had been busy planning my future." He took the two glasses of champagne that had been handed to him and offered one to Hermione. "Apparently, she doesn't trust my brother to provide her with an army of grandchildren." He raised his glass to Draco who was in front of the crowd. "Silly me for thinking that this day would only be a celebration for our capturing Wales and Westminster. That party must have been too small for mother. So instead, today we are celebrating not only our victory but my engagement to this beautiful woman standing beside me." He raised his glass in a toast. "To our futures!"

"To our futures!" Hermione raised her glass, along with everyone else. She took a sip and smiled. This party wasn't so bad after all.

Three Years Later

Hermione smiled as she looked down at the baby that had just been placed in her arms. "He's beautiful." She whispered.

Draven couldn't stop grinning. "That he is, love." He leaned over the bed and kissed Hermione on the cheek. "He's perfect." Feeling a tug on both his pant legs, he reached down and picked up his two year old twins, Daelan and Danya. "Dae, Dany, I want you to meet your new little brother." He laughed when Danya made a face. "I know you wanted a sister but a brother is just as good, right?" He asked the little girl.

Reaching out, Hermione touched Danya on the cheek. "Dalton is going to need his big sister to look out for him, alright?" Seeing her daughter smile, she leaned back against her pillows. "This is all so surreal." She mumbled as her eyes closed and she surrendered to sleep.

Lowering the twins to the floor, Draven gathered little Dalton into his arms and sat back in his chair. He was utterly charmed by the small baby but then again he was utterly charmed by Daelan and Danya too.

"Ah, Mr. Malfoy, I'm glad I caught you." Healer McNeal said as he entered the room. "Your wife had a rather easy labor with this one." He commented with a smile. "The twins took twenty-three hours, if I recall correctly. I bet she was happy for a quick and easy labor." He pulled up a bedcart and laid his chart on it. "Have we decided on a name for the little tyke?"

Draven looked up from the baby and gave the Healer a sincere smile. "Dalton Lucas Malfoy." He cuddled the baby closer when he began to fuss.

Healer McNeal took out his self-inking quill and jotted down the name. "A fine name, sir." He closed his chart and placed his quill back into his robe pocket. "Handsome little devil, ain't he? I think the medi-witch assisting with the delivery fell in love with him the moment he came out." He reached out a withered hand and run his fingers,

gently, through the tuff of blonde hair ontop of the newborns head. "He'll be a heartbreaker, he will." The old Healer ruffled Daelan and Danya's curly blonde hair before gathering up his chart and leaving the family to bond with it's newest member.

"I never thought I'd see the day." Draven whispered to the baby who had yet to open his eyes. "I never thought I'd see the day where I'd have one child let alone three." He placed a kiss on the baby's forehead. Carefully, he balanced Dalton in the crook of his arm so he could pull the twins into an embrace. "This has to be one of my best achievements." He sat back in the chair. "You want to open your eyes for your daddy, hum?" He grinned when eyes fluttered and opened to reveal chocolate brown orbs. "Well, would you look at that. He has his mummy's eyes." He held the baby a while longer before a nurse came in to take the newborn back to the baby section so he could be checked out. Standing, he stretched his hands over his head. "Come on you two." He reached down and picked up the sleepy twins. Leaning down, he left them place a kiss on their mothers cheek before he did the same. "We'll be back in the morning, love." He whispered and left the room. Strolling down the hallway, towards the floo room, he couldn't help but think he was the luckiest man alive.

Narcissa paced around the living room like a caged animal. "How can you be so calm?" She demanded as she stopped in front of her husbands chair.

Lucius looked up from the Daily Prophet and raised an eyebrow. "Draven said he'd floo us as soon as he had any news, dear." He looked back to his paper and turned the page. Snorting with disgust, he tossed the paper onto the table. "You'd think they'd have something better to write about other than Dumbledore's newest decree."

"What has he banned this time?" Narcissa welcomed the distraction and she sat down on the edge of a nearby sofa. "Breathing, perhaps?"

"All children under the age of ten must be registered with the Ministry." Lucius sneered. "It seems that Hogwarts isn't getting all the

children that it accepts.” He snorted, an unMalfoy like action. “Can it really be helped that Durmstrang openly accepts children of wanted fugitives?”

Narcissa scoffed. “Durmstrang is the only school around, these days, that accepts children regardless of whom their parents are. Hogwarts has gotten too selective. Why Mary Markins was just telling me the other day that Susan and Thomas Richards were finally arrested after accompanying their son, Edwin, to platform nine and three quarters. The Ministry ambushed them as soon as they stepped foot on the platform. Poor Edwin is now a ward of Hogwarts.” She shook her head, sadly. “I imagine that the Richards family will never see the boy again. As has happened to so many others.”

Lucius sighed. “I grow weary of this war. But now that Hermione has had the baby, Draven can focus on ending it. Once and for all.”

“Yes, peace would be a nice change.” Narcissa looked to the fireplace as green flames appeared. She was on her feet as soon as she saw who was coming through. “Well!” She demanded as she took the sleeping twins from their father. She passed Danya off to her grandfather and cuddled Daelan close, waiting.

Draven took a moment to brush the soot off his robe. “It’s a boy!” He grinned as he looked up at his mother. “He was born about three hours ago.”

Narcissa squealed and placed her grandson down on the sofa so she could hug Draven. “Another grandson!” She released her son and turned towards her husband. “Did you hear that , Lucius! We have another grandson!” She was beaming now.

“I think the neighbors heard you, dear.” Lucius stood and placed his sleeping granddaughter down on the chair. He grabbed Draven’s hand and shook it then slapped him on the back. “And his name?” He inquired.

“Dalton Lucas Malfoy.” Draven said with pride. “And he’s the most perfect little boy I ever saw.”

Lucius slapped his youngest son on the back again. "About bloody time we had a little joy during these dark times."

"Did I hear mother squeal?" Draco asked as he stepped into the living room followed by his wife, Pansy, and their three year old son, Marcus.

"Draco!" Narcissa moved away from Draven and pulled her eldest son into a hug. "Hermione had the baby!"

Pansy raised an eyebrow. "A bit early, isn't she?" She placed her wiggling toddler onto the floor. "Don't break anything, Marc." She warned the mischievous three year old.

Draven followed his mother over to his brother and sister-in-law. He hugged the pug faced woman and placed a kiss on her cheek. "A bit early, Pansy. But he's doing just fine."

Draco slapped Draven on the back and grinned. "Well, a boy or girl?"

"Boy, of course." Draven puffed out his chest a bit and pretended to shine his fingernails on his robe. "Dalton Lucas Malfoy was born about three hours ago."

"Never thought I'd see the day." Pansy mumbled as she moved to intercept her son who was heading for a large vase in the corner.

"I don't think anyone thought they'd see the day." Draco teased. "Congratulations, little brother. I'm sure he'll carry the Malfoy name, proudly."

Draven grinned and punched his brother in the arm. "He'll carry it as well as his brother and sister does." He glanced over at his two sleeping children. "I should put them to bed."

Pansy grabbed her son and headed back towards the group. "Nonsense. I'll put them to bed, you stay and celebrate with your family." She turned to her husband and deposited their son in his arms. "Keep an eye on him until I get back." She gathered her niece and nephew up and proceeded to carry them upstairs to the nursery.

Draco looked down at the mini blonde in his arms before setting him back to the floor. "Be good or mummy will have my head." He shoosed him away then looked back to his brother. "What now?"

"Now I finish what I set out to do." Draven was still smiling but his eyes had grown serious. "I promised peace and I intend to keep my promise." He glanced from one person to the other. "As soon as Hermione is released from St. Mungos, we finish this."

"About time." Draco grinned and conjured up a box of cigars. He kept one for himself then gave one to his brother and father. "To Dalton and peace." He placed it into his mouth and lit it. He took a puff and coughed when he heard a large crash. Sheepishly, he searched the room for his son. "Eh, you really didn't like that vase, did you?" He asked his mother once he spotted his son beside the shattered piece of pottery.

The room erupted into laughter and Narcissa went to retrieve her eldest grandchild. "Just like your father and Uncle, aren't you?" She looked up from the boy and grinned. "May Merlin have pity on the Wizarding World when the next generation of Malfoy's are old enough to take their rightful place in society. And anyone who gets to know these children should be bloody proud!"

"Here, Here!" Lucius took a puff of his cigar and looked around at his ever growing family. "Here, Here!"

Authors Note

Well, just one more chapter left. I think. I hope you all enjoyed reading Growing Up Malfoy as much as I enjoyed writing it. So the more reviews the better at this point.

To clear something up, Draco, Draven, Orion, and Pansy are eighteen. Hermione and Ron are nineteen.

The next and final chapter will have all the characters in, I promise. It also should have the final showdown between Draven and Dumbledore. I still haven't decided who is going to win. And it will have the end of the war, one way or another.

ENJOY!

Ron stared, opened mouthed, at the blonde in front of him. His hands curled into fists and he could feel his anger screaming for him to strike the slim woman standing by the bed. "What did you say?" He hissed and took a step closer.

"You heard me the first time, Ronald." Tracey Davis-Weasley told her husband in a calm voice. She turned her back to him and moved towards the crib that sat in the corner of the room.

"You...You tramp!" Ron snarled as he moved to block her path to the crib and the child within. "How could you!" He demanded to know. "They killed your parents for Merlinsake!"

Tracey stopped and crossed her arms over her chest. "Yes, they did. And I owe them for it." Her voice had yet to raise. "Now, get out of my way."

Ron copied her posture. "No." He held his ground. "Your life may be forfeit but I'll not allow my sons to be. If you want to leave, then leave!" He ground out. "But my son will not be joining you!" His voice left no room for argument.

A cold laugh escaped from Tracey's lips. "Who's going to stop me? You?" She laughed again. "You are so pathetic, Ronald. I don't know why I ever left myself get tangled with the likes of you." She sniffed in disdain.

"Oh, I know why." Ron smirked. "No one else would have you. Your parents were desperate to get rid of you and were more than relieved when I accepted the marriage contract. They even paid me, handsomely, for taking you off their hands." It was his turn to laugh. "Did you actually think I loved you? It was a business deal, nothing more."

Tracey's face turned red. "Why you son-of-a-..." She was unable to finish her sentence because Ron had cast a silencing charm on her.

Ron lazily lowered his wand. "I will not have that kind of language used around my son." He informed her then turned and scooped the three month old baby up into his arms. Turning, he tilted his head to

the side. "You know, the marriage contract was only valid up until a child was born. Did you know that? You parents wanted a grandchild so badly that they didn't care what happened to you after you made good on your side of the agreement." He glanced down at the baby when he began to fuss. "Hush little one, it'll all be over soon." He cooed. "So that means that our marriage contract was null and void the moment you gave birth to Chandler." His eyes sparkled with pleasure. "So that means that I don't have to keep you safe and sound, anymore." He rocked little Chandler and turned his eyes towards the door of their bedroom. "Get out." He said, forcefully. "Go now and I'll give you a head start." He removed the silencing charm and put his wand back away.

"Head start?" Tracey took a step backwards, towards the door. Her blue eyes were focused on her son and she suddenly felt like she underestimated her husband of a year.

"Head start for your life, of course." Ron grinned. "My men do love a hunt. Especially when their hunting traitors." He clicked his tongue. "I guess you really should have thought things through better before going off and defecting to the enemy. Not going to run, aye? So be it. Roberts, Clyde!" He called for the two men that he knew were stationed outside his bedroom. Once the two oversized goons appeared, he motioned towards Tracey, who was standing wide eyed. "Take her and inform our Lord that a traitor has been caught. He'll want to...oversee her torture, himself."

Roberts and Clyde grunted their acknowledgment and grabbed their former mistress, dragging her, kicking and screaming from the room. Maybe if they did things quickly, their Master would let them watch the torture.

Ron sank to the floor, clutching his son to his chest. He felt emotionally drained and empty. No matter what he had told Tracey, he did love her. He still couldn't believe that his own wife would betray him let alone their Lord. He glanced down at Chandler and placed a kiss on hair so like his own. "I'm glad your not old enough to know what's going on, little man." He leaned back against the wardrobe and gazed off into space while rocking his fussing son.

After several minutes, he stood. "Dotty!" He called for the house-elf that usually cared for his son.

"Dotty here, sir." The small female house-elf appear with a quiet pop.

Clearing his throat, Ron laid the baby back into the crib. "I'll need you to care for Chandler this evening."

The house-elf rushed over to the crib, nodding her head. "Dotty will watch the young master." She knew better than to ask where her mistress was.

Ron gave her a small smile. "Thank you, Dotty." He gazed down at his hands for a moment and took a deep breath. "My wife, she won't be around anymore so prepare accordingly." He turned and disappeared out the door knowing that the house-elf would care for his son like he was her own.

Orion waved his mother's hands away from his face. "Enough, mother." He mumbled. "It'll heal." He reached up and fingered the large lump above his eye.

"Why you ever let that girl touch you..." Bella trailed off but complied with her sons request. She sat down in the green leather chair opposite Orion.

"I don't let her touch me, mother." Orion defended himself. "Besides, she's angry. Who am I to deny her that?" He questioned.

Bella snorted and ran a hand through her extremely short hair, a reminder of her mental break. "You are a Lestrangle, Orion. You are above the girl and within your rights to punish her for striking you."

Orion shook his head. "I will not punish my own wife, mother. How could you even suggest a thing? She is your daughter-in-law, after all." He reminded her.

"Not by choice." Bella grumbled under her breath. For two years she was lost in a world of confusion and terror. The only person she responded to during that time was Sirius, her cousin. He helped her through the darkest period in her life. But when she emerged from the

darkness, she had discovered that a lot had changed. Her nephews were married with families of their own and her own son had chosen to marry a girl not worthy of the Lestrangle name. "Why her, Ori?" She asked in a small voice.

"I love her." Orion replied, simply. "And she loves me."

Bella eyed her son. "You call that love?" She motioned towards his black eye and large bump. "What did she hit you with this time, hm? Lamp? Or a two-by-four, perhaps?" She asked, sarcastically.

Orion turned his head and stared into the fire. "She's angry, that's all." He looked back to his mother. "She doesn't feel welcome and I don't blame her. You haven't done one bloody thing to make her feel like part of this family!" He huffed and crossed his arms over his chest.

"You'll not take that tone with me, young man." Bella warned. "And I did invite her to Sunday brunch."

"Ya, whatever happened with that?" Orion asked, just realizing that his wife hadn't attended any of the girls only Sunday brunches hosted by his aunt.

Bella rolled her eyes. "She has given me one excuse after another as to why she can't join us. And last time she refused to answer my fire-call. So don't tell me that she doesn't feel welcome because that's her own bloody fault."

"Talking about me again, I see." Ginerva Weasley-Lestrangle drawled as she joined her husband and mother-in-law in the study. "Bella." She greeted the pale woman as she moved towards her husband's chair. She leaned down and kissed him on the cheek in greeting. "What have I done this time?" She perched on the arm of the chair and focused on Bella.

Orion cleared his throat and wrapped an arm around Ginny to hold her in place. "I was just asking mother why you haven't attended Sunday brunch yet. So, care to answer?"

Ginny fought the urge to roll her eyes. "I would rather not eat alone with your mother, dear." She turned her head and gave Orion a small smile. "She might have one of the house-elves poison my tea."

"I highly doubt that." Orion tightened his arm, giving Ginny a warning squeeze. "Besides, it's not just brunch with my mother. Aunt 'Cissa, Hermione, and Pansy are there as well. Even Tracey has been known to show up on occasion. And you can't forget the children. It's also a play date for the littlest members of the family."

"Tracey?" Ginny asked. She only met her brothers wife a handful of times but she didn't strike her as the type that socialized with anybody.

"She's been known to pop in from time to time." Bella decided to chime in. "She's a very private person. Gets that from her parents, they were always keeping to themselves. I think that's why she's so...screw up. Her father preferred his daughters company to that of his wife, if you know what I mean?" She drawled. "Or so I've heard."

Ginny gave into her urge and rolled her eyes. "Having a conversation with the voices again, are we?" She asked, innocently.

Orion tightened his grip again as a warning that she was crossing into dangerous territory. "Ginny, that's enough!" He said in a low voice. "You'll behave yourself or I'll have one of the house-elves take you back to our room and that is where you'll stay until I feel that you can act like a civilized witch." He threatened.

"You mean you won't tell your master on me?" Ginny asked, sarcastically, and crossed her arms over her chest.

"He is not my master." Orion was growing old of this argument.

Ginny snorted. "No? Then why are you afraid to question his decisions?"

Orion narrowed his eyes. "If I feel his decision's are wrong, I take it up with him in private. There is a lot you still must learn." He finished, quietly.

Bella glared at the red head with undisguised disgust. "Yes, like manners." She shook her head. "How Ronald ever turned out as well as he did..." She trailed off.

"Well!" Ginny screeched and jumped to her feet. "You think my brother turned out well!" She marched over to Bella's chair and stopped directly in front. "Oh yes, he turned out so well that he killed his own father!" She was shaking with anger now. Not for the first time, she regretted saying yes to Orion when he asked her to marry him. But then again, at the time, she didn't know that he was one of the Serpents Fangs. It wasn't until after the marriage had been consummated that she found out exactly who she had married.

"Ginny!" Orion hopped to his feet and steered his wife away from his mother. "What's gotten into you!" He demanded to know. Usually she saved the ranting and raving for the privacy of their bedroom.

Ginny glared at Orion and yanked her arm out of his grip. "What's gotten into me?" She took a step back away from him. "Well, lets see." Her voice took on an odd tone. "After I married what I thought was the man of my dreams, I was kidnaped and brought here." She waved her hand around to make her point. "After I was brought here, against my will, I was held prisoner by my own husband and informed that I could have no contact with my family!" She crossed her arms over her chest. "Months passed before I was even allowed to interact with another human being. And then when I finally was allowed out, I find out that I'm being held in the stronghold of the enemy!" She was seething now. "Imagine my surprise when I found out that my husband and not one but three of my brothers serve one of the darkest wizards of our time. Not to mention that they, themselves, are wanted by the Ministry for being dark wizards, as well!" She took another step back, her back coming in contact with one of the many bookcases that lined the study's walls.

"I think your wife is unwell, Ori." Bella stage whispered as she stood and joined her son. She tilted her head to the side. "She's dangerous, look at her eyes." She motioned to the wildly darting eyes of her daughter-in-law. Then something dawned on her. "Clever." She mumbled under her breath. "Orion, I imagine we just found our leak."

Orion looked from his wife to his mother then back again. "What are you talking about? Leak?"

Bella sometimes wondered how Orion made it passed infancy when he asked stupid things like that. "The Leak, Orion. Use your head, boy." She wanted to smack him upside the head but restrained herself, figuring it wouldn't help matters any. "Our Lord weeded out the traitors long ago but information, as of recently, was being leaked to the enemy. Several of our plans were obtained during the raid of one of their safe houses in London. She's the leak." She eyed the crazy-eyed girl. "Ask her, Ori. I'm betting she's been itching to brag about how she fooled us. Go on."

"Ginny?" Orion couldn't help but feel betrayed. "You're the leak? How?"

"Wasn't hard." Ginny mumbled and focused on her husband. "When your guards are no brighter than cauldrons, no offense to the cauldrons, getting information out isn't all that difficult. One of them allowed me use of their owl on several occasions so that I could communicate with my poor sick mother." She smirked.

Orion's face went blank. "You were right, mother. She is not worthy of the Lestrangle name." He felt empty. "I loved you, Ginny. I could have given you the world when this was all over." He shook his head. "And now you won't even live beyond today." Sighing, he walked over to the door and summoned the two guards standing outside. He pointed to Ginny. "Take her away and inform our Lord that a traitor has been discovered."

Thompikins and Reilly shared a look as they obeyed their commander and took their mistress into custody. "Sir..." Geoff Reilly began, bowing his head to Orion. "Another traitor was caught today." He had over heard Thomas Clyde talking about how he and Rupert Roberts were allowed to sit in on a torture of a traitor several hours ago. The traitor, a woman, had been broken by their master after just twenty minutes. After all important information had been obtained, the woman had been killed.

“Another traitor?” Bella asked, sharply. “When was this?”

Geoff swallowed hard. “Several hours ago, ma’am. It was a woman.” His eyes darted to the red head standing between him and Erik Thompikins. “From what I heard, a lot of information was extracted from her before our master ended her pitiful existence.”

Ginny suddenly felt afraid as she stood there listening to her mother-in-law speak with one of the guards. “K...killed?” She asked in a small voice. When Dumbledore had come to her, when he heard that she was dating Orion, he had asked her to keep an eye on the youngest Lestrangle. He had told her that what she was doing could be important to their winning the war. But being tortured and killed wasn’t part of the deal. “Orion, please.” She turned pleading eyes on her husband. “I’m begging you, spare me.”

Bella snorted in disgust as the girl began to beg. “She isn’t loyal, Ori. She must be punished.” She placed a hand on her sons shoulder. “It’s for the best.”

Nodding, Orion turned away from Ginny and motioned for the guards to take her.

“Orion!” Ginny watched in horror as the man that had just, minutes ago, said he loved her, turned his back on her. She struggled against her captors holds. The last thing she saw before she was drug from the room was Bella’s triumphant smirk.

“You did the right thing.” Bella pulled her son into a hug. “I’m proud of you.” She smirked as Ginny caught her eye before being pulled from the room. “Very proud.”

Orion pulled away from his mother and brushed off his robe. “We should be heading to the meeting chamber. Draven wants to go over the final plan with us.” He turned and strode out of the study.

Bella watched her son go. “This will only make you stronger, you’ll see.” She whispered and then followed him out of the study.

"You'll do what I have asked, won't you?" Draco asked, quietly, as he finished dressing in the new battle robes Draven had specially designed for his Fangs.

Pansy picked at the bedspread and sighed. "I promised you that I would." Her voice was resigned and sad.

Draco turned away from the mirror and focused on his wife. "Everything will turn out alright." He gave her a small smile.

"I don't doubt that it will." Pansy looked up, locking eyes with Draco. "But why do you have to lead one of the main flanks? Can't you switch with Orion or Ron?"

"Pansy..." Draco's voice held a touch of warning. "This is a great honor that Draven has given me." He turned back to the mirror and adjusted his collar. "By doing this, he is showing that I am his equal. That'll throw the Order and Ministry off their game. They'll be confused as to whom they should attack. Plus it'll throw a wrench into their latest propaganda campaign that states that Draven is no better than Lord Voldemort. Lord Voldemort would never have given another soul equal standing with him."

Pansy frowned and walked over to her husband. "I'm too young to be a widow, Draco." She whispered and wrapped her arms around his waist. "Marcus needs his father as much as I need my husband."

Draco wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close. "Nothing is going to happen to me, Pansy." He kissed the top of her head. "I promise."

"Don't make promises you can't keep, Draco." Pansy mumbled into his robe. "This is the biggest and most deadliest battle Draven has ever launched. Casualties are going to be high."

"This is the final battle, Pansy. We've been planning this for three months. Casualties may be high but it's a small price to pay for peace." Draco pushed her back to look at her face. "But just in case...mother has promised to take care of you and Marc. She'll

make sure that he gets everything entitled to him as an heir to the Malfoy family. She made the same promise to Draven as well.”

Pansy nodded, proud of herself for not crying. “Hermione knows part of the plan, doesn’t she?” Sometimes it bothered her how much her sister-in-law knew compared to her. But other times, like now, she was happy to be in the dark because she was worrying enough without knowing how dangerous this battle really was going to be. She could only imagine what Hermione was going through knowing a portion of the plan that could, more than likely, cost her her husband’s life.

Draco shrugged one shoulder. “Draven has kept a lot of this plan secret. Only he and Hermione knows what’s going to happen when Draven gets Dumbledore alone. He didn’t want to take any chances that the Order would find out that Dumbledore is the main target tonight.”

“Do you think Draven can do it? Kill Dumbledore, I mean?” Pansy inquired as she moved back to the bed and sat down. She knew that the only way for them to win this war was to eliminate Dumbledore. Without him, the Order and Ministry would fall into chaos and they could move in and end things once and for all.

“I think Draven can do anything he wishes. He’s powerful, Pansy. I remember growing up with Lord Voldemort and I can’t recall him being as skilled with magic as Draven is. He’s down right scary, sometimes.” Draco glanced to the door when it was opened.

“DADDY!” Marcus Lucius Malfoy barreled into the room at full speed and wrapped himself around his father’s leg.

Pansy smiled and shook her head. “No more chocolate frogs for you, little one.” She chided as she stood to gather her son. Glancing towards the door, she waved off the house-elf, Happy, that had been assigned to care for Marcus. Reaching down, she detached the boy from his father’s leg and placed a kiss on his chubby cheek.

Draco reached over and, fondly, ruffled blond hair so like his own. “Now, none of that.” He chuckled at the pout on his son’s face.

“Malfoy’s don’t pout.” He said, sternly. He couldn’t wait for the war to be over so they could move back to England and start raising Marcus like a true Malfoy. He imagined that his brother was thinking the same thing when it came to his three children. Living in Belgium was nice at first, but over time it got to be an inconvenience. He could only imagine what state of disrepair the original Malfoy Manor had fallen in. But it wasn’t their fault that they were forced to flee the very land they were fighting for. No, that was Dumbledore’s fault. He was the one that demanded that they either register their children according to his newest decree or face prison time. So they did what so many other purebloods were forced to do, they fled England in the dead of night and headed for one of the countries accepting English refugees. He snorted at the memory and shook his head to clear his thoughts. “Are you going to be good for your mum while I’m away?”

Marcus nodded his head, feverishly, and stuffed two of his fingers into his mouth; a nervous habit he picked up several months ago. He rested his head against his mothers shoulder and watched his father with grey eyes. “Go ‘way?” He asked around his fingers.

“Yes, I’m going with your Uncle Draven to do something really important.” Draco smiled. “Something that will make the world a better place for you and your cousins.”

“Kay.” Marcus felt that something was amiss. His mother was tense and his father wasn’t looking him in the eye. “Come home?” He asked and started to chew on his fingers.

Draco’s smile faltered slightly. It was scary somethings how much his, three year old, son really knew. “I’ll be back when it’s over, Marc. Then I’ll take you up on my broom and show you how a Malfoy plays Quidditch.”

Marcus nodded. “Love you, Daddy.” He whispered and snuggled into his mothers neck, his sugar high wearing off.

“I love you too, little guy.” Draco walked over and placed a kiss on Marc’s temple and smoothed back his hair from his forehead. “I’ll do everything in my power to come back to you, I promise.” He gave Pansy a kiss and headed for the door. “And that is a promise I intend

to keep.” He disappeared out of the door and headed for the meeting chamber. He had a war to help win.

Fred and George strode into the cold, dark, cell without so much as a blink. They dismissed the guards and closed the door, locking them inside with the sole prisoner. “Hello little sister.” They said in unison as they separated to stand on either side of Ginny.

Fred closely inspected the bruises that covered the youngest red-heads arms. “Didn’t want to do it the easy way, aye?” He asked with a small chuckle as he removed a small container from inside his robe. He dug two fingers into the smelly gel and began to slather it onto the worst looking bruises.

George reached up and prodded a bump that was forming on his little sisters hair line. “Care to tell us what happened to get you into this mess?” He asked as he took some of the gel and rubbed it onto the bump. “I imagine you either have or your going to have a nasty headache.” He clicked his tongue.

Ginny stood stock still as her brothers treated her. “Why are you doing this?” She asked, softly, after they were finished. “Won’t you get into trouble?” She tugged on the chains holding her to the wall.

“Nope!” Fred and George said in chorus.

“We were ordered to do this.” Fred said with a small smile.

“He’s not a monster, Ginny.” George said, referring to Draven. “He doesn’t want to kill you but this is war after all. Casualties are apart of it. And you are a traitor.” He stated, logically.

“I’m not a traitor!” Ginny cried. “You two are! And Ron!” Tears were leaking from her eyes. “And Orion.” She whispered in a defeated voice. “How could you betray mum like this? Did you know about dad?”

Fred sighed. “We didn’t betray anyone, Ginny. We’re fighting for something we believe in.” He gave her a sad smile. “I knew about dad. Ron killed him to save me.” He felt a pang of guilt but quashed it.

Ginny turned her head to look at Fred. "To save you? I don't understand." Her brows furrowed in confusion.

"I wasn't there." George chimed in. "I'd already been out on a field mission so I stayed behind. Dunderhead there almost got himself killed by dad."

Rolling his eyes, Fred picked up the story. "I was down and dad was moving in for the kill. For awhile after the battle they didn't think I'd make it. Red robes are taught to take their targets down with one spell and to do as much damage with that one spell as possible. Ron saw me take one to the back and go down. He left the protection of his guards to protect me. He got in between me and dad. Ron did promise him that if he saw him again he'd have to kill him. But you know dad, he never listens so Ron had to make good on his promise. If he didn't...he would have appeared weak to his men and to the Order. They would have targeted him for capture." He cleared his throat. "So, since you've avoided George's question rather skillful care to answer now?"

"Bella figured out that I was leaking information to the Order." Ginny lowered her eyes. "Orion was there and ordered the guards to take me into custody. One of the guards said another woman had been captured and killed, is that true?"

George nodded his head. "It was Tracey, Ron's wife. Seems she's been a spy since shortly after they were married. Ron's taking it pretty hard but he's just thankful little Chandler isn't old enough to know what's going on. If we're lucky, he won't remember his mother at all."

Ginny looked up at her brother. "How can you say that? Tracey was his mother!"

Fred shrugged. "It'll be easier if he forgets. He's just a baby so it's more than likely that he'll have no memories of the traitor. So he'll be able to grow up normally."

"Or as normal as the Malfoy's see fit." Ginny spat.

"We are Malfoy's, little sis." George replied, calmly. "They're our family. Narcissa and Lucius are like parents to us. Draven and Draco like brothers. The little ones are all our nieces and nephews. I'm sorry you can't understand that. Maybe if you could...you wouldn't be facing death."

Ginny snorted. "What happened to you two? When did you become so cold and hard?"

"When the war started and our own family all but disowned us." Fred replied. "Now we've been sent here to gather whatever information you have. We have orders to kill you if you refuse or release you if you comply. If we let you go, you must promise never to reveal anything about us. Our Lord is most kind in taking your word but if you go back on that word...I'll hunt you down and kill you myself. This is war, Ginny, it's about time you realized what's at stake."

"You're serious, aren't you?" Ginny felt afraid of her older brothers. They weren't the two pranksters she remembered. No, they were seasoned soldiers who believed in what they were fighting for. And that was the most dangerous kind.

Fred and George nodded and fell silent, hoping and praying to Merlin that their little sister would choose life over protecting the enemy.

Ginny wasted no time in nodding her head. "Alright, I'll tell you everything I know but it isn't much." She warned. And so she began to recite everything she had been told. After about two hours she fell silent and waited to see if her brothers would make good on the deal.

George waved his wand which made the chains holding Ginny fall away. He reached into his robe pocket and extracted an empty vile. He handed it to her.

"What's this?" Ginny took the vile and turned it over in her hands. She was grateful that the chains were gone since her arms and legs were beginning to cramp and go numb.

Fred motioned to the vile with his chin. "Portkey." He didn't elaborate. "It'll take you to the closest Order safe house in London." He leaned

over and placed a kiss on his cheek. "Take care of yourself, sis." He whispered and stepped back.

"Ya, take care." George placed a kiss on her other cheek and tapped the vile with his wand. "Victory." He watched as his youngest sibling disappeared. "She's going to tell them everything, isn't she?" He turned towards the door, unlocking it.

"Probably." Fred replied, sadly. "But hopefully this will be over before it really matters." He pulled open the door and stepped out into the torch lit corridor.

George followed his brother out of the cell. "Think we'll ever see her again?"

Fred turned his head as he walked up the stairs leading into the main house and smirked. "I don't doubt it. I hear Weasley women are very resilient."

"Mm, I heard that too." George said with a shake of his head. "Imagine that." He stepped through the door and into the main hallway. "Shall we join the others in the meeting chamber to tell them the news?"

"I think we should, Forge." Fred nodded and headed down the hallway. "Brilliant idea placing an

insect inside the portkey."

George rolled his eyes. "It's called a bug, Gred. Didn't you pay attention in any of your muggle studies classes? I swear, I don't know how you managed to graduate from Durmstrang."

Fred shrugged. "The same way you and the others did, I suppose." He pushed open the large doors that lead into the meeting chamber. "Seems like they started without us." He said, referring to the noise that assaulted them as soon as they stepped into the chamber.

“How rude.” George mock huffed. “But I think we’ll be excused for our tardiness when they find out that, that thanks to us, very soon we should have the location of the Order of the Phoenix..”

“You amaze me sometimes, Forge.” Fred slapped him on the back and made his way up the center isle and towards the front of the chamber where Draco and others stood waiting for Draven.

George snorted and followed his brother. “Gred, shut up.” He said in good humor as they neared the others.

“Guess what!” Fred and George said in unison then looked at each other and laughed. This was the start of a good day, they could feel it. “You sure you’re ready for this, kiddo?” Sirius asked as he stepped into Draven’s private potions lab.

Draven looked up from the blue vile that he was studying and shrugged one shoulder. “I’m as ready as I’ll ever be.”

Sirius stopped in front of the large marble table his godson was working on and leaned a hip against it, crossing his arms. “That doesn’t sound too promising.”

Placing the vile back into the rack, Draven focused his attention on Sirius. “We’re ready for this. My followers have been training for the better part of two years for this moment. We’ve planned and replanned for every foreseeable problem. Our spies within the Order have been doing a brilliant job at gathering intel and getting it to us without blowing their cover. And just this morning two traitors were brought to my attention, both of which proved very valuable.”

“Two traitors were found here?” Sirius uncrossed his arms and rested his palms on the table. “Who were they?” This concerned him greatly.

Draven flicked a piece of lint off his rolled up robe sleeve. “Tracey Weasley and Ginny Lestrangle.”

Sirius blinked. “Ron’s wife and his sister?” He felt a headache coming on. “How were they discovered to be traitors?”

“Tracey admitted her deception to Ron and Bella put two and two together and confronted Ginny.” Draven waved a hand. “She confessed as well.”

“Tracey actually told Ron that she was a traitor?” Sirius couldn’t believe that. Tracey was a very quiet, private, girl and he always wondered if she even spoke to her husband.

Draven nodded. “Yes, I think she figured that Ron would just let her leave, she was always underestimating him. And I think he wouldn’t have stopped her if she hadn’t gone after Chandler. She wasn’t very smart if she thought Ron was just going to let her leave with the boy. That’s the one thing we all agree on, we’d do anything and everything to protect our children.”

Sirius rubbed his temples. “After you got the information from her, what happened?”

“She was killed.” Draven replied, simply. “Traitors lives are forfeited the moment they betray me and the cause, you know that.”

“Ya, I know. What about Ginny?” Sirius had a soft spot for Ron’s little sister. She reminded him alot of Lily.

Draven turned his attention back to his work. “I sent Fred and George to deal with her. I ordered them to let her go if she cooperated or to kill her if she refused.”

Sirius nodded. “And what happened?”

“Ginny was a smart girl and told her brothers everything. They gave her a portkey and sent her back to London.” Draven said.

“That’s it? You’re just going to let her go? Isn’t that dangerous?” Sirius inquired. “And I thought you said traitors lives are forfeit the moment they betray you?”

Draven mixed the blue vile with the yellow vile and set it off to the side while it fizzed. “War is dangerous, Sirius. But I don’t regret doing

it. I'm not a monster. Besides, I don't doubt Fred and George turned her release into an advantage for us."

Sirius shook his head in disbelief. "I still can't believe one Weasley let alone three would willingly serve a Dark Lord, even one such as yourself." He tried not to think of his godson as a dark wizard but sometimes, like now, that wasn't possible.

"Most people can't believe it either, I'm sure. But I know otherwise. Take Ron for instance. Being the youngest son he was always compared to his older brothers. Would he be a Dragon Keeper or Curse Breaker? Maybe he would work for the Ministry?" Draven shook his head. "He wasn't allowed to be his own person so he joined me to prove himself. To make a name for himself. Now take Fred and George, the pranksters of the Weasley family. Their problem was the exact opposite of Ron's. They weren't expected to be anything except troublemakers. Most of the time they were forgotten about and left to do whatever they pleased so they joined me to become somebody that the Weasley's couldn't ignore. Plus they wanted to see what being a pureblood was all about. They weren't raised with most of the customs you and I were raised with. It took almost two years to teach them everything a pureblood needs to know and to undo their blood-traitor teachings."

"How the world has changed." Sirius mumbled and gave Draven a sad smile.

Draven looked at Sirius. "Would I have been raised a pureblood?" He inquired, quietly.

Sirius had to think about the question for a minute before he understood what Draven was asking him. "Would you have been raised a pureblood if you had been raised by James and Lily?" Seeing the nod, Sirius tilted his head to the side. Draven had never asked about his birth parents before. "You would have been raised with a lot of the older pureblooded traditions, I think. James wasn't raised to be a strict pureblood but Edward and Susan did believe in tradition. And since Lily was a muggleborn, I'm sure you would have had a good understanding of the muggle world as well as the magical one. What brought this on?"

"I've been thinking about Lily, lately." Draven frowned. "It's been two years since I've seen or heard from her and I can't help but feel...worry? Concern?" He shrugged. "I wish she wouldn't have listened to the werewolf. The hatred I saw in her eyes..." He trailed off and shivered.

"Remus had no right to tell her." Sirius soothed. "I never thought in a million years that he had a crush on Lily. I should have, though." He shook his head. "He was always with her when James and I got off work. But James trusted old Moony up until we all thought he had joined Voldemort." He chuckled, humorlessly. "Everyone except Lily, that is. It didn't help matters any that he made up excuse after excuse to be close to your mother. I guess when James died and Lily was left alone with the baby...he found his chance to be with her as more than just a friend. The simple fact is that he saw you as a threat to everything he worked so hard for."

Draven looked down at the table top and ran a finger over the cool, smooth, surface. "I hate him, Sirius." He whispered. "And I don't hate easily." He looked up and locked eyes with his godfather. "If we cross paths during the battle, I intend to kill him." He begged Sirius, with his eyes, to understand.

Sirius felt pity for Draven. "Even if that means you'll never have a relationship with Lily and her daughter? Because that's what will happen."

"It doesn't matter." Draven looked away and for the first time in his life felt the weight of the world on his shoulders. "She hasn't been my mother since I was a baby. I have parents that I love and love me in return. I have a brother that I would give my life to save. I have a wife and children that I wouldn't trade for the world." He took a deep breath to calm his raging emotions. "This is my war." He said in certainty. "I always get what I want. And right now, I want that filthy werewolf dead." His voice had taken on a coldness.

A chill ran up Sirius' spine. Until now, Draven killed for the cause not revenge. "I want to do it." He said suddenly. Right now he was more

than certain that if Draven killed out of revenge, he'd be dooming himself.

Draven looked up sharply. "You want to kill Lupin?" He asked, a little skeptical. "Until now you've wanted nothing to do with this war." He pointed out.

Sirius shrugged, nonchalantly. "Until now I haven't had a reason to get involved." He was quiet for a moment, gathering his thoughts. "I owe it to James to do this. I owe it to him to dispose of the man that helped Dumbledore destroy his family." Deep down he realized that he truly believed the words he was saying. "This is something I got to do, Draven."

"I guess it really doesn't matter who kills him as long as it's done." Draven stated, logically. "Alright, I'll be sure to tell the others that his life belongs to you."

"Thank you." Sirius replied and cleared his throat. "Will you be joining the others in the meeting chamber, soon?" He inquired.

Draven nodded. "I'm just waiting for Hermione." He smiled at the thought of his wife. "Can you watch the kids while we talk?" He asked, already knowing the answer.

Sirius grinned. "Can I watch the munchkins? I'm hurt you even have to ask." He placed a hand to his chest in mock hurt.

"What did you do now, Draven?" Hermione asked as she stepped into the room. Dalton was asleep in her arms and the twins, Daelan and Danya, were peaking out from behind each of her legs.

"Nothing, love." Draven said, automatically. "I was just asking Sirius to watch our three little darlings."

Daelan and Danya turned hopeful green eyes on Sirius, who they considered to be a really fun grandfather.

A bark like laugh escaped from Sirius' throat when he caught sight of the look the twins were giving him. "So much like your father." He

knelt down and opened his arms just as the twins threw themselves at him. He squeezed them close. "Shall we go find Grammy Narcissa?" He asked innocently, knowing that Narcissa hated to be called grammy and hated it even more than he was teaching the twins to call her that.

"Yay!" The twins squealed in delight. They liked seeing their grandmothers face turn red when they called her grammy instead of grandma.

Hermione smiled, fondly, at her two oldest children. "You behave yourself for Sirius, understood?" She knew that Sirius loved to get into trouble and had recently taken to teaching all the children of the house all his tricks for causing mischief.

Sirius stood and rolled his eyes at Hermione just to make Daelan and Danya laugh. "They always behave themselves for me." He gave her an innocent look then held out his hands for the baby.

Draven shook his head. "The last time they were with you, they set the third floor loo on fire." He stated, calmly.

"You'll be good, won't you little one?" Hermione asked Dalton as she placed a kiss on his chubby cheek and handed the sleeping boy over to Sirius. "And no setting the loo on fire this time." She chided the biggest child of the group.

"We'll be fine." Sirius cradled the sleeping three month old baby close to his chest. "Come along, little Marauders." He started out of the room, slowly enough that the twins could keep up with his longer strides. "We'll be at the Quidditch pitch if anyone needs us." He called over his shoulder as he and the children left the room and started down the hallway.

"Think they'll set the pitch on fire?" Draven asked his wife as he stared at the door.

Hermione shrugged. "I think anything is possible when Sirius is around." A fond smile was playing on her lips. "So is everything ready?" She left the smile fade.

Draven nodded. "Everything is set." He waved his hand over the table, clearing it of everything. Wandless magic was still new to him but he was getting the hang of it. "How is everything on your end?"

"I set up a meeting for just after midnight." Hermione snorted. "Dumbledore, himself, assured me that he'll be there." She shook her head. "I can't believe he actually believes that I'd want away from here. Away from my family."

"He's desperate, Hermione." Draven unrolled a piece of parchment that he just removed from a bag at his feet. "He promised this war would be over two years ago. He loses support with each passing month that the war continues." He leaned over the map and pointed to a block. "This is where the meeting will take place. All I need you to do is keep him occupied long enough for us to make our move."

Hermione studied the area that Draven was pointing to. "I think I can handle that."

Draven nodded his head and rolled the map back up. "I know you can or I wouldn't have asked you to get involved." He shoved the map back into the bag. "I think it's about time we joined the others in the meeting chamber." He moved around the table and out the door, Hermione at his side.

Draco looked away from Fred and George when he heard the assembled Death Eaters quiet. "About time." He mumbled as he saw Draven and Hermione enter. "Looks like you'll get to give him the news yourselves." He turned back to Fred and George.

Draven left Hermione with Pansy, who was near the front of the chamber, and continued to the front. He eyed his assembled Fangs and tilted his head to the side. "The robes make a dramatic statement, don't they?" He couldn't help but notice that the midnight black battle robes trimmed in deep green and silver made his Fangs look more deadly. He reached out a hand towards Draco and traced a finger over his mark, a green snake reared up with its fangs bared, that adorned the left shoulder of each of the new robes.

“They do, indeed, make a statement.” Draco replied and looked down over his new battle robe. “Fred and George have news, Prince.” He looked back at Draven. “News I think you will welcome.”

“Really?” Draven turned his attention away from his brother and focused on Fred and George. “Go ahead.” He crossed his arms over his chest, waiting.

George cleared his throat. “Shortly, we should have the location of the Order of the Phoenix.”

Fred nodded his head in agreement. “Any minute now.” He added.

Draven blinked, letting his arms drop to his side. “How is that possible? Intel has suggested that their location is protected by an unknown secret keeper.”

“True.” George said in agreement. “But you really don’t need the secret keeper to find their base of operation.”

“Too true, George.” Fred chimed in.

“I don’t think I understand.” Draven admitted.

George began to explain. “Per your orders, we left our darling little sister go after she spilled the beans.”

Fred picked up the story where George stopped. “But Forge had a brilliant idea so he put a insect in the portkey.”

Draven pinched the bridge of his nose. “An insect?” He had no idea what Fred and George were talking about.

“Bug, Gred.” George slapped his twin in the back of the head. “It’s called a bug.” He rolled his eyes. “It’s a muggle thing that lets you track whoever has it.”

“Speaking of the devil or should I say bug?” Fred pulled a small, beeping object, from his pocket. “Gotta give her credit. She did wait half an hour before going.” He handed the object to his brother.

George took the beeping object and smiled. "There you go." He handed it to Draven. "We now know where the Order of the Phoenix is headquartered."

Taking the object, Draven stared at it. He recognized the small blinking light to be located in an upscale muggle neighborhood in London. "She lead us right to them." He said in a awed whisper. "Good work, mates." He grinned at Fred and George. "I knew you were good for something, regardless of what Ron said." He winked at Ron then turned to address the assembled group of Death Eaters. This was only one small group of Death Eaters. The others were awaiting the arrival of their leaders in separate locations. "Looks like this battle will be shorter than I anticipated." He waited for the roar of applauds and cheers to fade. "I want Squadrons Tango, Victor, and Zulu to attack..." He glanced back down at the object trying to place an exact location on the blinking light. "Ah, I want you three to attack Soho." He left his eyes scan over Bella, his father, and Nymphadora, Tonks, he reminded himself. Those three were the leaders of Tango, Victor, and Zulu. He dismissed them with a wave of his hand. He handed the object to George, having no use for it now. He mentally reminded himself to reward Fred and George when the battle was over.

Bella grabbed her, green haired, niece by the arm and drug her from the chamber. How Nymphadora ever got a command was beyond her? "Come along, Nymphadora." She cooed to the girl as she lead her through the house to the outside.

"Enough already, Aunt Bella." Nymphadora tugged her arm out of her Aunts grip. "And don't call me Nymphadora. Mum must have been under some sort of spell to have named me that." She looked up at the darkening sky then back to Bella. "You think we're going to win?" She asked out of curiosity. This was only her third time leading Zulu Squad but she must have been doing sometime right that Draven had left her in charge.

"I know we're going to win." Bella informed her, stiffly. "And your given name is Nymphadora so that is what I'm going to call you. Now enough of your chattering and get a move on. Remember, Soho." She said as she apparated away.

Nymphadora rolled her eyes and rubbed her arm. "I'm not stupid." She mumbled and tripped over a rock, falling flat onto her face. Grumbling, she stood and brushed her new battle robe off. Digging around in the pocket, she removed her brand new midnight black serpent mask, the color marked her as one of the lower ranking Fangs, and pulled it on over her head; you could never be too careful these days. With one last look to the sky, she apparated away to join her Squad and fill them in on the plan.

Lucius bowed his head to his son and left the chamber as well. Making his way through the house he didn't stop until he was outside then he apparated to where Victor Squad was waiting for him. It was time to end this once and for all.

"What about the rest us?" Ron asked Draven after he gave Tango, Victor, and Zulu their assignment. He was itching to take some of his anger and rage out on the unsuspecting enemy.

Draven turned his attention to the younger red head and tilted his head to the side. "Squads Echo, and Foxtrot will attack the Ministry. Recently obtained information tells us that the Minister has assigned more than half the Aurors to guard the Ministry. If we eliminate them from the equation we gain control of the Ministry." He smirked. "And if we have control, Dumbledore doesn't."

Ron's lips slowly curved into a smirk. "Fudge has assigned more than half of his Aurors to guard his precious Ministry, aye?" He crossed his arms over his chest. "I knew Fudge wasn't very bright but this defense is just...idiotic. By putting that many Aurors in one place he's making it easy for us to wipe them out without losing our own men."

"Exactly." Draven stated. "Two Squads should be more than enough to take out the Aurors and storm the Ministry. I imagine there'll be some kind of resistance inside the Ministry itself but after that..." He trailed off. "I am confident that Fred and George can do this. You won't disappoint me, right boys?" He said sternly.

Fred and George shared a look then saluted Draven. "No sir!" They said cheekily and took that as their cue to leave so they turned on

their heels, as one, and marched out of the room heading outside so they could apparate to where their Squads would be waiting for them.

"I still can't believe they got their own command." Ron mumbled as he watched his brothers leave. "Are you sure they didn't bribe you or something?" He questioned Draven once the twins were out of sight.

Draven looked at Ron. "They're your brothers, Ron, have a little faith in them." He turned his attention to Orion who was standing, a little subdued, next to Draco. "You will lead Charlie Squad into London where you will start gathering muggles." He then turned his attention back Ron. "Hogwarts is yours, as promised, Ron. So gather Delta Squad and leave as soon as possible." He stepped back. "Any questions?"

"Muggles?" Orion asked with a raised eyebrow. He wasn't aware of any plan that involved muggles.

"Yes, muggles. You know, the non-magical folks?" Draven said, patiently, knowing that this was the first time Orion was hearing about them using muggles. "The red robes that are dispatched to London will be ordered to kill first and ask questions later. The muggles will be used, by the troops, as shields." He stated, simply. "So that means one muggle per Death Eater."

Orion bowed his head in acknowledgment. "Woman and children as well?"

Draven took a moment to think about the question then nodded. "Yes, woman and children as well. The Order won't attack as long as an innocent is in harms way. And if they do attack...and kill any of the muggles...all the better for us. We can take our war to the outside world, something Dumbledore will fiercely oppose. So either way, this war ends today." He waited to see if Ron had any questions but when none were forthcoming, he waved his hand in dismissal. "I'll see you both when this is all over. May Merlin be with you."

Both Orion and Ron left the chamber. Each were praying that Draven's words would ring true and that they'd see each other and their families when this was all over. Once outside they clapped each

other on the back, for good luck, and apparated to their separate destinations.

Waving his hand, Draven dismissed the gathered Death Eaters and wives who would either leave and join their assigned Squads or retire to the main house and prepare for the upcoming battle and flow of wounded that would soon be arriving. Once he was alone with Draco, he sighed. "This is it."

"Yes, it is." Draco gave his brother a small smile. "It's about bloody time, Draven. This war has dragged on long enough. I want to be able to take my son to the park without worrying about being arrested. Hell, I just want to return to my own country. Not that Belgium isn't nice and all but I want to go home."

Draven snorted. "We all want to go home, Draco." He scrubbed a hand over his face. He was feeling weary and the battle hadn't even started.

Draco studied his brother for a moment. "Do you think Ron will succeed? In capturing Hogwarts, that is?"

"I think when Ron really wants something bad enough, he gets it." Draven said, logically. "Hogwarts falling would be a big blow to the Order and a major gain for us. Last report said that all the people, besides the Professors, that Dumbledore had left, to protect the school, had been disbanded and assigned elsewhere."

"Alright, I'll have to trust you on that. So where am I assigned?" Draco asked, only knowing that his assignment was on the frontline.

Draven turned to look out over the empty chamber. "Beta Squad will have the task of keeping the Order, or whoever, away from Dumbledore once we get him in position. Hermione is taking care of that. Half of Sierra Squad will be helping you while the other half and Sirius will be focused on finding Remus Lupin and the other high ranking Order members." He was quiet for a moment. "The werewolf is Sirius', pass that on to your Squad." He said, quietly. "I want you to destroy Severus. I have no doubt that he'll be fighting today. Dumbledore will want to keep his pet close."

Draco tilted his head to the side. "Severus is as good as dead." He felt no shame or regret in this task. Severus may have been his godfather but that took a backseat to the fact that the man was a traitor and needed to be punished.

"Good." Draven took a deep breath and removed his emerald green serpent mask from his robe pocket. He gave Draco a small smile before pulling the mask over his head and adjusting it for comfort. "Shall we go and end this?"

"I thought you'd never ask." Draco removed his own mask from his pocket, which was silver to mark him as one of the high ranking Fangs, and pulled it over his face.

Draven took once last look around the chamber before lowering the wards that he had put in place to block apparating. "I'll see you later, mate."

Draco nodded and apparated away to where his Squad was awaiting his arrival.

Once his brother had left, Draven put the wards back up and walked out of the chamber. Now all he had to do was wait for Hermione's signal.

Authors Note

Ok, I know I said that there would be only one more chapter so think of this chapter and the next as one BIG chapter cut in half.

I know it's been a while since my last update but that's this chapter's fault. Every time I thought I was done, my muse threw more stuff out that needed addressing.

I tried to show what each chapter was doing before the final battle and I think I got them all. The next half of this chapter, entitled 60B, original huh, will be focused on some of the Order members getting ready for the final showdown and then the final battle itself.

So be patient, I will be finished with Growing Up Malfoy before this month is over...I know that's kinda vague but it's the best I can do because who knows what my muse is going to find for in the second half.

As always, REVIEW!

“Is everything ready, Minerva?” Albus Dumbledore asked, calmly, from behind his desk at Hogwarts.

“It is.” Minerva McGonagall answered as she sipped her cooling tea. “The meeting will take place on a neutral parcel of land in Belgium, if you’ll recall. I have been, thus far, unable to determine why that spot was chosen.”

Albus leaned back in his chair. “Perhaps it was chosen because Belgium has been mostly neutral during this war? My sources tell me that Belgium has become home to many English fugitives or refugees as they are called there.”

Minerva considered Albus’ words as she took another sip of her tea. “Perhaps.”

“Are you feeling alright, Minerva? You don’t seem like yourself today.” Albus asked as he eyed his old friend with concern.

“I am fine, Albus.” Minerva gave the Headmaster a small smile to back up her words. “I am just concerned about tonight’s meeting.”

Albus sighed and nodded his head. “I am concerned as well. Do you trust the girl?”

Minerva shifted slightly in her chair and sat her cup of tea down onto its saucer. “I have spoken with her on several occasions.” She began, carefully. “ or Mrs. Malfoy, she took her husband’s name, has expressed her desire to help us during each meeting we’ve had. She has done nothing to warrant my distrust.”

“Mm, but she is a Malfoy, none the less. No matter it be by blood or marriage.” Dumbledore pointed out, logically. It was a known fact that the Malfoy men had this odd ability to marry a perfectly charming young lady and within a short amount of time turn that young lady into a perfect Malfoy. “She may have done nothing to warrant your distrust but one must always assume that a Malfoy is up to something.”

"A bit paranoid, aren't you?" Minerva asked with a frown. "You can't think the worst of all Malfoy's just because a handful have turned to dark magic. You are being terribly unfair."

Albus turned to stare out his window. "I am being realistic, Minerva. She is, after all, married to Draven Malfoy, one of the Serpents Fangs. Why would she, willingly, want to help us when we've been on opposite sides of this war for years now?"

Minerva leaned forward in her chair. "You are not having second thoughts about this meeting, are you? You've already told her that you'd be there and if you are not...I shudder to think of the repercussions that would have on us."

"I am not having second thoughts." Albus waved his hand to dismiss the obvious concern her voice betrayed. "But I think it would be unwise for me to meet her alone." He turned away from the window and focused on his second-in-command, so to speak. "You will join me, as will Remus." He declared.

"That will not bode well, Albus. She requested to meet you alone and you agreed." Minerva pointed out, trying to keep her frustration, towards the Headmaster, safely in check.

Albus narrowed his eyes, ever so slightly, and gave Minerva a suspicious look. "I am well aware of what I agreed to since you, as of yet, haven't given me a chance to forget. Is there something you are not telling me, Minerva? Something about tonight's meeting, perhaps? Something that has slipped your mind until this very moment?" He was offering her a way out if she needed it.

Minerva bristled at the implication. "I have told you everything that I know, Headmaster." She gritted out. "I just feel that you'll be starting out on the wrong foot with Hermione, if you do not live up to your end of the agreement."

"And do you think that Mrs. Malfoy will live up to her end?" Albus asked out of sheer curiosity.

"I do." Minerva fought the urge to rub her temples. "Our meetings have always been one on one." She failed to mention that she knew Hermione carried an emergency portkey with her at all times; a portkey similar to the one she, herself, carried. "She'll be alone." She left no room for argument.

Albus sighed. "I can not afford to be as trusting as you, Minerva." He truly did sound sorry. "You and Remus will join me for tonight's meeting."

Minerva tightened her hold on the chair arms. "I will go with you but I must insist that Remus be left to his duties." This was not going according to plan. "His presence would only serve to...hinder the meeting rather than help it."

"Explain how Remus' presence would effect the meeting." Albus gave his old friend and former pupil his undivided attention.

"As you are well aware, werewolves joined the Dark Prince early on in the war. Remus is considered to be a traitor by many. And I'm not just talking about his fellow werewolves either. I imagine the feeling extends to most, if not all, of the Dark Princes' followers. Hermione is no exception, I'm afraid, though her dislike of him is a bit more personal." Minerva explained.

Albus seemed to mull over Minerva's explanation. "And are you...privy...to the reason?"

Minerva fought the urge to snort. "She dislikes him because of what he did to her husband. He used information gathered during an interrogation of Draven to turn Lily Potter against the youngest Malfoy, who had taken it upon himself to befriend her and her daughter."

"He did what he thought was right." Albus pointed out.

"The best of intentions aren't always so." Minerva countered. "He had ulterior motives for telling Lily about Draven and you know it. You just choose to ignore it rather than deal with it."

Albus couldn't help but frown. "He had Lily and Sydney's best interest in mind when he told them that Draven, and perhaps his entire family, served the Serpent. I cannot fault him for wanting to protect his family."

Minerva shook her head, sadly. "But they are not his family, Albus. Lily is the widowed wife of his best friend and Sydney is the daughter James never knew. No matter how hard Remus tries, he'll always be the friend and uncle, nothing more. You're only setting him up for heartbreak by letting his pining continue." She always had a soft spot for Remus when he attended Hogwarts but ever since she found out that he has, essentially, been courting Lily since James' death that soft spot had begun to harden.

Before Albus could reply, the door to his office swung open with a bang and a very disheveled Charlie Weasley raced in.

"We caught one, Professor! We caught one!" Charlie, excitedly, reported to his former Headmaster.

"Caught one what, Mr. Weasley?" Minerva raised an eyebrow and waited for an answer to her question.

Charlie looked at Minerva as if he just noticed she was in the room. He offered a sheepish smile before answering her. "A Fang, Ma'am. We caught a Fang."

Albus blinked and rose, moving out from behind his desk. "How is that possible?" He demanded to know.

"The Ministry is under attack, Sir. Has been for about an hour now. My team was ordered in to help and the first thing I noticed when we apparated in was that there were two Fangs leading the attack." Charlie said.

"Two Fangs?" Minerva asked and narrowed her eyes. "And where is he now, Mr. Weasley?"

Charlie looked at Minerva. "He's in the hospital wing, of course. He was...injured...during his capture."

"Is Poppy caring for him, Charlie?" Albus asked as he turned suspicious eyes towards Minerva. It didn't escape his notice that his Deputy Headmistress referred to the captured Fang as a he. He noticed because they weren't sure, or so he thought, if the Fangs were male or female.

"Madam Pomfrey has refused to treat him, Professor. So I asked mum to have a look at him. Having raised seven kids has made her rather useful with healing spells and such." Charlie was quick to explain.

Albus sighed. He wished Poppy would just treat the prisoners brought in instead of them trying to find another with the slightest grasp of healing to do so. But his old friend still wouldn't treat wounded prisoners if she thought the wounds were inflicted by the captors instead of the battle itself. "Alright, anything else?" He would refrain from asking why he wasn't informed of the Ministry attack sooner.

Charlie hesitated for a moment before continuing. "He's wearing a mask, Professor. It's silver and won't come off."

"Silver?" Minerva chimed in and pushed herself out of the chair and onto her feet. She knew what silver meant but she doubted if Albus knew. "Has Molly been left alone with him?"

"Eh...yes. Mum doesn't like an audience. She says that she can't work with people looking over her shoulder." Charlie answered.

Minerva nodded. "Albus, think about what I have said about Remus." She turned and headed for the door, which was still hanging open.

"Where are you going?" Albus asked as he motioned for Charlie to sit. They had much to discuss.

"I think I can be of more use in the hospital wing." Minerva told him, stiffly. She had to get there before Molly found a way of removing the mask because there was a three out of five chance that beneath the mask would be the face of a Weasley.

Albus nodded. "Very well. I wish to be informed when he is well enough to withstand the interrogation." He waved a hand in dismissal then moved back around his desk to sit once again. He turned his attention to Charlie. He would deal with Minerva later, right now he had bigger things to worry about. "Tell me how this all happened?" Minerva turned and briskly left the office, closing the door in her wake. With speed not representative of her age, she headed for the hospital wing. She pushed open the double doors just in time to hear a startled gasp escape from Molly Weasley. She could see the silver mask clutched in the red heads right hand while the other hand was covering her mouth. "Molly, I need you to take a deep breath." The Deputy Headmistress took charge of the situation with practiced ease. She used her wand to move a chair over for Molly to sit on.

In all her life, Molly never expected to remove the mask of an enemy soldier and see the face of one of her sons. Tears pooled in her eyes and she vaguely could hear another voice speaking to her. When her legs could no longer hold her upright, she sunk into a chair. "Thank you." She managed to whisper.

"No need to thank me." Minerva waved off her gratitude. Carefully, she pulled the silver serpent mask from Molly's grasp and tucked it into a pocket of her robe for safe keeping. Once that was completed, she turned her eyes to the unconscious figure laying on one of the beds. Skillful eyes scanned the boy for injury. She hissed, in somewhat of a cat fashion, when she saw a large, jagged, wound on his left side. Moving closer she was able to tell that the wound was almost five inches long and whatever spell used to inflict it had cut right through the dragon hide battle robe that he was wearing. "Molly, I need your help." She looked over her shoulder to address the Weasley Matriarch. Seeing that the other woman wasn't moving but rather staring off into space, Minerva sighed. "Your son needs your help." She whispered, fiercely. That seemed have the desired effect.

Molly blinked and rose as if on autopilot. She surveyed the wound and gathered the supplies she needed to treat one of her babies. Fifteen minutes later she let out a sigh of relief when she saw that the wound was, indeed, healing. She wasn't sure if she had used the right potion but now she knew that she had. With a shaking hand, she

reached up and ran her fingers through the shoulder length, slightly shaggy, red hair of her son. "Albus told me he was dead." She whispered in a broken voice as tears threatened to choke her.

Minerva moved to the other side of the bed and focused on the boys face. "Which one of the twins is he?" If she had to venture a guess, she would say that it was Fred Weasley laying, unconscious, on the bed.

Surprised, Molly looked up and focused on her old Transfiguration Professor. "Fred." She said in a whisper.

"Who's Fred?" Came the raspy voice of the now conscious Weasley on the bed. Dazed blue eyes blinked open and tried to focus on the figures hovering above. "I'm George." He said with a small smile. "Honestly woman and you call yourself our mother."

Molly placed a hand to her mouth to hold back the sob that was threatening to escape. "I'm sorry George." She said, teary-eyed. "It's been so long."

Fred focused on his mother. "I'm only joking, I am Fred." He coughed and clutched his side as pain shot through his body. "Bloody hell." He gritted out and tried to sit up.

"Lay still." Minerva placed a hand on his shoulder and pushed him down. "You've been injured, it'll take several hours for you to heal completely. Do you remember what happened?"

"I do." Fred laid back and breathed out a sigh of relief when the pain began to lessen. "We, George and I, were amongst the first ones to get our assignments and leave." He fell silent. "Everything was going well until we entered the Ministry then all hell broke lose. I saw them coming before George did, he was distracted. I saw Charlie...he had his wand pointed at George and I just reacted. I pushed him out of the way and caught the tail end of whatever spell Charlie fired, lucky thing too. If I hadn't pushed him out of the way, I think George would be dead." He said, bitterly. "Killed by his own sodding brother."

“Fred!” Molly chided. “Charlie didn’t know it was you or George, none of us did. Albus told us that you were dead!” She looked to Minerva to back her up.

Minerva refused to look at Molly. “Do you have your fang?” She asked Fred, knowing Molly would have no idea what she was talking about.

“Course I do. I never leave home without it.” Fred was in good spirits. He was happy to see that his mother was okay but now he had to focus on escaping. “Help me up, would you?”

Going against her better judgement, Minerva helped Fred to sit up and move to the edge of the bed. “How’s your side feeling?”

Fred grunted and swung his legs over the bed. “Peachy.” He muttered as he twisted to see how much movability he had with the wound. He reached a hand up and ran it through his hair. “Well as you can see, I am very much alive and kicking. Guess you shouldn’t believe everything old Dumbledork tells you, aye?”

Molly gasped and reached out, grabbing a hold of Fred’s hand. She brought the hand closer to her face and eyed his ring finger. “Is that a wedding ring?!” When he didn’t answer, she tried again. “Fred, are you married?” She asked, quietly, motherly. A frown formed on her lips at Fred’s blatant disrespectful address of Albus Dumbledore but she stayed quiet, for now.

“Maybe.” Fred was torn between telling his mother about the last few years of not only his life but his brothers as well. She was, after all, still in allegiance with the enemy. He looked to Minerva for help.

Minerva gave Fred a small smile. “You may tell her anything you wish, Mr. Weasley. The hospital wing is warded for privacy. Not even Albus can hear what is said in here. Not one of his brightest ideas, actually. But to each his own, I guess.”

Fred nodded at Minerva then focused on his mother. “Why should I tell you anything, Phoenix?” His carefree attitude faded away and was replaced by cool, distrust. “Why should I tell you anything when

whatever I tell you will be repeated to that incompetent fool that you so blindly follow?" He needed to know that he could trust her to keep anything he told her to herself.

"Fred!" Molly gasped at his sudden change in demeanor and took an unconscious step back. "I raised you better than that! You'll afford Albus the respect that someone in his position deserves!"

"I'll do no such thing." Fred, calmly, told her. "I, unlike you, am not blind to his ways. He does not deserve respect and he'll get none for me."

Molly blinked and suddenly realized that the boy, nay man, sitting on the edge of the hospital bed was a complete stranger. Long gone was her innocent, mischievous, little boy and in his place was a battle hardened soldier. "I don't even know you anymore." She whispered.

Fred tilted his head to the side and coolly eyed his mother. "No, you don't. And you have no one to blame but yourself for that. We tried to get you and dad to see the light, for lack of a better term. But you refused. Instead of trusting your sons, you chose to blindly follow Dumbledore. You tried time and time again to get us to speak to the old fool, eventually resorting to trickery! So ya, I'd say you don't bloody know me or any of us for that matter." He, defiantly, crossed his arms over his chest, ignoring the pain the movement caused him. "Tell me why I should trust you to keep any information about our families, secret? Hell, why should I even trust that it's you? You could be a polyjuiced Snape for all I know."

"Because I'm your mother!" Molly cried out and sunk back down into the chair. "Doesn't that count for anything anymore?"

"No, can't say it does. This is war, mum. Not some bloody walk in the park. Sides were chosen long ago, I'm just sorry you chose the wrong one." Fred said, sadly. "How do you think we felt when you picked Dumbledore over your own flesh and blood? What happened to always sticking together, always being there for each other? What a bloody load of shite." He snorted. "I want to tell you everything, believe me. But I have to make sure that my entire family stays safe, even those members not related by blood." He glanced at Minerva

who was just quietly observing the interaction between mother and son. "I'm giving you a chance to redeem yourself here, don't turn it down. Please."

Molly shook her head and dabbed the corner of her eyes on her apron. "You want me to join the man that killed your father? How can you even suggest such a thing?"

Fred sighed, tiredly. "The Dark Prince didn't kill dad." He ignored her squawk at the mention of his leader and friend. "I won't tell you who did it but I'll tell you that it was done to save my life." He looked down at his hand and began to twist his wedding ring. "Don't you want to know what all you've missed?"

"Of course I do." Molly forced herself to calm down. "I'd like nothing more than to know but what you ask is...impossible."

"It isn't impossible! Why must all you Phoenix's think there is only two sides to something? Like black and white? Right and wrong? Well, here's a newsflash for you, you're wrong! No matter what Albus Dumbledore says, life isn't that bloody simple! I'm not asking you to join the Dark Prince, mum. I'm asking you to join your family. And if you don't then you deserve to die with the others." Fred had long since accepted that most of his family wouldn't survive the war but it was harder knowing that his mother gave up a chance to live. So he made a snap decision as he felt a familiar presence nearing Hogwarts. He reached out and took hold of his mothers arm, ignoring the pain in his side. "There are so many new additions to the family that you don't know about and I intent to see to it that you don't throw away this chance to meet your daughter-in-laws and grandchildren. Yes, I said grandchildren. I won't go into detail now since you'll see them soon enough." He never left go of her arm.

"This is so much to take in." Molly couldn't believe that the youngest sons she thought to be dead were all alive and apparently living life to the fullest while her three oldest sons didn't even have time for girlfriends. Merlin, she didn't even know where Percy was stationed these days. And Bill and Charlie spent all their free time training with the others. "So you have a family then? He's not very strict with his prisoners then, is he?"

“Merlin, haven’t you been listening to me?! I wasn’t a prisoners. None of us were.” Fred tilted his head to the side. “You have your reasons for fighting with Dumbledore and we have ours for fighting with the Dark Prince. That’s how life goes, I guess. I mean, I remember reading about the American Civil War in History of Foreign Muggles class. The Northern States and the Southern States were fighting over something, I can’t recall what, but I know they were fighting. Some people sent one son to the south and one son to the north to fight so that they could keep their family honor. By separating their children, at least one would be on the winning side. I mean, there are a lot of stories about brothers fighting brothers. This war is no different from that muggle one.”

Molly just stared at Fred, open mouthed. “History of Foreign Muggles class? You finished your schooling then?”

Fred nodded. “Just because Hogwarts wouldn’t have us didn’t mean other school’s wouldn’t as well. Durmstrang accepted a lot of wayward former Hogwarts students. They even accepted a handful of muggleborns to boot.” He fell silent and watched her. “The little ones have a right to know their grandmother.” He looked up as dust fell from the ceiling as the castle rumbled.

“What’s happening?” Molly looked up and rose to her feet, shaking off Fred’s hand, moving towards a nearby window. Looking out she gasped at the sight before her. Hogwarts grounds was covered in black robes and white masks. “We’re being attacked!” She turned around, frightened eyes locking with her sons accepting ones. “You knew?!” She asked in barely contained horror.

“I suspected.” Fred couldn’t help but smirk. Ron always got what he wanted so why should Hogwarts be any different? He slowly slid off the bed and onto the floor. His side felt a whole lot better. His eyes searched the floor for his mask and not having seen it, he looked to Minerva with a raised eyebrow and extended hand.

“May Merlin watch over you.” Minerva pulled the silver mask from her pocket and handed it to him. “Congratulations on the promotion, by the way.”

Fred winked at her as he pulled the mask on over his head. He sighed as he felt the magic within the mask flow through his body. "Thanks." He turned back to his mother. "You're coming whether you like it or not." His voice left no room for argument but he expected on anyways.

Molly straightened up to her full, all but short, height. "You have your path and I have mine. But how are you getting out? Hogwarts is warded against apparating."

"With a little tug on my fang, of course." He pulled a leather cord out from under his battle robe and showed her a little fang hanging on it. "Tell Ron I said hi, would ya, Minnie? You'll be seeing him sooner than I will." He moved over to his mother and grabbed a hold of her arm then he curled his fingers around the portkey. "Tempus!" He yelled out the activation password and they disappeared in a swirl of colors.

Minerva stood staring at the spot where Fred and his mother just disappeared from then she glanced towards the office doorway where Poppy seemed to appear out of thin air. "You best prepare for wounded. I imagine once they breach the outside wards, casualties are going to be high." She turned and headed for the doors. She stopped before she exited them and then looked over her shoulder at Poppy. "You didn't see or hear anything, right Poppy?"

"Not a single thing, Minnie." Poppy Pomfrey raised an eyebrow at her dear friend then began to move around the hospital wing getting things ready for a steady flow of casualties. She was sad to have lost such a dear friend, Molly Weasley, but she was also happy for her getting a second chance. Not enough stories had happy endings these days and that was a sad thought to say the least.

"Not another word, Poppy. Not a single word." Minerva grumbled and left the medi-witch to her duties. Now she needed to get Albus out of the castle before he changed his mind about the meeting. After all, everything was riding on him being there.

Fred left go of his mothers arm once their feet touched the floor. His eyes quickly adjusted to the change in light. He breathed out a sigh of

relief and pulled his mask from his face and tucked it into his robe pocket. "Dipsy!" He called out. "Where is your mistress, Dipsy?" He began to speak, seemingly, to himself.

It took a moment for Molly to realize what had just happened. Just as she was about to yell at Fred, she was cut off by him talking to himself. "Are you alright, dear?" She asked as she left her eyes roam the room. She was surprised to see that they had landed in some sort of entry way to a lavishly decorated house. Bringing her gaze back to her son she was surprised and a little startled to see that a small, well dressed, house-elf had appeared.

"Dipsy's Mistress is upstairs with alls the little ones, Master Weezy, sir." Dipsy replied in a high pitch voice representative of most female house-elves.

"I'm fine mum." Fred said cheerfully, never taking his eyes off the house-elf. "Could you go get here for me? Tell her Weezy needs to speak with her." He gave Dipsy a bright smile.

Dipsy's ears perked up at the subtle order and she nodded her head, fiercely. "Of course, Dipsy can, sir! It would be Dipsy's honor!" And with a pop she was gone.

Molly frowned and crossed her arms over her ample chest. "Master Weezy? We taught you better than that, Fred Weasley! Ordering around a poor, helpless, house-elf like it was some kind of servant!" She was gearing up for a lecture.

Fred rolled his eyes. "Dipsy is a servant, mum, and bloody proud of it. And she isn't poor or helpless and I suggest you don't let her hear you refer to her as such. She is a free house-elf and they can be pretty nasty with their magic when they feel slighted or insulted."

"Free?" Molly raised an eyebrow. "Then why does she refer to you as Master?"

"Because that is her choice." Came a silky voice from atop the stairs. Narcissa Malfoy made her way down the stairs and stopped beside

Fred while eyeing Molly with cool disinterest. "House-elves use the terms Master and Mistress as we use Mister and Misses. They are rather polite creatures, more so than most witches and wizards I know. And yes, Dipsy is free, that is why she is wearing clothing. She also gets paid a fair wage as well. None of the house-elves in this house are merely servants. Does that answer your question, Mrs. Weasley?"

"Hello, Narcissa." Fred greeted with a large smile. "I am in need of your assistance, as you can see." He motioned towards his mother.

Narcissa inclined her head in acknowledgment. "Where did you find her? Not at the Ministry, I hope?"

Fred shook his head. "No, I was captured at the Ministry when I took a spell meant for George. They took me to Hogwarts and she treated my wound. Speaking of which, can you take a look at it later? It doesn't feel like it's healing right and it's rather uncomfortable."

"Of course. But however did you escape from Hogwarts and have you taken the correct precautions for a situation such as this?" Narcissa turned her gaze to Molly and regarded her for a moment before turning back to Fred. "I think I can find some use for her, dear boy."

"I did it right when we arrived." Fred said, proudly. "The wards won't let her out and won't let anyone follow her magical signature here." He turned to his mother. "After we were forced to flee our home in Britain, this became not only our home but also our safe haven as well. No offense or anything but we can't have red robes following you here. Not when there are more than just us to worry about." He turned his gaze to his surrogate mother. "I escaped via emergency portkey, of course." He motioned towards his fang before tucking it back under his shirt. "And Minnie helped out a bit." He mumbled.

Molly looked from her son to the Malfoy Matriarch. "I'm a prisoner then?" She asked in a whisper. Then as an after thought asked. "Minnie? Isn't that what you called Minerva? What does she have to do with this?" Her eyes shifted back to her son.

Narcissa seemed to seriously consider weather or not to answer the question before finally speaking. "You are not a prisoner." She was silent for a moment. "Just think of yourself as a house guest."

"A house guest that can't leave?" Molly asked with a snort. "Sounds like a prisoner to me."

"If you were a prisoner you would have been whisked away to interrogation by now then relocated to a less than lovely dungeon cell where you'd spent the rest of this war. As a house guest, you'll be allowed to roam the manor without escort or threat of harm." Narcissa turned to Fred. "You should return to your squad, Fred. They are surely thinking the worst by now."

Fred nodded and pulled his mask from his pocket. "I was planning on returning once I got mum settled. She's a top notch cook, maybe you could put her to work in the kitchens? It's been forever since we've had a decent meal. The house-elves are good but it's not the same." He looked at his mother and gave her a small smile. "You'll be alright here. Narcissa will see to it that you get settled and such." He pulled his mask on over his head and with a last nod towards Narcissa he disappeared out the front door and apparated away.

Molly shook her head and turned her complete attention to Narcissa. "If you'll show me to the kitchen, I'll get started."

"You'll not be going to the kitchen. The house-elves are more than capable of producing an edible meal. Plus I'd never hear the end of it if I brought an outsider into their domain. No, I need help else where and since you have some experience with raising children, your talents would be appreciated. " Narcissa informed her. "So if you will follow me?" She turned and headed back up the stairs.

"Children? What will I be doing that involves children?" Molly inquired as she followed Narcissa up the stairs.

Narcissa moved down the long, dimly, lit hallway with ease. About halfway down she stopped outside a large oak door. "You'll be helping to care for the children, what else would you be doing?" She pushed the door open and stepped into the brightly lit nursery.

Molly followed Narcissa into the room and stopped in awe and shock. Scattered around the yellow, well lit, room was several cribs and most of them held children ranging from babies to toddler age, some were playing on the floor. She stood gaping for a minute and for a brief second wondered if the children had been kidnaped by the vile Serpent for some gruesome purpose. But that thought quickly left her when she got a good look at the toddler, nay toddlers, sleeping in the nearest crib. "Merlin!" She gasped and covered her mouth. The two children were identical in every way except their dress. One little red head was wearing green while the other was wearing red. And both reminded her of her own children. She looked away from the twins and caught Narcissa's eye. "Who...?" She managed to whisper out.

"I see a lot of you in him, you know?" Said the blonde woman sitting beside the twins' crib. "You are Fred's mum, aren't you?" Daphne asked as she stood and extended her hand to the older woman.

"I am." Molly looked away from Narcissa and took the offered hand and shook it. "And you are?"

Daphne released Molly's hand. "I guess you wouldn't know who I am, would you?" She smiled, sadly. "I'm Daphne Weasley, Fred's wife. And those two are our children, Gabriel and Ferne."

Molly felt her legs turn into rubber and she clutched the crib to keep herself from falling. "Fred's wife?" She asked in disbelief then looked down at the sleeping toddlers. "Merlin!" She croaked.

"You alright?" Daphne moved the chair she had been sitting on over and helped Molly to sit down. "I guess this is a lot to take in considering how long it's been since you've seen Fred?" She looked around the room and smiled at the dark skinned woman tending to a red headed baby. "I guess I should fill you in so you don't get anymore surprises?" She chewed on her bottom lip, a habit she picked up from Fred, and gathered her thoughts.

"I guess you should." Molly's head was still reeling but the girl was right. She needed to be filled in because she wasn't sure how many more surprises she could take.

Daphne nodded. "Alright then. You already know me and my brood so I guess I can move on." She pointed to the pretty dark skinned woman. "That's Jordan and she's George's wife." A spark of mischief entered her eyes. "Oye, Jordan! Have a look here would you?"

Jordan placed the newly diapered Chandler back into his crib and turned to face her sister-in-law. "What are you going on about?" She placed her hands on her hips which made her nine-month and counting stomach stick out even more. "It's not a good thing to tease a pregnant witch, Daphne. I could turn you into a toad and not think twice about it!"

"You keep threatening to do it but I still haven't seen any toads hopping around." Daphne teased back. "Besides, I'm not teasing." She motioned towards the, now, wide eyed Molly. "I'd like you to meet you husbands and mines, mother."

"Their mother? I thought she was a Phoenix? How'd she get here then?" Jordan asked as she waddled over to investigate.

Daphne shrugged. "How should I know? Narcissa just brought her up so I guess that means she's staying."

Molly snapped her mouth shut and just stared at Jordan. She always knew that George's taste in woman were different from his twins but knowing and seeing were two different things. "George is the father?" She bravely asked having no idea if their idea of marriage was the same as hers. Anything was possible these days.

Jordan snorted and started to laugh. "Is George the father? Well, they certainly aren't Fred's. I pity the poor dears that are stuck with his face." She looked down at her slumbering niece and nephew.

For a brief moment Molly wanted to point out that Fred and George were identical twins but thought against it. "How far along are you?" She managed to ask, instead.

"See, she's polite enough to ask instead of assuming." Jordan glared at Daphne who had the habit of doing just that. "I'm actually nine and

a half months along. So I'm ready to pop any day now and I couldn't be happier. If Fred and George were anything like these two." She patted her stomach. "Then I give you my sympathies."

Molly smiled. "Twins too, then? They run in our family. My brothers were twins so I wasn't surprised when I found out that my fourth child was bringing along a fifth. Boys? Have you decided on names yet?"

Jordan grinned. "Two boys and we have. George tells me that I got two future Quidditch stars in here." She rested her hand on her stomach. "He also says no sons of his are going to do anything except play Quidditch and have fun." She shook her head. "So in ten or fifteen years be on the look out for Faron and Gordan Weasley."

"Faron and Gordan Weasley?" Molly liked the sound of that. "And Gabriel and Ferne, is that right?" She questioned Daphne. "Ferne is a strange name for a boy, isn't it?"

"It would be a strange name for a boy if Ferne was a boy." Daphne ignored Jordan's amused snort. "I, unlike Jordan, have been blessed with one of each, thank you very much."

Molly's eyes lit up. "A girl? Ferne is a girl? I have a granddaughter?" When Ginny was born, it was nothing short of a miracle. So that meant that Ferne was a miracle as well. "The Weasley's aren't known for producing girls. Ginny, my daughter, was the first in many years."

Daphne nodded. "That's what Fred said when he found out that his sons were going to be a boy and a girl. But enough about us." She changed the subject. "There is one more member of the family you should meet." She walked over and picked up Chandler and carried him over to Molly. She placed the boy into his grandmothers arms. "This is Chandler, Ron's son."

Carefully, Molly took the baby and held him close. "My baby has a baby?" Tears began to make their way down both of her cheeks. "Hello there, little one." She cooed to the baby as bright blue eyes locked with hers. "And where is his mother?"

"Tracey isn't around anymore." Daphne explained, carefully. "Let's just say that she wasn't a very nice person and got exactly what she deserved."

Molly nodded. "Poor dear." She smiled at the baby and ran a hand over the top of his head. "So much hair." She mumbled to herself. "All my children, Ron included, didn't have this much hair until they were a year or so old."

Daphne looked down at her sleeping children. "Both of mine were born with hair. More than Chandler, as a matter of fact. Fred didn't care, he was just happy that they turned out to be healthy, after what had happened."

"What happened?" Molly asked as she handed the fussing baby to Jordan who took him back to his crib.

"I was just over five months pregnant when I was attacked at the market." Daphne's eyes took on a faraway look. "I had offered to do the shopping that day since the house-elves were busy. I had just arrived when I knew something was wrong. Before I could apparate or portkey away, I was attacked from all sides. I took a really nasty spell to my abdomen and I knew I had to get out of there to save my babies. I killed two of the attackers and while the others were momentarily stunned, I managed to use my emergency portkey. I was in pretty bad shape when I arrived back here. They thought I was going to lose the babies. When Fred found out, he was livid. He tore out of here with George, like his knickers were on fire. Half an hour later they came back with a counter curse. I didn't find out until later that they had hunted down the red robes that had attacked me and forced them to give up the counter curse. Then they killed them. That was the first time Fred, and George for that matter, had killed out of revenge instead of necessity." She gave Molly a sad smile. "A little bit of him died that day, I think. I mean, he was still the man that I loved and married but there was something...missing." She shrugged, not really being able to explain it. "Jordan said the same thing about George." She then waved her hand, dismissing the unhappy memory. Her blue eyes scanned the room for who she had missed in her introduction. "Ah!" She pointed to a set of curly, blonde, haired twins playing with a training broom in the corner of the nursery. "Those two

are Daelan and Danya, Draven's children." She motioned towards the crib right behind the twins that held a straight, blonde, haired baby. "That's Dalton, he's also Draven's. Is that everyone?" She questioned Jordan.

"You forgot his majesty." Jordan motioned towards Marcus who was eyeing his cousins training broom. "Don't even think about it, buster. It's not yours to take." She warned the small boy who looked like a carbon copy of his father.

Daphne grinned. "Ah, how could I forget the little lord?" She looked back at Molly and winked. "The little man that I forgot to mention is Marcus and he's Draco's son."

Molly raised an eyebrow. "Why do you refer to him as little lord?" She was curious.

"Because he's the heir to the Malfoy family." Daphne explained. "He's the eldest son of the eldest son. Well, according to pureblood law, anyways. Narcissa and Lucius decided to make all their grandchildren heirs. Something that hasn't been done in generations. Though, Marcus does hold a slightly higher ranking in the family than say, Daelan; who by law is the next in line since he's the eldest son of the youngest son." She shrugged. "It's kinda an inside joke to call him little lord and such. He gets a kick out of it."

"But should you really be nurturing an ego on a child so young?" Molly asked, cautiously. "Won't he grow up arrogant?"

Jordan smirked. "Of course he will. He is a Malfoy, after all. Don't let Daelan and Danya's innocent looks fool you. They've been spoiled just as much as Marcus. And don't even get me started on Dalton. He'll be so full of himself when he gets older than he'll most certainly give his brother, sister, and cousin a run for their galleons. But arrogance is a small price to pay for the childrens happiness. Wouldn't you say?"

Molly wasn't sure how to answer that question. "Eh, I suppose."

“Don’t worry, you’ll get the hang of things.” Jordan assured her. “Since you’re here, you can help us spoil Gabriel and Ferne and Chandler, Faron and Gordan. That way, they’ll be able to hold their own against all the Malfoy ego’s running around.” She smirked.

Clearing her throat, Molly looked around. “Where did Narcissa go?” She questioned seeing that her escort, had indeed, departed the nursery.

Daphne shrugged. “She has duties to attend to. You didn’t really think that she stays and helps care for the children, did you?”

Molly frowned. She had thought that Narcissa helped care for the children. Half of them were her grandchildren after all. “So who am I looking after? Gabriel and Ferne?”

“No, I have them under control.” Daphne looked around the nursery trying to decided who Molly would be good with. “How about Marcus? He’s the one that needs the most attention.” Her eyes searched for the small boy and she sighed, softly, when she saw him playing alone in the corner with the training broom he had nicked from his cousins. “Marcus Lucius Malfoy!” She kept her voice stern so that he knew that he was in trouble. “Didn’t your Aunt Jordan tell you not to take that?”

Marcus looked up from his prize and froze. Swallowing, he shook his head. “Auntie Jordan didn’t.”

Daphne crossed her arms over her chest. “What have you been told about lying?”

With a sigh, Marcus crossed his little arms over his chest, copying Daphne’s posture. “Nothing.”

“Marcus!” A hint of warning crept into Daphne’s voice. “What have you been told?”

Marcus gave his Aunt a defiant look before answering her. “Lying is not a...accep...acceptable.” He stumbled over the big word, he was only three, almost four, after all.

Daphne nodded. "So, do you care to try again?"

"I'm sorry." Marcus put on his innocent look and even added a few tears to be sure. "I only wanted to pway with it. Mummy forgot mine." He was a pro at sounding pathetic.

"Give it back." Daphne said with a sigh. She had to admit that the boy was good.

Marcus looked, for a moment, as if he was going to defy his Aunt but thought twice about it and carried the broom back to his cousins. But for good measure, he knocked over the block tower that they had moved onto when he had taken their broom.

Daphne walked over and picked up the pouting boy, carrying him over to where Molly was seated. "Marcus, this is Molly. She's Uncle Fred, George, and Ron's mummy." She wiped away the tears that had started to trail down his pale cheeks. "She's going to look after you while your mummy and daddy are away, alright?"

"No!" Marcus hid his face in his Aunts neck. "No wanna!" He whined.

Standing, Molly reached out and placed her hand on the boys back. She could sense a tantrum coming on and him being a Malfoy... She shivered at the thought of dealing with a Malfoy in full tantrum mode. "Hello there, Marcus isn't it?" She smiled. "I know your Uncle Draven, did you know that?"

Marcus turned his head slightly so he could look at the red haired woman using just one eye. "Uncle Draven?" His curiosity was getting the best of him and the tantrum he was gearing up for slowly faded from his mind. "Weally? And Uncle Fred, George, and Ronnie too?"

Molly shifted so she could see the boys face. "I'm their mummy and I know your Uncle Draven from when he went to school with my boys."

The other eye appeared and Marcus focused his attention on Molly. "And daddy?"

“And your daddy.” Molly held out her arms. “Could I hold you?”

Marcus considered the offer then allowed himself to be transferred from the safety of his Aunts arms to Molly’s arms. “So you’re my grammy too?” He affectionately used the title bestowed upon Narcissa by his pappy Sirius.

Molly really didn’t know how to explain to the boy that she wasn’t so she held him close instead. “Sure, if you want me to be. But I’ve never been a grammy before, think you could teach me?”

“Sure!” Marcus bounced in Molly’s arms, excited at the prospect of having another grandparent added to his already long list. “I teached pappy Siri!” He said, proudly.

“Pappy Siri?” Molly looked to Daphne who was tending to the waking twins.

“He means Sirius. All the kids consider him a honorary grandfather.” Daphne replied as she changed Gabriel’s diaper and moved on to check Ferne’s.

Molly’s smile faded ever so slightly. “Sirius Black?” She asked in a whisper as if she was saying the name of the damned. “Sirius is allowed around the children? Unattended?” How could they let a murderer have free access to the children?

Daphne looked up hearing the change in Molly’s voice. A frown turned her lips down. “Of course he’s allowed around the children. Like I said, they consider him a grandfather. Why? What’s wrong with that?” Then it dawned on her. “You believe the rubbish that has been said about him, don’t you? Well, let me be the first to tell you that it’s complete nonsense. He didn’t betray Lily and James Potter, and he certainly didn’t kill Peter Pettigrew or all those muggles. As you already know, Lily is alive and well. And it was Peter who betrayed the Potters and I know this because he died several years ago when his Master did. So I can assure you that Sirius is perfectly safe around the children. They love him and he loves them.” Her voice left no room for argument. “Dumbledore knew of his innocence but he left him rot in Azkaban because it suited his purposes. There is a lot you

don't know about dear old Albus Dumbledore. He's very good at keeping secrets, you know? But lucky for us, we know all his tricks, lies, and such." She held out her arms and took Marcus from Molly, setting him onto the floor so he could go play away from the adult conversation.

"And I suppose your Master told you all of this?" Molly scowled. "What does the Serpent want with Sirius Black anyways? I thought the man was loyal to you-know-who?"

"Simple, really. He's my godfather." Draven stepped into the nursery, emerald green mask still firmly in place. "Hello Molly, long time no see."

Molly gasped and pointed her wand at the man known to her only as the Serpent. "W...w...what do you want? How do y...you know my name?"

Draven couldn't help but chuckle at Molly. "I'm here for my children." He looked towards Daphne who was already getting Daelan and Danya ready. Without a second thought, he pulled the mask from his face and tucked it into his robe pocket. "Mother told me you were here." Green eyes surveyed the woman in front of him and he couldn't help but think that the war was not kind to her. "How have you been? I'm sure Ron will be thrilled to see you once he returns." He was aware that the woman wasn't answering any of his questions but he was still going to be polite as he waited.

"D...Draven?" Molly asked as her wand arm fell to her side. All she could do was stare, mouth agape. Standing in front of her wasn't only the Serpent but also her youngest sons best friend. A boy she had grown very fond of. "You're the Serpent?" She asked in a whisper. "I..."

"Don't believe it?" Draven asked with a perfectly raised eyebrow. "Well I can assure you that I am indeed, the Serpent." He made a face at the name. "Though I prefer the Dark Prince over the Daily Prophets name. I don't think of myself as a snake and I wish others wouldn't either." He frowned and crossed his arms over his chest. "I'm truly sorry about Percy, he was a good man."

Molly blinked. "What about Percy?" She was confused. Why was Draven sorry?

Draven tilted his head to the side. "I thought you knew." He answered a little uncomfortably. Seeing that she still didn't know what he was talking about, he hurried to explain. "Percy was killed, six months ago. Aurors, you see. Ron tried to protect him but..." He shrugged. "It was bad and he had to retreat or risk the same fate as his brother."

A gasp escaped Molly's lips and she was forced to sit down before her knees gave way. "P...Percy." She choked out and covered her mouth with her hand. "Aurors?" She looked up at the very man she had been conditioned to fear and essentially hate. "W...where? W...w...why?"

"Diagon Alley." Draven moved over to the chair Molly was sitting in and crouched down beside it. "He wanted to meet and talk about ending this war. We went in thinking it was a trap and I guess it was but not for just us. About half an hour into the meeting, Aurors attacked. My men escaped via portkey but Ron and I stayed to help Percy and his men. It was..." He looked down. "It was a slaughter, plain and simple. The three men he had with him were taken down only moments apart but Percy held his own. There was just too many of them for only three of us to handle. Ron tried his damndest to get Percy to retreat with us and when he refused, protected him until it wasn't possible anymore. We came back a couple hours later to survey the damage and see if there was any survivors but..." He looked back up at Molly. "It was bad, really bad. Ron took comfort in knowing that his brother probably didn't suffer. We took the body to the Burrow and buried him, it was only proper." He stood and brushed his pant legs off. "Percy could have done a lot of good that day, if he had been given the chance. He was a hero, no question. You should be proud of him, damn proud. From the little I got to know him, he wouldn't want you to mourn his loss but celebrate his life."

Molly wiped her eyes on the corner of her robe. "You buried him?" She asked in a whisper.

Draven nodded. "I am not a monster, Molly, contrary to popular belief. I, unlike Dumbledore, care about my men. That means I take care of them and their families. So that made Percy family. When this war is over, I intend to make sure the entire wizarding world knows of his sacrifice." He smiled and scooped up his daughter. "Hiya, short-stuff." He gave her a kiss on the cheek and lowered her back to the floor so he could take Dalton from Daphne. "Thanks, Daph." He gave her a smile before looking down at his twins. "Are you two ready to go see mummy?"

"YAY!" Came two identical squeals of happiness from Daelan and Danya.

"Wish me luck?" Draven asked Daphne as he shifted Dalton in his arms.

"Good luck, Master." Daphne winked at Draven and waved to the twins. "I'll see you two later." Then she stepped forward and wrapped one arm around Draven, giving him a hug. "End this for us, ok?"

Draven smiled, turned, and left the nursery with his children. He would end the war, he was certain of that.

"Draven's the Serpent?" Molly asked Daphne and Jordan, who had rejoined them.

Jordan frowned. "He prefers Dark Prince, but yes, he is."

Molly blinked. "Why Dark Prince? Why that name?"

Daphne picked Gabriel up and placed him on the floor, followed by his sister, Ferne. "Go play." She shooed them towards Marcus who was once again playing with the training broom. "He prefers that name because it was given to him by his father." She pulled up another chair and sat down. "Draven hasn't always been a Malfoy, that didn't legally happen until he was eleven. Before that, when he was about six, Lord Voldemort rescued him and made him his son. He cared for the boy, trained him, loved him even. So for five years he was the heir to the Dark Lord. Then he became a Dark Lord when Lord Voldemort passed from this earth. Lucius and Narcissa adopted

him shortly after the Dark Lord left on a mission, a mission he never returned from. He didn't want to be compared to his former father so he settled on being called Dark Prince, his nickname, of sorts."

"Wait a minute, you-know-who raised him?" Molly couldn't believe this. The boy had been so polite and kind. Not traits you would expect in a child raised by a murdering maniac. "So why isn't he...?" She didn't really know how to ask what she wanted to know.

"So why isn't he hell bent on controlling the bloody world, murdering anybody that gets in his way?" Jordan guessed at what Molly was trying to ask. "Because he was also raised by the Malfoy's. They taught him everything about being a wizard. Lord Voldemort taught him how to be a dark wizard. I guess the two kinda balanced each other and he turned out to be a pretty normal pureblooded child. His personality is from the Malfoy's and his skills as a leader came from Lord Voldemort. The best of both worlds, he says." She chuckled. "The best of both worlds, indeed."

Minerva frowned and crossed her arms over her chest. "I must protest this, Albus!" Narrowed eyes moved from Lily to Remus then back again. "I thought we had this settled? Taking Remus will do nothing except harm the proceedings!"

"I took your objections to heart, Minerva. I truly did. But I feel that Remus deserves to accompany us." Albus explained, calmly.

"Deserves?" Minerva gritted out. "And what, pray tell, did he do to deserve this?"

Albus frowned. "I will not have my decisions questioned, Minerva." He warned, softly.

Minerva snorted. "Your decision is wrong!" She moved towards the offices' window and stared out at the long since dormant Quidditch pitch which was now swarming with Death Eaters. "And what of Mrs. Potter? Why her? I'm sure Hermione feels the same about her as Remus. It was her, after all, that took the boys kindness and threw it back in his face." She spoke quietly, having regained her composure.

“Are you trying to sabotage this meeting for any reason, Albus? Or are you just bored?”

“That will be enough, Minerva.” Albus couldn't understand why Minerva was acting like this but it was growing old. “If you do not want to go, then that is your choice. But I have decided that both Lily and Remus will accompany me.”

“If I do not show up, Hermione will end the meeting before it even starts.” Minerva turned back to the other three, frown still firmly in place. “I will go but do not say I did not warn you.” She glared at Lily before turning back to the window. “We should leave soon, being late is unwise.”

“Really? Why is that?” Lily wrapped her arms around her self after her former mentor glared at her. She was still unsure of what was going on.

Minerva didn't say anything for several minutes. “The Malfoy's pride themselves in being punctual.” She watched as several of her colleagues were dispatched out to the pitch. “If we are late, Hermione will take that as an insult against not only her but also her family.” With emotionless eyes, she watched as Professors Sinistra, Trelawney, and Vector were struck down from three different directions. She couldn't say that she felt any sadness towards losing Trelawney, the hack, but both Saranna Sinistra and Vera Vector had been her friends. Her eyes were drawn away from her fallen friends and towards the ceiling as another loud bang caused dust and several small pieces of stone to fall to the floor. “We should go.” She, once again, turned towards the other three and removed a small hourglass from within her robe. “This is a special portkey used to travel long distances without having to stop and change portkeys. It will take us straight to the meeting place in Belgium.” She held out the hourglass and turned it upside down so the sand started to fall. “Well, what are you waiting for? Grab on.”

Lily moved forward and took a hold of the bottom of the hourglass and held back a flinch when Remus pressed up against her back to grab a hold. “So who is this Hermione girl?” She asked as she watched the sand fall.

Before Albus could answer, Minerva spoke. "She is married to Draven. You do remember him, don't you dear? He tried to help you find your son then you stabbed him in the back, does that ring any bells?"

"That was a rather rude thing to say, Minerva." Remus spoke up, quietly. "She did what she felt was right. The boy was dangerous and had to be kept away from our Roslin."

"She isn't your Roslin, Remus. She is mine and James'." Lily bit out. She was growing tired of Remus always being around her and her daughter. He was around so much these days that she had to cease telling her daughter about her own father in fear of causing the werewolf grief and pain. So to put it frankly, she was tired of Remus.

Minerva raised an eyebrow and fought back a smirk. So Lily still had some fire behind her? Good for her. She thought as she threw a look at Albus.

Remus adopted a look akin to a kicked puppy. "I know, I'm sorry Lils." He whispered in a rather pathetic voice. "If I could, I'd trade places with James."

Lily sighed, feeling bad about snapping at Remus. "I know, Remus. I know. And I'm sorry for snapping at you, you know I care for you, right?" She sighed again when he didn't answer her.

"Is everyone ready?" Minerva didn't wait for a reply. "Serpents Servant!" She spoke with a smirk as the portkey ran out of sand and activated just as the office door was blasted open. The looks on the other three faces were priceless. Within a few moments, her feet touched ground and she tucked the portkey back into her robe. It took a moment for her eyes to adjust to the darkness of the area compared to the brightness of the office. "Welcome to Belgium, Headmaster." She moved over to a fallen tree and sat down, getting comfortable.

Albus took out his wand. "Lumos!" Sparkling blue eyes surveyed the area for potential threats. "You are very clever, Minerva." He said after finding no apparent danger.

"What are you talking about, Albus?" Remus, who had followed the Headmasters lead, asked as he tucked his wand back into the folds of his robe. He moved closer to Lily, intent on protecting her if the need should arise.

"Minerva should be the one to explain." Albus said as he conjured a chair and sat down. Sitting on a rock, log, or Merlin forbid, the ground, did not appeal to him.

Minerva raised an eyebrow. "What are you on about over there, Albus? I haven't the faintest idea of what your talking about."

"Professor..." Lily wrapped her arms around herself as a feeling of cold crept up her spine. "I'm fine, Remus." She growled as the man shifted closer to her, engulfing her in his arms. "Really, I'm okay." She shifted away from him and sat down, beside her former Transfiguration Professor, on the fallen tree. "Now what?"

"Now, we wait." Minerva took in the dark woods surrounding them. "I've been told that Belgium is where werewolves originated from. Did you know that, Remus?" She asked.

Remus frowned as Lily shifted away from him then focused his attention on Minerva. "Really? Can't say that I've heard that. Who told you that?" He was curious as to who Minerva knew that would know anything about werewolves.

Minerva seemed to consider his questioned before finally deciding to answer. "Thomas Kane." She didn't elaborate.

"Thomas Kane?" Remus furrowed his brows. "Who's that?"

"If I am correct, Thomas Kane is an American werewolf who became rather well known during the first reign of Lord Voldemort." Albus answered. "He was considered more dangerous than Fenrir Greyback is today."

Lily leaned forward. "Was?" She was interest now, as well.

Albus nodded his head. "He hasn't been seen since Voldemort fell the first time. Some even went as far as to say that he never existed. That he was made up by some of Voldemort's followers or even Voldemort himself to produce more fear. But it would appear that he is real. Tell me, Minerva, how did you come into the company of Thomas Kane?"

"The usual way, I imagine." Minerva was stalling and doing a rather fine job of it.

Remus moved over to another fallen tree and sat down. "And what is the usual way?"

Minerva turned her gaze towards the darkened forest. "Perhaps later, Remus. I suggest we keep talking to a minimum. Trolls are known to wonder these forests." She knew her words would end the conversation. And she smiled, slightly, when everyone grew quiet and pensive. Reaching a hand up, she wrapped her fingers around a small pendant that hung around her neck and began to, gently, rub it. "Molly's here." Draven said as soon as he entered the library with his children. "Go play while mummy and daddy talk." He shooed Daelan and Danya over towards the area in front of fireplace where several of their toys were strewn about from a previous day. He then shifted Dalton around in his arms and handed him to Hermione.

"Molly? Ron's mum?" Hermione took her youngest child from his father. "Interesting." Nothing surprised her these days. She looked towards the mantle clock then back to her husband. "It's almost time."

Draven nodded and gave his wife a small smile. "I know. I can't believe this whole war comes down to this one night. It feels...strange."

Hermione cooed to the baby. "It does. Just think, soon we can go home." She looked towards her two oldest children and smiled sadly.

"My parents don't even know that they're grandparents. Merlin, I don't even know if their still alive."

"You have to have a little faith, Hermione." Draven leaned down and kissed the side of her head.

"Faith." Hermione whispered. "It never worked before but alright, I'll try it." Her eyes were drawn to a large, black, now glowing, crystal sitting in the middle of the table she was sitting at. "That's Minerva, they've arrived." She handed the baby back to Draven.

Draven took a deep breath and took the still sleeping baby. "Good luck, love."

Hermione smiled and pulled her traveling cloak off the back of the chair and placed it around her shoulders. "Luck? Nawh, it's all about faith remember?" She winked and waited for him to lower the wards so she could apparate.

"Right, faith." Draven shifted Dalton into the crook of his arm then waved his free hand, causing the wards to lower briefly. "I'll see you in a little while."

"Yes, you will." With that said, Hermione apparated away from her family.

Draven sat down in the chair vacated by Hermione. "Good luck, none the less." He whispered and watched as his children played with a stack of magical blocks.

Hermione appeared just outside the clearing with a small pop. Her eyes narrowed when she saw four people instead of two. "I'm sure you tried, Minerva." She whispered as she began to move towards the clearing and people within. "Hello all. I'm glad to see you are on time." She stopped beside Minerva and growled when she saw Remus sitting off to the side of Albus Dumbledore. "What is he doing here?!" She hissed and pointed a finger at the now rising werewolf.

Hermione appeared just outside the clearing with a small . Her eyes narrowed when she saw four people instead of two. "I'm sure you tried, Minerva." She whispered as she began to move towards the

clearing and people within. "Hello all. I'm glad to see you are on time." She stopped beside Minerva and growled when she saw Remus sitting off to the side of Albus Dumbledore. "What is doing here?!" She hissed and pointed a finger at the now rising werewolf.

"Hermione!" Minerva quickly rose to her feet and smiled at her former pupil and friend. She shot another look that clearly screamed I told you so towards Albus. "I tried to talk him out of it but he's as stubborn as a bloody mule."

"I will not speak with that...that...disgrace to all magical creatures here!" Hermione, firmly, crossed her arms over her chest. "You have broken the agreement, Dumbledore. So far, you are not off to a very good start." She informed him.

"Ah, Ms. Granger." Albus stood, eyes twinkling madly. "It's good to see you again." He offered his hand.

Hermione raised one perfect eyebrow. "Perhaps, you didn't heard me, Dumbledore. I said I will not speak with him here. And you insult me by not using my proper name, not a very good start at all." She was, at the moment, ignoring Lily's presence. She'd deal with her later.

Albus cleared his throat and left his hand drop to his side. "Pardon me, Mrs. Malfoy. I meant no disrespect or insult." He bowed his head, slightly, in apology. "And I cannot send Remus away, he is my...protection."

"Protection? You need protection?" Hermione gave him a disbelieving look. "You outnumber me, four to one and I am unarmed and alone."

"And I am to just take your word on that?" Albus inquired, politely.

Hermione's other eyebrow joined it's mate at her hairline. "If you will not send him away, then you will keep him quiet. Pets are to be seen and not heard." She looked away from the Headmaster and towards her old friend. "I'm sure you tried your best. You have my thanks." She rested her fist against her chest and bowed her head. "Now, shall we begin?" She focused, her cool gaze, on Dumbledore, once more.

Albus sat back down in his chair. "Yes and to begin this meeting I say we should have a good faith gesture from you, Mrs. Malfoy."

"Good faith gesture?" Hermione was doing everything in her power not to break out laughing at the foolish old man.

"Yes, tell us where the Serpent has his headquarters. That way we know that you truly want to help us." Albus said, eagerly.

Hermione blinked. "I'm afraid that isn't possible, Dumbledore. Because you see, I have no intention of telling you where the Serpent is headquartered."

"Then what are you going to tell us?" Lily asked.

"I'll tell you everything I know that doesn't pertain to the Dark Prince and you'll be grateful for it." Hermione answered her, honestly. "Take it or leave it. It's really your choice."

"Then why are we even here!" Remus demanded to know as he took a step towards Hermione.

"Well, Dumbledore is here because he was invited and Minerva is here because she agreed to be. But you two..." Hermione tapped her chin. "You two weren't suppose to be here. So thank your fearless, caring, Leader for dragging you into this."

Albus rose from his chair once again. "Still don't know what I'm talking about, Minerva? When? When did you betray us? Me?"

Minerva faced Albus. "I've never agreed with how you've handled this war or your decisions concerning it. I was approached, a year and a half ago, while I was at Hogsmeade. Everything I was told made sense but I wasn't fully convinced that I was being told the truth. A week later they took me to a raid being conducted by us, Albus. We were raiding a small wizarding village to the south. I watched as your Phoenix's tore through the businesses, killing anybody that got in their way. That's when I knew you had let the power go to your head. So I started helping them, the best I could. It wasn't until Percy

Weasley's death that I truly joined them. I watched as you covered up what had been done, Oh yes, I know he was killed because he was trying to make peace without your permission. And I watched as you lied to Molly's face about her sons whereabouts. That was the final straw. I knew you had to be stopped before anymore innocents died because of your thirst for power and control."

Hermione looked back and forth between the two arguing parties. "Excuse me? Can we get on with this? I haven't got all the time in the world, you know?"

"Yes, yes, of course." Albus glared at Minerva one last time before regaining his seat. "Please continue."

"How very kind of you." Hermione said, dryly. "First I'll start out by saying that two traitors were found amongst our ranks today. One was executed and the other was released because of her corporation. But I'm sure you don't know anything about them, do you Dumbledore?" She inquired, innocently.

Albus regarded Hermione with empty eyes, the twinkle had disappeared altogether. "I do not." He answered, just as innocently.

Hermione nodded her head in understanding. "That's what I thought but it would seem that they knew you. Both of them shared a great deal of information with us."

Lily observed the girl as she spoke and couldn't help but feel a tiny bit of respect for her. "Then they gave up the information willingly?"

"I didn't say that." Hermione turned her attention to Lily. "Tracey Weasley had to be coaxed into sharing the information she had. She was disposed of afterwards. Now Ginny Weasley-Lestranger, on the other hand, was a very smart girl. She needed very little coaxing and was released after she told us all she could. I imagine she's safely tucked away at one of your hidden safe houses in London, by now." A small smirk slowly formed on her lips. "I wonder what Molly is going to say when she finds out that her daughter was a spy for you? I imagine she isn't going to be too happy."

“Young Ginerva was a spy?” Albus asked, dumbly. “I was not aware of this. Perhaps one of her brothers recruited her for the task?”

Hermione tilted her head to the side. “Perhaps.” She had yet to take her eyes off Lily. “Draven cared for you, Mrs. Potter, it is still Potter right? You haven’t given in to the werewolves advances yet?”

“Remus is my friend, nothing more.” Lily spoke calmly, confidently.

“I bet that doesn’t make him to happy, does it?” Hermione threw a smirk to the, now, standing werewolf. “I bet you don’t know the real reason why Lupin told you about Draven being a follower of the true one. But I do. Do you want to know?”

Remus strode across the clearing and stopped beside Lily. “She doesn’t want to hear your lies!” He hissed out. He could feel his world beginning to crumble and he couldn’t let that happen. He had worked too hard, too long, to lose everything now that he was so close.

Lily glanced over at her friend, brows furrowed. “Yes, I would like to know.” She turned her attention back to Hermione.

Hermione chuckled, quietly. Now she could see where Draven got his spirit, she had always wondered. “Draven was about to tell you everything.” She sent a warning look towards Lupin who was advancing towards her. “Good doggy.” She giggled as he froze in his tracks. “Anyways, as I was saying, he was going to tell you that Lupin, along with Dumbledore, arranged for your son, young Harry, to be kidnaped and placed in the care of your sister so that he would be raised and later manipulated however Dumbledore wished. Lupin, as a gift for him helping, was given you. How does it feel being a reward for a job well done?”

“What?” Lily felt herself go numb. “Remus, is this...is this true?” She couldn’t even look at the man. The very man that she had trusted with her life and the life of her daughter for so many years.

“Lils...it was a long time ago.” Remus tried to explain as he turned back towards the woman he loved. “I was young and stupid. I thought I was doing the right thing for not only you and Roslin but also Harry.

You all would have been in danger if Harry stayed with you, don't you see that? You could have been killed! And I wasn't about to let that happen! I couldn't!"

"Tsk, ts, ts. Lying doesn't suit you, Lupin." Hermione moved across the clearing and stopped beside Lily where she leaned close to her ear. "He got rid of Harry, your son, your baby, because he was the last connect to James. There was no way he could get the boy to forget his real father unlike little baby Roslin who didn't even know who James was. Do you get it now, Mrs. Potter? He wanted a family and decided to take his dead best friends' minus the only thing that could get in his way, little Harry. So I can only imagine the feeling of relief and happiness he felt when Dumbledore asked him to help stage the kidnaping. He finally was getting what he felt he deserved. Isn't that right, wolfie?" She turned away from Lily and sneered at Remus.

Remus felt desperation welling up in the pit of his stomach. "No! Don't listen to her, Lils. She's lying. I loved Harry like he was my own! I even helped search for the boy, for Merlinsake!" He grabbed her shoulders and shook her. "Would I do that if I had been responsible for his kidnaping?"

Lily felt sick. "You...you bastard!" She growled and kneeled him right in the groin. "You son-of-a-troll!" She glared at him rolling around on the ground. "Harry was only a baby, he still needed me and you just took him away! You knew how my sister was, I told you! She hated magic and you willingly helped place my son with her! I can't believe I..." She turned towards Hermione. "Draven knew, how?" She demanded to know.

Hermione shrugged. "Afraid I can't tell you that." She held up her hands. "It's not my place, Mrs. Potter, it's Draven's."

"Lils!" Remus slowly climbed to his feet, groin aching. "You can't...I love you! We're a family, you, me, and our little Rosy. You can't just take that away after I worked so bloody hard!" He sputtered and started to approach Lily and Hermione with a semi-crazy look in his eyes. "I won't let you!"

The chiming of the grandfather clock in the hall startled Draven out of his thoughts. Blinking, he focused on his twins, still playing quietly in front of the fireplace. A small pop caught his attention and he soon he was staring into the very large eyes of his most faithful house-elf, Dobby. "What is it, Dobby?"

The chiming of the grandfather clock in the hall startled Draven out of his thoughts. Blinking, he focused on his twins, still playing quietly in front of the fireplace. A small caught his attention and he soon he was staring into the very large eyes of his most faithful house-elf, Dobby. "What is it, Dobby?"

"Dobby has come with news for Master Draven, sir!" Dobby squeaked out, excitedly. "Dobby is suppose to tell Master Draven that Hogwarts has fallen!" He whispered in an even more excited tone of voice. "Draven's Weezy has control!"

Draven shook his head in disbelief. "Ron actually did it. Is there anything else, Dobby?"

Dobby thought for a moment before nodding his oversized head, feverishly. "Dobby forgot Master Draven! Dobby is sorry!" For a moment it looked as if he was going to punish himself but thought twice about it. "Dobby was supposed to tell Master Draven that the muggles are working in London." With that said he disappeared with another small pop.

"Come along, children." He stood and smiled when he saw brown eyes staring at him from his arms. "Hello, sleepy-head." He used his free hand to tickle the babies chubby belly. The giggles from his youngest son made him smile even more. He looked down at Daelan and Danya. "Ready to go see how mummy is doing? Ok then, grab a hold of my legs and don't let go. You understand?" He used his free hand to pull his mask out of his pocket and over his head.

Daelan and Danya shared a look before nodding. "Yes, daddy!" They chorused together as they both wrapped their arms around one of their fathers legs. "Go daddy! Go!" They chanted and giggled.

Draven chuckled. "Alright, here we go!" He held Dalton closer to his chest and closed his eyes. With a deep breath, and a small prayer to Merlin, he apparated himself and his children to Hermione's location. "You won't let her?" Hermione asked in disbelief. "Who's going to stop her, you?" She actually laughed at that thought.

Remus growled and focused his golden eyes on Hermione. "You'll be laughing another tune when I get through with you!"

Hermione sighed. "I'm afraid that'll have to wait." She turned her head to the side as a pop caught her attention. "It would seem that we have company."

Albus stood, wand pointed in the direction of the noise. "Show yourself now!" He demanded into the darkness.

"Show myself?" Came a silky voice from within the darkened forest. "Now why should I do that?"

"Because I demand it!" Albus narrowed his eyes as a dark figure emerged from the forest. "Who are you?" Again he demanded to know.

Draven stepped from within the darkness of the trees and regarded the small group with curiosity. "If I had know this was going to turn into a party, I would have brought favors." He said, sarcastically. "Who am I?" He turned his attention to Dumbledore. "I'm stricken that you do not know me, Albus." He placed his free hand to his chest in mock hurt. "I really am." He stepped further in the clearing so that he was fully visible. "Do you know me now, dear Albus?"

"It's the Serpent!" Remus withdrew his wand and pointed it at the man. "It's a trap!"

For the first time since he arrived, Draven noticed who the other two people were. A feral smile played on his lips, under his mask. "Hello, werewolf." He hissed. "It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

Remus froze when he was addressed by the darkest wizard of the times. "I d...do not fear you." He would have been more convincing if his voice hadn't shook.

Draven tilted his head to the side. "Really? Foolish." He turned his attention away from him and started towards Hermione, children in tow.

"There are children with him!" Lily gasped and pointed out as she caught sight of the two smaller figures trailing after the Serpent and the one in his arms. "What are you going to do with them?" She asked, fearfully, Remus completely forgotten.

"That is none of your concern, Mrs. Potter." Draven answered, coldly. He stopped in front of Hermione and passed the cooing baby off to her. "Go stand with Minnie." He whispered to the twins.

With a giggle, Daelan and Danya stepped out from behind their father and raced over to Minerva, Minnie, McGonagall. "Hewwo..." Daelan said with a smile. "...Minnie!" Danya completed her twins greeting.

"Hello, children." Minerva greeted the small Malfoy's. She helped the twins up onto the fallen tree beside her so that they would be out of the way.

Albus frowned, things had become complicated now. "Why have you brought them here?"

Draven turned away from his family and towards Dumbledore. "So history doesn't repeat itself, Albus." He answered, calmly, and stepped forward. "Lord Voldemort started this...war...before my birth but it is my birthright to finish it." He pulled his wand out of his robe and tossed it to the side. "You wish to kill me, do it!" He commanded.

Narrowed, blue, eyes surveyed the man standing before him. "Why?" Albus asked, lowering his wand slightly. He would not fight an unarmed wizard.

"Do not ask questions, Albus!" Remus exclaimed. "Just bloody finish him!"

"Your werewolf is making sense, Albus. Finish me now and end the war as a hero." Draven explained. "You hesitate, why?" He asked, amused.

Albus' eyes hardened. "Because you are unarmed." He stated.

Draven considered Albus' statement. "But I am a Dark Lord, what makes you think I am unarmed? What makes you think I need a wand, for that matter?"

Silence. Albus didn't know how to answer that so he stayed quiet.

"You have underestimated me many times over the course of this war." Draven continued as if he hadn't asked a question. "That was very foolish." He went on.

Albus brought a hand up and stroked his long, white, beard. "Perhaps." He was silent for a moment. "What did you mean when you said you brought the children so history wouldn't repeat itself?"

Draven smirked. "I wondered how long it would take you to ask that." He motioned for Daelan to join him.

Daelan moved away from the safety of Minerva and joined his father. He held his arms up to be picked up.

Reaching down, Draven picked the boy up. "History is a tricky thing, Albus." He spoke once his son settled in his arms. "It has a nasty habit of repeating itself, if you are not careful." He looked to the sky. "Do you know what day it is, Albus?"

"October thirty-first." Albus answered without hesitation. "What does that have to do with anything?"

Draven looked away from Albus and towards Lily. "Albus seems to have forgotten what day this is, refresh his memory, if you would?"

Lily swallowed as memories of that horrible night, so many years ago, assaulted her. "It's Halloween." She hadn't even realized it earlier.

"Thank you." Draven stepped back so he could see both Albus and Lily. "On this day, eighteen years ago, James and Lily Potter were murdered by Lord Voldemort, or so young Harry was told. Later he would find out that Lily Potter, his own mother, wasn't dead, by meeting her at St. Mungos." He felt an overwhelming amount of emotions surge through him but he quashed them down. "He had been lied to. He had been left in the care of his horrible muggle family for no reason. Why had his mother sent him there? Did she not love him? Did she love her daughter more than him? Those were all questions that ran through his head for a brief, brief, moment because you see, he was rescued and raised by a real family that loved and cared for him. They adopted him, made him one of their own. All ties to the Potters had been severed on that day but he didn't care since he really hadn't been a Potter since he was a baby. On that day, eighteen years ago, Harry lost who he was." He fell silent.

Albus frowned. "That's all fine and good but how do you know all this? How do you know Harry?" Again he was demanding to know. "Are you holding him as a prisoner? Tell me!"

Draven snorted. "I do not have him as a prisoner." It was time to reveal himself so he turned towards Lily. "I could have helped you find your son three years ago but you took my kindness and threw it back in my face! You believed the werewolf over me! You betrayed me again!" He was shaking with rage and sadness. "How could you?!" His voice was raw with emotion. "How could you?"

"What?" Lily looked at the Serpent. "Who...Draven?" She asked in disbelief. "I don't know what you're...talking about? How did I betray you again?" She couldn't believe it.

Remus' eyes widened. "Draven!? I should have know that you were no underling." He looked to Albus who didn't look surprised at all. "Did you know?" He wanted to know.

"I've suspected for several years now that Draven wasn't a mere follower." Albus answered. "You still haven't answered how you know those things about Harry?"

"I know because I lived...them." Draven answered and reached a hand up, pulling his mask from his face. He left it drop to the ground. "I'm a Malfoy and that will never change. I have parents that love me. A brother that I'd give my life for. A family that I wouldn't trade for the world. But I didn't always have all that." Adopted magical children rarely, if at all, spoke of their birth families. "I wasn't loved until I was six. Six! I didn't know what it was like to have parents or siblings or a family for that matter. I was used to being hit and made to do chores that even adults would have difficulty with. And, as sad as it may sound, I was used to not being loved. I thought I deserved it. I was saved from certain death by Lucius, acting on orders from Lord Voldemort. I became the Dark Lords heir, basically, on that same day. I was his son until I was eleven then I was adopted by Lucius and Narcissa. I became a Malfoy in every way." He swallowed and tightened his grip on Daelan. "I have your eyes, Lily. I'm surprised you didn't notice. They are very uncommon or so I've been told. They are the only things that stayed the same after the adoption ritual."

Lily was speechless. "Harry?" She asked in a very small voice. "Harry James?"

"Your lying!" Remus sneered. "Harry is dead and good riddance! Who wants another James Potter running around? One was surely enough."

"You will be silent, Remus!" Lily spun around to face her former friend. "How can you say things like that? James was your friend! He loved you!"

Remus snorted. "James loved himself and his reputation! He didn't deserve you! You should have been my wife not his! I loved you and he knew it but he still married you anyways! Harry and Roslin should have been my children! Mine!" He roared. "But he went and screwed things up. It wasn't enough that he had you as a wife, he had to get you pregnant to boot. The day I saw Harry...I hated him! He looked exactly like James but no, that wasn't even the worse part. The worst was when the little brat opened his eyes. He had your eyes, Lily! He had James' hair and your eyes!" He was shaking with fury.

Lily didn't bother to stop the tears from falling from her eyes. "I don't even know you anymore, Remus. Whoever is standing in front of me isn't the kind, sweet, boy that I befriended at Hogwarts. You're a jealous, conceited, angry, man. I feel nothing for you but pity." She turned away from him and back towards Harry...no...Draven, she reminded herself. "Oh, Harry, I am truly sorry." She swallowed a lump in her throat. "If I had known...I should have searched longer. I should went to Petunia, if only..."

Draven gave her a sad smile. "You wouldn't have found me, Dumbledore made sure of that." He cleared his throat. "So Dumbledore, are you willing to end this now or are you going to help history to repeat itself? If you kill me and you'll leave my children fatherless and be no better than Lord Voldemort. Or we could come to an understanding that would stop the bloodshed on both sides? Before you make your decision, I should tell you that Hogwarts has fallen and as surely as I'm standing here, the Order of the Phoenix's headquarters is being raided and everyone within taken prisoner."

Albus, for the first time since the start of this war, felt powerless. "What will happen to my people?"

"Two things could happen. I could have them executed or I could leave them go. It's all up to you." Draven explained. "I'm tired of fighting. My family is tired of fighting. We just want to go home and raise our children. Is that so much to ask for? Is peace?"

"You are not like Voldemort, are you?" Albus asked, absentmindedly, as he weighed his options.

Draven shook his head. "I never claimed to be. I loved him as a child would love a father. And I owe my life to him but I never wanted to be like him. I wanted to be my own person and make a name for myself." He chuckled. "Both of which I have accomplished. I have no desire to rule the wizarding world, I just wanted to make it better than before."

Albus sighed and lowered his wand, completely. "You were right, Minerva. So very right. Peace is something our world needs right now. Too many families have lost loved ones because I was blinded to what all this power was doing to me."

"Peace it is then." Draven looked around at each face and couldn't help but think how it was ironic.

Fifteen Hours Later

"Are we all in agreement?" Albus asked as he looked around the small circle that had been formed. Hearing a chorus of yes's, he nodded. "Then it is done. The second dark war is over." He felt old, really old. "You should let your men know, Mr. Malfoy, then join me at Hogwarts to officially end this."

"Are we all in agreement?" Albus asked as he looked around the small circle that had been formed. Hearing a chorus of , he nodded. "Then it is done. The second dark war is over." He felt old, really old. "You should let your men know, Mr. Malfoy, then join me at Hogwarts to officially end this."

Draven nodded. "Will you be alright?" He asked Hermione.

"I'll be fine, love. Go on." Hermione shooed him. "I'll apparate home and let the family know the good news."

"Alright." Draven kissed her on the cheek and did the same for each of his children.

Hermione stood, Dalton in her arms, and Daelan and Danya wrapped around her legs. She disappeared with a pop.

Draven glared at the still sulking Remus. "I ask one more thing, Dumbledore. I ask that the werewolf be left here when you and Lily return to Hogwarts, which should be clear in an hour or two. I have someone that wishes to speak to him."

"Who?" Lily asked as she rubbed her tired, red rimmed, eyes.

"Sirius Black." Draven felt a small amount of satisfaction when he saw the werewolf flinch at the name. "He asked me for this favor should I have the chance to be in the company of Remus Lupin."

Albus nodded his head. "Very well, Remus shall stay while we return. I have your word that you will not harm him?"

Draven nodded. "You have my word as a Malfoy that I will not harm a hair on his head."

"Very well. Come Lily." Albus stood, bones all cracking from sitting for so long. "We should go see that our side is abiding by the terms of our surrender." He looked towards Minerva. "Will you be joining us, later?"

Minerva shook her head. "I do not know, Albus. Somethings can't be fixed with terms of surrender or a simple I'm sorry. For now, I'll stay with Draven, if he'll allow it."

"I would be honored, Minnie." Draven smirked when she narrowed her eyes. "Joking, joking!"

"Of course you are, dear." Minerva smiled, a rather innocent smile.

Draven's eyes widened. "I said I was joking!" He whined as he grabbed hold of her arm and apparated them away.

Albus held up a hand when Remus stood to follow. "You will stay here and wait for Sirius to come, understood?"

"Understood." Remus grumbled and crossed his arms across his chest. "I'll see you both later." Little did he know that he'd never see them again.

"Grab hold, Lily." Albus held out his arm.

Lily took hold of his arm and held on tight as her former Headmaster apparated them away from the forest.

Remus surveyed the forest with a sigh. For some reason, he didn't want to see his old friend again, he just had a bad feeling about it.

Some say that if you listen very carefully in those woods, you can hear a very distinct voice, and bark like laughter, floating across the

leaves. There is debate as to what the voice is saying but most would agree that. "Here wolfie, wolfie, wolfie." About covers it. Others have sworn that they have heard a not so human howl of pain follow the words. And others have whispered about how they've seen a ghost haunting the woods. A ghost that was more wolf than human. But again, there is much debate about this as well.

When Draven finally returned to the Manor, everyone, mostly, was already there celebrating. "Oh, I see how it is." He teased as he stepped into the living room, amongst his family. "I'm out busting my arse taking over the world and you all are partying." He sniffed. "I'm so underappreciated."

"Draven!" Draco pushed through the crowd to get to his little brother. "You did it, you actually did it!" He slapped him on the back and shoved a butterbeer into his hand. "Drink and be merry!" He then turned to the others in the room and raised his own bottle of butterbeer. "Let's here it for Draven!"

"Daddy!" Two blurs wrapped themselves around Draven's legs, holding on tightly.

Draven took a sip of his drink then smiled, fondly, down at his children. "Well, someone loves me at least. Even if it's two little flabberworms." He reached down and scooped the twins up in his arms, hugging them tightly.

"Ew, daddy. We no worms. Worms yucky." Danya made a face then buried her face in her fathers neck. "Nuhah! Worms cool!" Daelan defended, he was rather fond of worms after all, then wrapped his arms tightly around his fathers neck.

"Your such a girl, Dany!" Marcus announced as he made his way towards his own father. "Up!" He demanded.

"Trollhead!" Danya retaliated, though it was muffled since she didn't bother to move away from her fathers neck.

Draco raised an eyebrow, smirked, then reached down and picked up his own son. "And how, exactly, did you get out of the nursery?"

Marcus snuggled against his father, shoved two of his fingers into his mouth, and sighed in contentment. "I walked." He mumbled around the mouthful of fingers, while sending a, Malfoy worthy, glare towards his cousin.

"Enough, Marc." Draco chided. "Unlike you, Daelan, and even Dalton, Danya is, indeed, a girl. And girls don't like worms." He explained so the boy wouldn't make the same mistake twice. "Apologize."

"Sowwy." Marcus quickly mumbled, knowing better than to defy his father. "Home, daddy?"

Draco smiled. "You'll have to ask your Uncle Draven."

Marcus turned big, grey, puppydog eyes towards his Uncle. "Daddy, home?" He asked again.

"Yes, Marc, your daddy is home." Draven smiled, set his children onto the floor, then sighed. "Today is, indeed, a good day." He mumbled, tiredly. "Isn't Ron back yet? Or the twins?" He looked around the room and noticed the absence of the redheads.

"They're on their way." Draco answered as he sat Marcus onto the floor and shooed him towards his cousins, who were now playing in a corner. "Ron was rather reluctant to give up Hogwarts and I imagine that you're in for a tongue lashing when he arrives." He said with a snicker.

Draven tilted his head to the side and grinned. "Tongue lashing, aye? I think I can handle that."

"Let me through!" Narcissa grunted, angrily, as she pushed towards Draven. "If you don't move this very instant, I'm going to hex you into next bloody week!" She smirked as the assembled people shifted out of her way. "Draven! My baby!" She gushed as she wrapped her thin, pale, arms around her youngest son and squeezed. "You did it, love. I'm so proud of you." She whispered into his ear. "I knew you were special the moment I laid eyes upon you. I knew you were meant to be a Malfoy." Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

A blush crept across Draven's pale cheeks at his mother's words. "Thank you, mother." He whispered and wrapped his own arms around her. After several moments, he pulled out of the embrace and cleared his throat. "I think I shall retire to my chambers for a few hours until I am needed at Hogwarts." He looked around at his family. "You all stay and enjoy yourselves, you have earned it." He made his way away from the small gathering but stopped when he felt an arm on his shoulder. "How can I help you, Minnie?" He forced himself to smile, ignoring the weariness that he had been fighting for hours.

Minerva gave the youngest Malfoy an apologetic smile. "I know how tired you must be but could I have several minutes of your time?"

Draven tilted his head to the side and led her into the kitchen, which was empty. "Of course. What's on your mind?" He crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back against a nearby counter.

"I wish to give a piece of advice." Minerva said. "My friendship with Albus stretches over many years so when I say this, I don't say it without cause. Albus cannot be trusted, Draven." She moved over to a large, wooden chair and sat down. "He is not a man used to failure nor is he a man willingly to give up without a fight."

"Why didn't you say something before this?" Draven asked.

Minerva smiled, sadly. "I had hoped that he had seen the error of his ways but I, sadly, am a foolish old woman with foolish notions. A leopard cannot change his spots, therefore Albus Dumbledore cannot change who he is. I imagine that he'll make his last stand at Hogwarts when you go to meet with him."

Draven frowned. "He'd endanger the children still residing within Hogwarts' walls?"

"He has nothing left to lose, Draven. This way he'll be hailed a hero. No one except those present in Belgium will ever know that he surrendered. After all these years, he is still as cunning as the day I met him. I used to joke that he oughta been in Slytherin instead of Gryffindor." Minerva pulled off her catspaw emerald pendant and

handed it to Draven. "This will get you inside the castle without being detected. All I ask of you is not to kill him unless you must."

"I knew he could not be trusted." Draven said, quietly, as he took the pendant and tucked it into his robe pocket. "I just never thought he would go back on his word of honor." He shook his head. "They say war changes people, I guess even those who are truly great are not immune." With that said he left the kitchen, all thoughts of resting had left his mind for more pressing thoughts, like how he was going to stop Dumbledore, once and for all. Once he had a plan, he grabbed his invisibility cloak and apparated to Hogwarts.

Meanwhile Dumbledore was preparing for the final showdown and he was intent on winning. If he won, he'd have the respect and loyalty of the Wizarding World once again. But if he was to die, he would do everything in his power to take Draven with him; that way he'd be hailed as a hero. "Ah, Fawkes, my loyal companion." He stroked his familiar once he finished his preparations. "Soon this war will be over." He whispered then looked towards his office door when he heard it open and close. "Hello?"

A cloaked figure entered the office without detection. "I'll agree with you on that, Dumbledore." Draven removed his cloak and gave the elderly Headmaster a look for pure loathing and hatred.

"How?!" Dumbledore rushed to his feet, moving around his desk, having been caught off guard. "How did you get into the castle without my knowing?" He demanded to know then his eyes drifted down the front of the young man's shirt. "Minerva..." He whispered when he caught sight of the pendant. "Clever."

"Minerva is quite loyal, Dumbledore." Draven said with a smirk as he briefly fingered the pendant then withdrew with wand from within the folds of his robes. "She warned me that you'd try something stupid and I'm here to make sure you're stopped once and for all." He pointed his wand at the old man then motioned for him to sit. "But first you're going to listen to me."

Dumbledore moved back to his chair and sat down, eyes focused on the wand pointed at him. "Listen to you about what, dear boy?"

Draven frowned. "About what?" He snorted. "About my life before I was rescued by my father, you old fool." He spat. "About those people, and I'll use that term lightly, that you placed me with when I was just a baby." Rage was pumping through his veins. "Why?"

"Why did I place you with your mother's sister?" Dumbledore felt tired and he sighed. "Because her blood would protect you from anyone wishing you harm."

"Her blood would protect me...what about against her and her husband? Or their child that resembled a small whale? Did you ever think that maybe, just maybe, they were the worst sort of muggles around? Or didn't you care?" Draven demanded to know.

Dumbledore turned his chair so he could stare out his window. "I knew you would have a hard life but at least you'd turn out normal. Or so I thought."

Draven smirked. "Then I'm glad my father rescued me before I could turn out normal. Did you know that there was dozens of proper wizarding families willing to take me in? Including the Weasley's? Wouldn't I have turned out normal being raised by a family loyal to you and your misguided cause? Or would I have turned out a little too normal for your tastes? A little too...loved, perhaps? That wouldn't do, not at all. How would a normal, well adjusted, child be molded into a weapon for you to use?"

For once in his life Dumbledore looked ashamed. "I was trying to save our world, Harry." He whispered. "That, if nothing else, you should understand."

"My name is Draven, you old..." Draven gritted his teeth. "Harry James Potter, son of Lily and James Potter, ceased to exist the day you abandoned him to the muggles. Actually, I should be thanking you because I wouldn't be the man I am today if I hadn't spent those years with my abusers." He leveled his wand on the old man once again. "I promised Minerva I wouldn't kill you unless I must and I am a man of my word." He took a deep breath, preparing himself for what

was coming next. “Reduso Comun Mugo!” He shouted and watched with satisfaction as the spell hit it’s target.

Dumbledore screamed as he felt the spell hit him. It felt as if he was being torn apart and for a brief second he thought that the boy had lied about not killing him. Within moments the horrible pain faded into a dull throb and he was left panting. “W...what did you do?” He asked in a ragged, painfilled, voice.

Draven lowered his wand. “I made sure you couldn’t do anymore harm within this world.” With that he turned and started for the door.

“Stop!” Dumbledore pulled out his wand and sent a stunner towards the retreating form of Draven and looked on with confusion when nothing happened. He tried again with the same effect. “Explain!” He bellowed as he stared at his wand.

“As I said, I made sure you couldn’t do anymore harm within this world.” Draven smirked. “You’re a muggle now, Albus.” He said with childish glee. “Well, maybe not a muggle but a squib. The name doesn’t matter, all that matters is that I have stripped you of your powers.”

Dumbledore blinked dumbly as he felt a chill creep up his spine. “How is that possible?”

Draven shrugged and leaned back against the closed office door. “I actually used the same spell that you used on Grindelwald with a few modifications, of course. I had to make sure the spell didn’t strip you then kill you. I made a promise after all. And a Malfoy always keeps his promise.”

With defeated slump to his shoulders, Dumbledore sunk back into his chair. “You’ve taken away my magic.” He whispered in horror. “What am I to do now?”

“Not my problem or even my concern.” Draven was enjoying this. “Maybe you could go meddle in the affairs of the muggle world? I hear it’s an awful place. Simply dreadful.” He pushed off the door and

opened it. "Have a bloody wonderful life, Mister Dumbledore." And with that he walked out and with him went an end to the war.

Dumbledore turned empty eyes to Fawkes. "I'm without magic." He whispered in defeat. On this day Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore as truly a broken man. He raised his hand to stroke his beloved Phoenix.

Fawkes gave a squawk of protest with the man went to touch him. And in a great ball of flames, he disappeared. He was a Phoenix after all and no respectable Phoenix attached himself to a muggle. Maybe he'd search for the young man that just left, yes, he seemed to be a respectable wizard of good blood and strong magic.

Thus ended the story of Albus Dumbledore. Did he die? No, he lived for another fifty years in a small seaside town in Europe. He never married and the townsfolk came to refer to him as a hermit since he kept to himself. Some even called him crazy since he could be heard mumbling to himself the few times he ventured into the small town for food and supplies. And what of his status in the wizarding world? Well, he's still in the history books as the defeater of Grindelwald and he is mentioned once or twice in reference to the great revolutionist, Draven Alexander Malfoy. And there is a holiday celebrated by adults and children alike, The Day of Hope; the day in which Albus Dumbledore surrendered to Draven in an isolated forest in Belgium and ended the great war once and for all. But other than that, Albus Dumbledore was forgotten and rightly so.

Now, dear readers, is a time of peace and contentment. A time of families and friends. And a time for change.

Finis

Authors Note

Ok, ok, OK! So I lied about when this chapter was going to be finished but I didn't mean to. For a while I had writers block then when my muse overwhelmed me with ideas, as the length of this chapter reflects. I lied about one more thing as well, there is going to

be an epilogue following this chapter because this chapter got to be so long. It should tie things up, I hope.

I hope you all liked it. I didn't want a bloody battle for an ending so I had them talk it out. That seems more of Draven's style than slaughtering everyone in a big, huge, all out battle.

Be on the look out for one-shots based in the Growing-Up Malfoy universe. They'll, hopefully, be focused on things I either skipped or explained sparingly. So look out for them.

And as always REVIEW!

"Come along, children." Narcissa herded her grandchildren into the Malfoy family estate in England. Over three years had past since the peace treaty had been signed and they were only now allowed to return to their ancestral home. The price for returning home had been high but Narcissa refused to dwell on the past. As the doors closed behind her and the children, she felt a familiar presence settle around him. "Welcome home, love." She whispered and blinked away the tears from her eyes. She may not dwell on the past but that didn't mean she didn't think about it. Feeling a tug on her robe, she looked downward into the green eyes of her eldest granddaughter. "Yes, dear?"

Danya tilted her blonde head to the side as she took in her grandmothers sad eyes. "Grandpappy is here with us, isn't he?" She questioned. "I can feel him."

Narcissa kneeled down and wrapped her arms around the five year old. "Yes, dear. Your Grandpappy is here with us. I think he wanted to welcome us home." It still amazed her that her granddaughter seemed to be in tune with the spirit world.

"I think so too." Danya concluded with a small, sad, smile. "I miss him." She whispered as she clung to her grandmother.

"I miss him too, Danya, so very much." Narcissa whispered back. The death of her husband, just six months ago, had not only been hard on her but her sons and their children as well.

"Come on Dany!" Daelan skidded to a halt in front of his grandmother and sister. "What's wrong?" He could feel his twins sadness.

Danya pulled out of the embrace and quickly wiped her eyes. "Nothing is wrong, troll breath!" She glared at her twin.

Daelan chewed on his bottom lip as if deciding if he was going to believe her or not. "Alright then, come on!" He grabbed her arm and started dragging her down the hallway where he and Marcus had disappeared upon arrival in the large, spacious, manor.

Narcissa watched the two disappear into one of the rooms down the hall. "So much like their father."

"Thanks mum." Draven stepped into the manor, three year old Dalton held securely in his arms. "Wow, it's just like I remember." He took a moment to look around. "I was sure that it would be in disrepair by now."

"The house and grounds were charmed centuries ago to withstand the passage of time." Narcissa explained, absentmindedly.

"Really? How fascinating. I had wondered." Hermione stepped into the manor and smiled as a feeling of peace descended around her. "I think you'll like it here, Dacian." She smiled down at the two year old boy held, tightly, in her arms. "You're a happy, boy. Aren't you?" She tickled his belly and was rewarded with a giggle.

"Oye, stop blocking the door!" Draco nudged his sister-in-law out of the doorway so he could stepped inside. "Where's Marc?"

Narcissa motioned down the hallway. "I believe he is with the twins."

Draco raised an eyebrow. "Unsupervised?" He questioned and something shattering was his answer. He shifted his one year old daughter, Mariam, in his arms. "Somethings never change." He couldn't help but mumble.

"No they don't. But somethings do." Narcissa held out her arms and took Mariam from her father. "Hello there, little one." She cooed to the grey eyed, blonde haired, baby.

"You're spoiling her, mother." Draco pointed out as he watched his mother interact with his daughter.

Narcissa didn't even take her eyes off the little girl when she spoke. "I am spoiling her as I have spoiled you and your brother not to mention the other children. She is a Malfoy, Draco, and deserves to be treated as such."

“And what about this one?” Sirius grunted as he stepped inside the manor with Marley in his arms. “Aren’t you going to spoil her too?” He asked his cousin.

“As you have grown fond of pointing out, Sirius, Marley prefers to be spoiled by you. Only Merlin knows why, I suppose.” Narcissa moved over to her cousin and granddaughter. “Are you being good for your...” She cleared her throat. “For your Padfoot?” She detested that Sirius had actually gotten one of her grandchildren to refer to him by that Merlin-forsaken name. She shifted Mariam around in her arms so she could reach a hand out for Marley to grab hold of.

Sirius snorted. “The kid got good taste, what can I say?”

Narcissa looked up from little Marley, eyebrow raised. “Mariam and Marley are twins, cousin. Their tastes are almost as identical as they are.”

“Then why does Marl like me better than you whereas Mari prefers her grammy?” Sirius asked.

Draco rolled his eyes. “Enough, both of you.” He shook his head. “My daughters like both of you equally, end of story.”

Sirius shrugged. “I was just saying.” He mumbled and moved over to Hermione. “Duck!” He greeted his godsons youngest son by his nickname. “What does a duck say, Dacian?”

“Duck! Duck!” Dacian chanted while clapping his hands and bouncing in his mothers arms. “Duck! Duck!” He repeated for good measure.

Hermione tightened her hold on the bouncing boy so he wouldn’t fling himself from her arms. “I wish you wouldn’t call him that. What kind of a nickname is Duck for a child?”

“It’s a lot better than Ian.” Sirius reverted to his commonly used comeback when arguing about the nickname he bestowed upon the little boy.

"Ian is a perfectly acceptable nickname, Sirius." Hermione countered. "At least it's better than Duck."

Sirius eyed her as if she had just grown seven heads and three tails. "Ian James Malfoy, it's like bloody nails on a chalkboard! Does he even look like an Ian to you?" He used his free hand to point to the still bouncing boy. "Well?!"

Hermione tilted her head back to get a good look at her youngest son and with a small sigh had to agree that Dacian did not look like an Ian. In fact, just like his older siblings, he didn't look like any of the more common names. So it hadn't come as a surprise that when the baby was born, he had been named Dacian instead of Daniel or David. "I won't add to your delusions by answering that." She sniffed.

"See!" Sirius laughed in triumph. "I was right! The boy doesn't look like an Ian." He then proceeded to dance around the entranceway, Marley held tightly in his arms.

"Aren't you going to do anything about him, Draven?" Hermione asked with a huff.

Draven raised an eyebrow at his Godfather then shrugged. "He's got a point, Hermione." Was all he would say as he looked around. "It's good to be home."

"That it is, brother." Draco stepped up to his brother and laid his hand on his shoulder. "It's been a long, hard, road, but we made it."

"Not without casualties." Draven said as he caught sight of Mariam, one of his nieces. "Does the twins not have a right to know their mother? How about their Grandfather?"

Draco squeezed his shoulder then let his hand drop. "Father's death wasn't your fault, Draven. The Mediwitch said that it was just his time to go. As for Pansy..." He trailed off. "You didn't attack her, those rebels did. Besides, you're the one that managed to save the girls and for that I am forever grateful."

Draven frowned. "I should have been able to save her as well." He thought back to the day, one year ago, that Pansy was killed. Draco had been busy so Draven had volunteered to accompany Pansy to the Mediwitch. Halfway there, they had been attacked. Pansy was hit with an unknown spell and went into labor. He drove the lightside rebels off then went to work on Pansy. Having very little training in the ways of medicine, he managed to deliver the babies but had lost Pansy in the process. She died before she could hear her childrens cries.

"Be thankful, Draven. Our family is doing well despite our losses." Draco grinned. "Think about the banquet tonight, that should take your mind away from dark thoughts."

"Perhaps." Draven gave his brother a small smile then nodded. "Very well." He turned to his wife and held out his arms which was promptly filled with a squirming Dacian. Snuggling the boy close, he used his love for his children to fight back his dark thoughts.

"Come along then, we have much to do." Narcissa spoke up having been silent during the exchange between siblings. She began to head her family deeper into the manor so that they could prepare for the nights festivities.

By the time full moon rose, Malfoy Manor was full of people laughing and talking. The war had been hard on everyone but now was a time for celebration. Three years had passed since peace had fallen over the Wizarding World and that was something to be happy about.

"Here's to peace. May our children never have to go through what we did." Draco toasted then sat down beside his brother at the long head table.

"To Peace!" The crowd echoed as they drank to the toast.

Draven took a moment to look around the crowded room. He had no doubt that parties such as this was happening all over Wizarding England. "To peace." He whispered and took a sip of his own sweet ale. Lazily, he surveyed the familiar faces mixed amongst the not so familiar.

Ronald Weasley was sitting to the left of the Malfoy family. His son Chandler was off running around with his Malfoy and Weasley cousins. His new wife, Persephone, formally a Greengrass, was by his side nursing their three month old daughter, Cae. Their marriage was only two years old but they loved each other and that's all that mattered.

On down the table sat the twins, Fred and George Weasley, and their respective families. Fred's wife, Daphne and George's wife Jordan, were in deep conversation about their husbands' latest pranks while their husbands were in deep conversation planning their next prank. Gabriel, Ferne, and Isobel, all belonging to Fred, were off with the other children while Faron, Gordan, Olivia, and Cole, George's brood, were sticking close to their parents, content on playing with each other which wouldn't last very long.

Lily Potter and her daughter Roslin were sitting near the head table and looking rather uncomfortable being around so many purebloods. Their relationship with Malfoy family was tentative but Roslin was slowing getting to know her brother and his family. And Lily was still getting used to being called Grandma. It wasn't that long ago that she thought a relationship with her lost son was impossible.

Orion Lestrangle was sitting to the right of Draco along with his wife, Susanna Montague, a respectable pureblooded witch according to his mother Bellatrix. Their two children, Rose and Aster, were being cared for by the Malfoy's house elf, Dobby, upstairs in the nursery. Orion's eldest child, a daughter with his first wife Ginevra Weasley, Ileana, was currently being entertained by her grandmother, Bellatrix Lestrangle at the end of the table. Ileana had been somewhat of a surprise since nobody knew of her existence besides her mother and a trusted nanny. Nobody knew Ginny had been pregnant upon her release from Malfoy Manor. And nobody knew about the baby until Ginny died, just three months after giving birth. The nanny left in charge of the child then contacted Orion against her mistresses last request that the baby be raised away from the Lestrangle/Malfoy influence. Ileana has been raised by her father and step-mother ever since.

Draco was in conversation with his mother while Mariam and Marley played just behind him on the floor, out of the way. Marcus, no doubt, was racing around the room with his cousins, attempting to get into some sort of trouble.

Finally Draven's eyes landed on his own family. Hermione was humming and rocking a sleeping Dacian. Just to her left was Sirius who was entertaining Dalton. And the twins, Daelan and Danya, were off playing with the other children. One thought crossed his mind as he watched the people in the room. 'Life was good and he was glad that he had the chance to grow up a Malfoy.'